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JUNE 25, 1921

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Edward G. Lowry—George Weston—Frank Ward O'Malley—Hal G. Evarts

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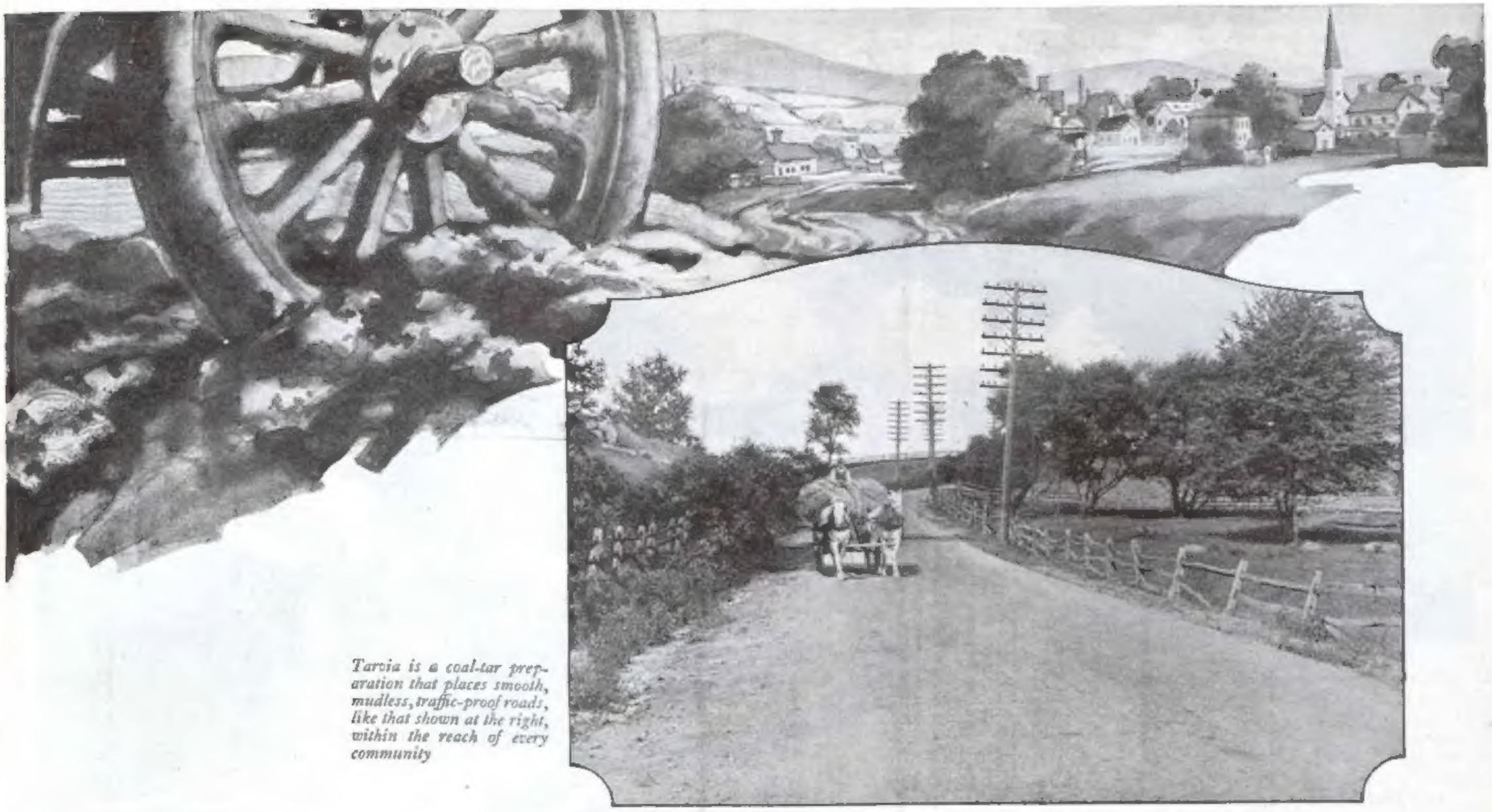

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation that places smooth, mudless, traffic-proof roads, like that shown at the right, within the reach of every community

How Woodlot County Hoisted Itself Out of the Mud—

WOODLOT County was poor. Taxes were high and the roads—nothing but mudholes. The schools were of the one-room, cross-roads variety with one weary teacher apiece. In the winter the children were unable to get to school regularly.

In stormy weather Woodlot County was *dead*.

The $200,000 bond proposal for new roads was a bursting bomb in the calm of a peaceful night.

Woodlot County awoke; but not all at once. For two years they had been trying to settle the good roads plan. It was a conversation between John Wright and Daniel Summers that started the ball rolling.

"How much would you sell your farm for today, Daniel?" his neighbor asked.

"Four thousand cash," said the farmer.

"I'll give you fifty dollars now for a two-year option at that price," came the answer quick as a wink.

"You will not," replied Summers after a moment's thought. "You'd take it up if the bond issue went through—why, with a hard road out through here, you'd clear a fine profit! If that road went through, I wouldn't take —"

Wright began to laugh and left his neighbor to think it out.

———

In less than two years the county had some fine Tarvia roads open to traffic every day in the year—dustless, mudless and traffic-proof.

Woodlot became a busy, prosperous county.

A central graded school had been established.

Farmers saved enough in *hauling costs alone* to pay off the bond issue, and in maintenance cost the Tarvia roads paid for themselves.

Thus did Woodlot County hoist itself out of the mud and stagnation.

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Auto-truck Distributor

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Preserves Roads–Prevents Dust

Illustrated booklets descriptive of the various Tarvia treatments free on request

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FRIED STUFFED EGGS

Follow recipe in "Balanced Daily Diet," the attractive cook book offered below.

Simplify your cooking in hot weather

YOU can make your work easier in hot weather by selecting foods you can cook in the cool of the morning. For instance, fried stuffed eggs can be prepared several hours before meal time, and need only a few minutes' browning in hot Crisco before serving. They are nourishing and more appetizing in summer than heavy meat.

Crisco is ideal for hot weather frying because it does not smoke at frying heat, because it gives off no odor, and because it cooks food so quickly that it does not heat up your kitchen as much as a pan of slow-boiling vegetables.

Crisco makes fried things taste better, too, because it does not spoil their natural flavors with a greasy taste. It is absolutely tasteless—a pure, white, delicate vegetable cooking fat that is unlike lard both in origin and effect.

How can you prevent fried foods from absorbing fat?

Learn the easy rules for perfect frying from "Balanced Daily Diet"—an up-to-date cook book written by Janet McKenzie Hill (founder of the Boston Cooking School) for users of Crisco. This unusual book gives many new, exclusive recipes, among which are directions for making the Fried Stuffed Eggs pictured above. It gives sample menus for every month, and tells how to plan meals with foods of your own choosing so as to have the proper food value daily. Illustrated in colors. It costs 33c just to print one of these books. You may have one copy for ten cents in stamps. Write today, to Section K-6, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Crisco is also made and sold in Canada.

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EXIT THE HAPPY WARRIOR

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

WHOEVER sets out to discover, as I have done, what the war of the future will be like has a number of surprises awaiting him. When I took up the project one of the first things I learned was that our old friend General Von Bernhardi had been before me. You remember him, surely. He was more widely cited and quoted during the early stages of the World War than almost any German, because he so completely gave away the German case of having long prepared and had in mind the conflict that had come with such startling suddenness on the rest of the world.

He had called the turn on one war, and when I found out that even while that great destruction was in progress he had written a book about the next one to come, I eagerly got it and read it. There I got the first surprise, for I found this in the very introduction, where the author was indicating the causes of Germany's failure:

> The policy of peace at any price which we pursued, and our wholly baseless confidence that we should be allowed to pursue it, had blinded the eyes of our leading statesmen.

And on the next page:

> It might be said that as a result of our total failure to realize the world situation we walked blindfolded into the trap which our enemies had prepared for us.

Ask any doughboy who won the war and he will tell you the M. P.'s—the military police. That became an A. E. F. slogan. Bernhardi was on the other side and he tells who lost the war:

> The only failures were the civil government . . . and the politicians, who were too often influenced by the Reichstag, and by their defective measures made the nation's task in its heroic struggle considerably more arduous.

Now Von Bernhardi must believe all that. He wouldn't have the audacity to put it out as sheer foolery in the hope that it would be swallowed whole by a credulous world. I cite it as an example of the Prussian military mind.

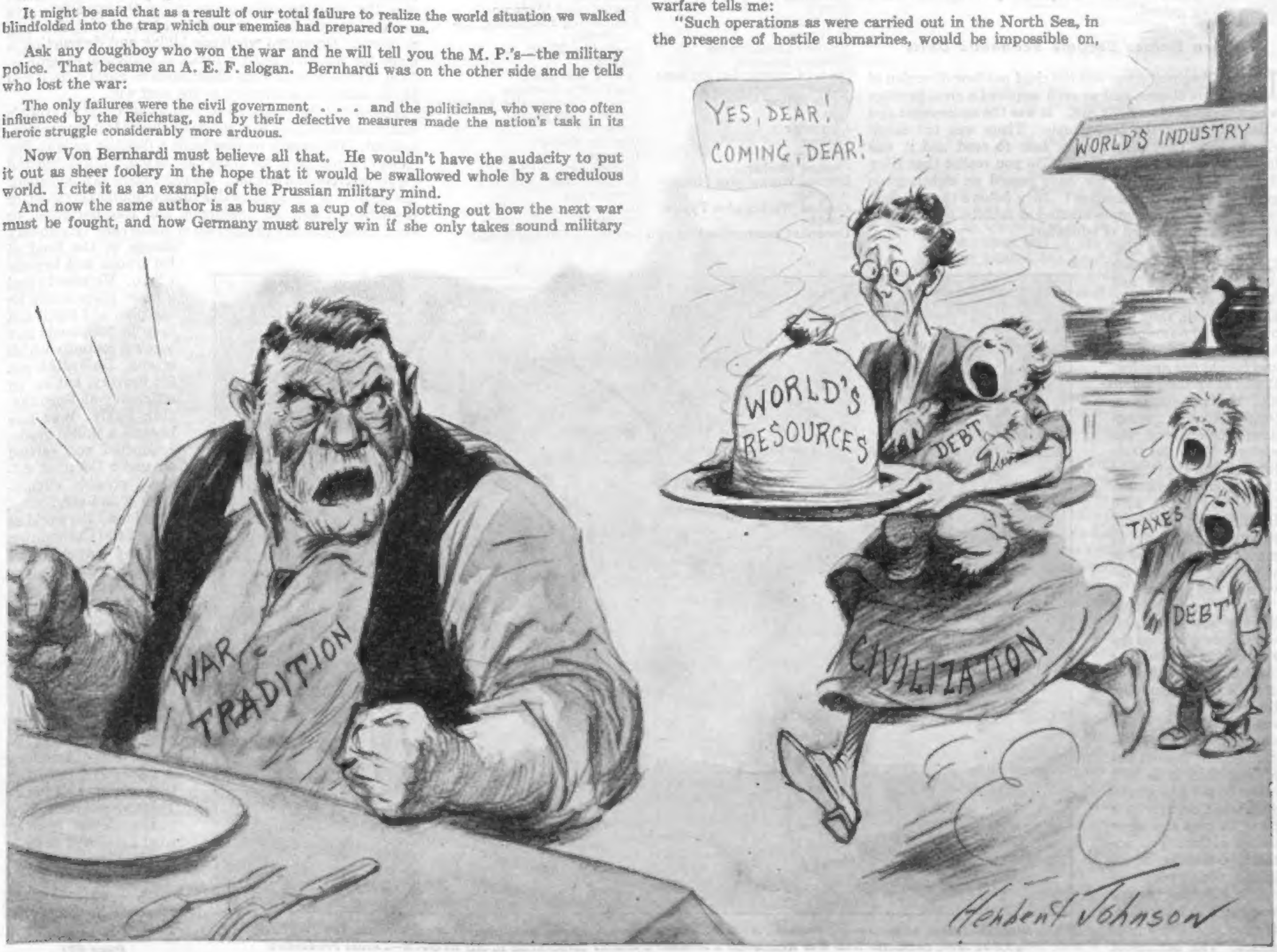
And now the same author is as busy as a cup of tea plotting out how the next war must be fought, and how Germany must surely win if she only takes sound military advice, and how when the crisis comes the whole people "must intelligently follow the directions of the Chief of the General Staff, who will be a permanent adviser."

I take this imposing monument of solid concrete and vegetable ivory as a starting point or, in the army jargon, jumping-off line.

The next thing I learned was that some of our chief naval officers and students of warfare had come to believe that this country could never invade another country overseas, and that no overseas nation could invade us. They quoted to me the matured opinion of English and German naval officers in agreement with this view. It seems to be the sound naval opinion that never again can large bodies of troops be transported across any considerable stretch of water to invade another country. The navy people assume that in future every nation susceptible to invasion by sea will have an adequate force of airplanes and submarines for coastal defense. The naval men agree that at present there is no known method of transporting overseas and landing in an enemy country having such protection any invading or expeditionary force.

One of the foremost of our naval officers and students of warfare tells me:

"Such operations as were carried out in the North Sea, in the presence of hostile submarines, would be impossible on,



for example, our coast; and this for the simple reason that the vessels could not reach our coast at sufficient speed to guard against submarines; and if they could they could not remain on the coast under such conditions in the presence of our submarines. So the submarine alone will always prevent anything like the Simon-pure naval expeditions of the past. Never again will the ports of a country be blockaded, provided that country has submarines. In this last war Great Britain succeeded in blockading Germany after a fashion, but if the British Isles had been five or six hundred miles farther westward the blockade would not have been possible. It was rendered partially successful due only to the fact that the Germans could not reach the open sea except through relatively small holes—the Channel and the northern exit of the North Sea.

"Moreover, even neglecting the submarine, a country sufficiently supplied with airplanes can prevent any fleet from operating on its coast within range of the airplanes. Never again will an advance base be seized off an enemy's coast, unless such a base is beyond the range of bombing airplanes or such a base as is equipped with a greater number of airplanes itself than can be sent against it."

If that is true, if our country cannot invade an enemy across the seas or be invaded from over the waters, the chances of our being at war again on the grand scale seem considerably minimized. But, of course, the human race being what it is, you never can tell. In July, 1914, I don't suppose the wild thought had ever been conceived by anybody in the world that in a little while we should have an army of almost two million men in France fighting the Germans. So we may again find somebody to fight. And if we do——

Gentlemen, hush! It will be a mess.

Soldiers don't fight battles any more. Whole peoples fight them. Nor are they fought on battlefields. They are fought over countries. They take up lots of room, and where they are fought nothing can ever be the same again. War is not what it used to be. Indeed, I may tell you in a burst of frankness, it never was. From the very earliest times it has had thrown about it an atmosphere of hokum that was never dissipated for any great number of people until the World War. To-day more people than ever before know modern warfare for precisely what it is. That is something gained.

When Heroes Become Economic Units

IN THE beginning war was the chief outdoor diversion of the leisure classes, and as such acquired a great prestige which it has never wholly lost. It was the amusement and chief pursuit of the best people. There was not much else to do. They didn't know how to read and it was beneath their dignity to work. Do you realize that King Arthur's knights could not have passed an eighth-grade grammar-school examination? Nice fellows though they were, they were as simple-minded as rabbits, according to any modern standard of education.

They were bone idle. Lacking tennis or squash or golf or bridge and feeling the need of action and diversion, they put on their ornamented hardware and went out and fought one another. It was an exciting game, and the minnesingers, jongleurs and troubadours celebrated the victors. They did their job well and the fame of these stout fellows, mellowed by time and fortified by tradition, endures to this day. It made us think of war as something gay and diverting and glorious.

War is a gone gosling if ever standards of sound common sense are applied to it and the illusion is dispelled. I don't know when that time will come, for so strong is heredity and so persistent and ingrained are the old delusions that it is still easier to get a people to go to war than to induce them to take any other united action. The national collective imagination of any people or nation will flame toward war more quickly than toward any other end or action. The sentiment for war still unites a people and binds them in a common purpose quicker than anything else. Nothing but intelligence and a dry common sense such as is commonly employed in making horse trades will cure this condition.

You have only to acquaint yourself with modern treatises on war to find proof that it has become an industrial enterprise. It has become a problem in scientific management and efficiency methods. The men who are called from their jobs to fight present-day wars are not heroes and patriots, nor the brave boys in the trenches, except to their home folks and in the newspapers. Once they are in the fighting forces they become "effectives" or "wastage" or "rifle strength" or "bayonets" or "elements" or "fresh reserves" or "tired reserves." They are reckoned in terms of economic units as we reckon the coal supply or the wheat acreage or eggs in storage.

Specialists That Armies Need

IT IS because modern war has of necessity become like that that the old-fashioned political general on a white horse, with a red sash across his shoulders and an ostrich plume in his big floppy hat, has disappeared. The battleground of to-day is no place for amateurs and prominent citizens. It demands specialists—highly trained specialists, technicians, skilled tradesmen. Even the soldiers must be specialists with some firearm or other weapon of destruction. Take one of our infantry divisions, for example, as at present organized. Of a total enlisted strength of 27,173 men it calls for 10,895 occupational specialists—that is, men who in civil life would be trades-union workmen; 3405 men for leadership material—that is, technicians in some war trade; leaving only 12,873 men in the division as plain soldiers without any special trade or technical qualifications.

I submit for your enlightenment the amazing list of occupational specialists that every division must have to enable it properly to function. Just read this list:

Accountant
Auto Mechanic
Axman
Bandman
Barber
Blacksmith
Boatman
Brick or Stone Mason
Bridge Carpenter
Bridge Construction Foreman
Bugler
Cable Splicer
Calker
Carpenter
Caterer
Chauffeur
Clerical Worker
Clerical Worker plus Stenographer
Clerical Worker plus Typist
Cobbler
Concrete Construction Foreman
Concrete Worker or Mason
Cook
Digger
Electrician
Employment Manager
Engineering Instrument Repairman
Explosives Miner
Farrier
French Interpreter
Gas Engine Operator
General Construction Foreman
German Interpreter
Gunsmith
Harness Maker
Horseman
Horseshoer
Hospital Man
Investigator
Laborer
Lawyer
Leather or Canvas Worker
Lineman
Lithographer
Machinist
Map Maker
Mechanic
Mechanical Draftsman
Merchant or Stockkeeper
Miner
Mine Foreman
Mine Quarryman
Mine Timberman
Mine Topman
Motorcyclist
Nurse
Painter
Pay Roll Clerk
Photographer
Pigeon Fancier
Pipefitter
Plumber
Postal Clerk
Printer
Radio Buzzer Operator
Radio Constructor
Radio Operator
Rigger
Saddler
Stable Boss
Steam Engine Man
Stenographer
Storage Battery Repairman and Charger
Structural Steel Worker
Surveyor
Switchboard Operator
Teamster
Telegrapher
Telephone and Electric Wireman
Telephone Repairman
Topographer
Tractor Operator
Transitman
Transportation Man
Truck Driver
Truckmaster
Typist
Undertaker
Wagon Maker
Welder
Wheelwright
Wire Chief and Electrician

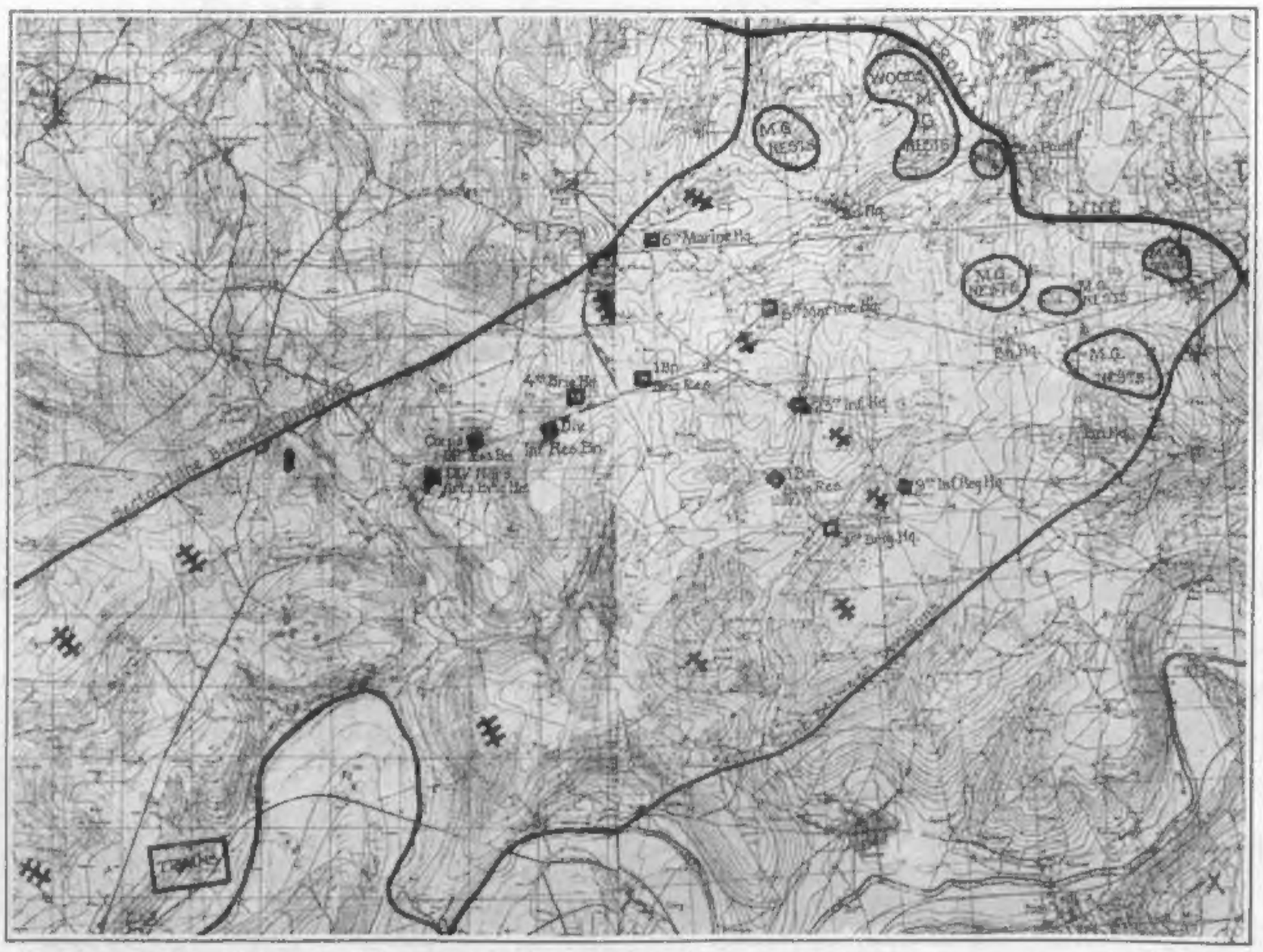
This list, I think, shows more readily and more clearly than anything else I could cite that an army in the field is as much an industrial organization as the Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company; but with this essential difference—both those enterprises are producers. Their aim is quantity production at the lowest possible cost. They must consider economy. The modern army, on the contrary, is designed solely to destroy. Its only quantity production is dead enemies. That is its major purpose. Its secondary purpose is destroying property, laying waste. It doesn't consider economy or cost. It never considers the cheap way, but only the effective way, regardless of expense. You may have noticed that in your tax bills.

The Trade of Modern Generalship

WAR thus becomes the negation of all the peacetime virtues. In peace we build up, we propagate the race, we seek means to prolong and make easier and happier human life, we invent industrial methods to increase and cheapen the necessities of life. In modern warfare the same invention, the same industrial organization, the same intensive research for efficiency are employed to destroy life and property. Organized wholesale killing and destruction is made for the time being a national industrial enterprise. That is the essential thing about modern warfare, as it will be the salient characteristic of the next war.

Therefore it has come about that a general in an army is somewhat analogous to a mill manager or factory superintendent. He doesn't require to be a dashing, gallant, fine figure of a man, as in the brave days of old, but a skilled and highly educated technician. He must know as much about the conduct of war as Schwab knows about making steel, or Rockefeller about oil production and transportation, or Ford about quantity production of motor cars. He doesn't charge at the head of his troops and become a hero. He tries to find a quiet place where he can plan and think and keep in telephonic and wireless contact with his troops. He is rated, not for bravery, but on an efficiency-and-production basis. War has become a skilled trade, conducted and carried on under the most difficult possible circumstances and conditions. It is for all the world as if the Steel Corporation had no permanent home, but had its various scattered plants temporarily housed and susceptible to shift and change at any urgent demand.

Look at the diagram and map that accompanies this article. It shows the disposition in depth of the Second Division of the American Army in France in the line near Château-Thierry, and will give you a clearer idea of what I mean. The division had here a frontage of about five and a half miles. It was in the line, prepared for a fight.



The Divisional Area of the Second Division, A. E. F., Near Château-Thierry. This Official Map, Covering the "Territory" of 30,000 Men, Indicates How War Resembles a Monster Business Corporation in All Respects—Except Production

(Continued on Page 62)

YOUNG, RICH AND BEAUTIFUL

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

DELL could tell, by signs which were almost too subtle for description, that Reina was trying to touch his foot under the table. Her glance, for instance, had suddenly become significant while the rest of her expression verged, as one might say, upon the virginal—an innocent expression that any schoolgirl might have envied. Not only this, but if you had been watching closely you might have detected now and then a well-nigh imperceptible movement of her body as she inched her foot around under the table in cautious little tours of exploration.

"Confound it!" thought Dell, apparently intent upon his salad. "She's at it again!"

You mustn't think from this that he frowned or otherwise showed any signs of displeasure. Indeed he looked as innocent as the rather full-blown beauty across the table, and working as quietly as she he carefully moved his feet from the danger zone and wrapped them around the legs of his chair.

"There!" he thought. "She'll have to reach a long way now!"

To look at him as he showed above the table—apparently oblivious of the comedy that was going on underneath—you would hardly have suspected that it was he who nearly three months before had introduced this invisible game of tag. Yes, and he had even thrilled a little when first he had touched Reina's foot, that time by accident, but soon by acknowledged design. It wasn't long afterward when he was telling her that her lips looked like cherries.

"Do you like cherries?" she had asked him.

He had answered as Adam probably answered Eve, but thinking the matter over that night before he went to sleep, as men have thought such matters over since time immemorial, he had had a feeling that it had been too easy—that he was probably only one of a long, long line who had kissed and been kissed by Reina Hayes.

"An old hand, I guess," he had told himself. "Perhaps that's why she isn't married. She's had too many admirers—and it's beginning to show on her." And with a sleepy yawn he added, "Getting to be entirely too many girls like that—girls who've been kissed too much." And presently, with a distinctly virtuous feeling, he fell asleep.

But the next night their feet touched again, and Reina was sporting a green silk dress that gave her a surprising air of youth. Before the evening was over they had strolled up and down the avenue together, and before the week was over Reina's photograph held the place of honor on Dell's dresser.

"Might as well," he thought. "She probably looks in my room now and then."

To make room for the photograph in the frame he first had to remove the picture of a girl with wistful eyes who was wearing a mortar-board cap and the gown of a Bachelor of Arts. To do him justice, Dell sighed a little as he drew it out of the frame, but it wasn't long before he had put it in his bottom bureau drawer, where perhaps, if neglected photographs can speak to each other, it was soon exchanging experiences with the other pictures which, one by one, had already been placed there, each to make room for its successor.

"An old hand—yes," repeated Dell, looking at Reina's picture. "Too bad she's going by. But anyhow, she's amusing; and I think I ought to know how to take care of myself—by now."

Drawing upon this knowledge, it wasn't long before he had a disquieting feeling that out of the store of her unguessed experience Reina was leading him into that corral which is the horror of every bachelor who is not yet ready for the halter—that corral in which the male of the species is broken and branded almost before he knows that the rope is around his neck.

"The nerve of her!" he thought. "Pretending to take it seriously! Scolded me yesterday because I didn't wear rubbers, and put her hand on my shoulder when we went in to dinner! No use talking—I've got to break away."

Probably Never Before in His Life Had He Felt Such Need for Sympathy as He Felt Just Then

It was that night at dinner that he wrapped his feet around the legs of his chair and refused to play tag. Reina, he noticed, gradually went quiet. When he left the dining room she was waiting for him.

"Dell," she said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said he.

"Nothing?" she repeated.

"No." And moving away he added, "Sorry, but I have an important appointment, and I'm late already."

With the air of a man who is signing his declaration of independence he put on his hat and coat and stood for a few moments on the top step.

"Looks like rain," he thought, glancing up at the clouds. "I mustn't go far." And with one of those cryptic outbursts which every man probably makes to himself at times, he added, "Confound 'em, anyhow! They're all the same! I've known quite a few in my short time—but I never knew one yet who wasn't a precious sight more trouble than she was worth!"

II

IT WAS late when Dell returned to his boarding house—a fashionable establishment which had been his home for many years. Not only was it late, but just as he reached his corner the threatened rain began to pour, and wet him nearly through. It was a cold rain, accompanied by a wind that seemed to search the corners of his pockets, and when Dell finally reached the haven of his own room he wasn't exactly entertaining company.

"That's what you get for trying to be friendly," he indignantly told himself. "After this, if I've got any sense, I'll leave them all alone."

Frowning a little, he picked up the silver frame from his dresser and took out Reina's photograph.

"I think you've been there long enough, my lady," said he. "You'll be getting me into trouble, first thing I know."

He opened his bottom bureau drawer and was about to put the picture with the others when a rather oblique idea took hold of him. "I'm sure that Reina comes and looks around in here now and then," he said to himself. "So I'll put somebody else's picture on the dresser, and then perhaps she'll let me alone."

Gathering the photographs together he carried them to the light, smiling meanwhile with a quiet look of triumph—much as a Roman general might have smiled as he rolled up the Appian Way with his sad-eyed prisoners tied to his chariot wheels.

He sorted them over slowly—always with that quiet look of triumph—and the pictures seemed to look back at him quietly, intently, almost breathlessly, as though they were waiting for something to happen.

"I think I'll take Florence," he nodded at last, picking up the picture of a dreamy-eyed girl. Looking at the date on the back he thoughtfully whistled to himself. "Twenty years ago," he mused. "I wonder what she's doing now."

For a few minutes he sat there, the photograph in his hand, trying to piece together odd fragments of the past.

"Yes, she was my first," he absently nodded; "and I remember she cried when I kissed her—thought no girl ought to be kissed except by the man who married her. Twenty years ago!"

The last thing he noticed as he turned out the light at the head of his bed was the picture of the dreamy-eyed girl in the silver frame, her hands clasped behind her head, watching him from the place of honor on the dresser. If Dell's imagination had been stronger it might have occurred to him that in their younger years the Fates themselves had probably sometimes looked at man in much the same way.

III

ABOUT an hour before morning Dell awoke, uneasily conscious that something was wrong with him. He started to turn over, but such a pain shot through his shoulders that he caught his breath with a gasp and held himself still.

"Good Lord!" he muttered with something like a groan, "I never had this before. I wonder what it is."

Moving with caution, his eyes turned up in the darkness as though ready to catch the first symptom, he started again to change his position, and again the shooting twinge said, "As you were! I'm boss around here!"

Even in his pain Dell couldn't escape the vanity which is the keynote to the character of mankind. "I wonder if it's sciatica," he thought, his mind going out to the most impressive things he could think of; "or—or angina pectoris, or whatever it's called." For a fraction of a moment the more common word "lumbago" arose to his thoughts, but he wouldn't have that.

"If I could only rub it!" he thought.

With infinite care he reached around and rubbed himself with the back of his hand. This seemed to ease it.

"If I could only get up!" he thought next.

He tried to sit up by imperceptible degrees, as a soldier in No Man's Land might try to arise without attracting the attention of the enemy. But he hadn't got far when the pain shot through him again like the thrust of a heated bayonet. "Nothing doing," he muttered, and this time there was no mistaking his groan. "I'll have to lie still and maybe it'll pass off. I—I hope I'm not paralyzed—or anything like that."

Whether or not it was rest that eased it, he was able to get up at his usual time, but he had to walk stiffly from the waist up—the least movement of his shoulders bringing the pain back with a leap like lightning.

"Guess I'd better see a doctor," he sighed as with difficulty he made his way downstairs; and as another resounding name occurred to him he added, "I wonder if it's spinal meningitis."

It didn't take the doctor long to make the diagnosis.

"Rheumatism," he said.

"Rheumatism?" repeated his patient, looking aggrieved. "But, doctor, isn't that a complaint which generally comes to elderly people?"

"Generally, yes. How old are you?"

Dell told him—lowering his voice a little as he did so, as one who imparts a secret.

The doctor nodded. "I thought so," he said. "Not as young as you used to be. I'll give you a prescription, but the main thing is to be careful of drafts, colds and things like that."

"Rheumatism!" muttered Dell to himself as he made his way out. "What a joke! I wouldn't tell anybody for a thousand dollars, or they'd think I was ready for the boneyard. Hello! It seemed to ease up a bit then. I didn't feel it when I swung my arms. There! I do believe it's going. I'll give my shoulders a good twist now and find out for sure. Gone! Yes, sir! All gone! 'Rheumatism!' The old fool! What does he know about it? Probably has it himself and thinks everybody else is the same. Me—I never felt younger in my life. I'll make things hum at the office to-day! I'll show them whether or not I'm as young as I used to be!"

IV

IF YOU had been following Dell half an hour later as he stepped through the door of the office where he worked, you might have begun to understand the fastidiousness of his raiment and his choice of a fashionable boarding house. He was the office manager of Dyckman, Slade & Co., who dealt in investment securities and whose clientele was like an abridgment of the Blue Book.

As he entered he found his young assistant chatting to a girl with eyes of that dark blue which is seldom seen except in just the right shade of pansies. Such customers were rare in the offices of Dyckman, Slade & Co., where the eyes of those assembled were generally more reminiscent of hardware and glassware than of a florist's shop; and Master Dell put on his best manner, which was a very charming manner indeed, and after he had glanced at the letters on his desk he raised his eyebrows at his assistant with a look that said, "Well, Peter?"

"It's Miss Crystie, an old friend of mine," murmured Peter, coming over to the desk in his earnest young way and stammering a little as he spoke. "Her father bought a slew of Maple-Perry securities here this summer. The old boy's up in Canada somewhere, and he has asked Helen to bring us the temporary certificates and get permanent bonds in exchange."

"I'll attend to it," said Dell.

Walking with reluctant feet Peter fetched Miss Crystie.

She was even prettier than Dell had thought, and in every line, every action of her, she showed that class which had always been at the top of his list when he had dreamed his dreams. While she told her errand he watched her with admiring eyes.

"Young too," he thought, "and doesn't look wise." Which is the modern way of saying that a girl looks innocent, and still has more than one surprise in life in store for her. "Probably has no mother, or she'd have come down for the bonds herself. And old John Crystie's worth five million if he's worth a cent. Mmmm."

Aunty Looked at Though She Knew How Many Beans Made Five

His undeniable charm with women was already working for him—a hard thing to define, but having something to do with his features, which had the cast of romance and a hint of knighthood in them; and having something to do with his expression, which was touched with whimsicality and lighted with understanding; and also having something to do with his manner, which seemed to speak of a life that had not been without its sadness; and it wasn't long before instinct told him that if he could see this pansy-eyed girl often enough she would probably grow to like him, as others had done before.

"Just what I've been waiting for—all these years," he thought, a feeling that was like the hand of predestination passing over him. "Now let me see ——"

Aloud he said, "Your father's bonds are in our safe-deposit vault, Miss Crystie. Instead of your waiting for them here, why can't I send them to your house sometime in the course of the day—say between half past four and five?"

"That would suit me very well," she smiled.

For the rest of the day Dell was thoughtful, introspective, as one might imagine a warrior to be when, trained to the minute, he arrives at the eve of the day when the battle of his life is to be fought.

"It was time that it happened," he told himself once. From which you may guess the thoughts that were passing through his mind. And again, "My chance has come at last," he said to himself—"at last!"

Indeed there are times in nearly every life when a day of crises seems to arrive, one large event following another, as though the gods had suddenly grown keen for excitement. At a quarter to four Dell was ready to go uptown when an office boy appeared at his elbow with a message that Mr. Dyckman wished to speak to him.

The senior member of the firm was sitting back in his chair with his finger tips pressed together when Dell entered—which was known throughout the office as a very good sign. He was a gentle little man with a ferocious gray mustache, and it was said of him that in his youth he had killed a man out West who had cheated him. Whether or not there was any truth in this, it made the office boys step lively when they heard his bell, and they never took their eyes off him when he appeared in the outer office.

"How is your young assistant getting along?" inquired Mr. Dyckman.

"Pretty well, thank you," smiled Dell. "I'm keeping him as busy as I can."

"Quite right. Quite right. I wish him to learn the business as soon as possible. Er—you yourself, now, Dellwyn—you have been with us now a good many years, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Dell, his heart beating high. "That was nearly twenty-five years ago."

The senior member looked at his manager with a roguish smile which, if they could have seen it, would have puzzled the office boys and have made them wonder whether the Old Man had really been a killer after all.

"Nearly twenty-five years ago—a little lifetime," nodded Mr. Dyckman. "Er—I have been thinking, Dellwyn—Mr. Nicholas intends to retire from the firm on the first of the year—on account of his health, I believe. So if you could invest fifty thousand dollars with us, which is the extent of his interest, I think it might be arranged that we could give you a junior partnership in the firm, beginning the first of the year. And—er—considering the long time you have worked here, if you could put up collateral for only half that amount, I think we could arrange to accept your note for the balance."

At that moment Dell's assets amounted to $158.60—$130 in the bank and the rest in his trousers pocket; but inasmuch as he had shaped his destiny for many years on the design of always putting up a good front, he listened without the faintest sign of incapacity.

"You are very kind, Mr. Dyckman," he answered. "I trust that I shall always continue to deserve your good will."

Twenty-five thousand dollars before the first of the year! The day before, Dell's heart would have sunk at the prospect. But on the afternoon in question, as soon as he left Mr. Dyckman, he went to the safe with a hopeful step and drew out a bundle of Maple-Perry bonds.

"I'm going uptown," he said to Peter with one of his charming smiles, and stopping for a moment at the telephone desk in the next room, he added to the operator in a lower voice, "If Miss Crystie should phone about her bonds, please tell her that they are on the way."

V

"Don't You Wish You Were on the Deck of a Steamer Now, a Thousand Miles From Nowhere?"

OUTSIDE it was a day of days—drawing in with one of those October afternoons when the sunshine seems to smile at a promise of frost in the air. In a state of Nature—walking down a country lane, say, where none could see or hear him—Dell would probably have shuffled his feet in the leaves, or whistled back to the birds, or thrown his head back and laughed aloud—the way in which some simple souls thank God for life and happiness. But these primitive pleasures being denied him on Wall Street, he walked to the Subway with outward decorum while somewhere inside him a little bluebird kept singing away "Twee-ee-eet—tweet—tweet!"

"All my life," he kept thinking to himself. "All my life."

Yes, all his life he had dreamed that some day he would meet a princess who was to be young—and rich—and beautiful—perhaps in somewhat the same spirit as an amateur collector dreams of finding a blue Mauritius stamp, or a bidder at auction sales hopes to find a fortune in a "trunk, locked, contents unknown." And as the Subway train swirled him uptown to whatever the fates might have in store for him, Dell could almost see the blue stamp in his album, could almost catch a glimpse of the jewels in the old oak chest.

Helen was in, and with her was an eagle-nosed aunt who didn't say much, and who didn't miss much either. You shall judge whether Dell was a strategist when you hear that instead of starting right in on Miss Crystie he first set to work on aunty.

It was subtly done. Although he did most of his talking to Helen, whenever it came time for him to smile he let aunty have that. When the latter arose to look at the bonds Dell arose too—a picture of graceful chivalry—and wouldn't sit down again till aunty had resumed her seat. Aunty was knitting; and once she dropped her wool. Dell had it for her in a moment and placed it in her hands with a friendly little bow that made the old lady bridle with pleasure and feel to see if her switch was properly coiled in the place where a switch ought to grow.

Meanwhile Dell was talking—which was one of the gifts the fairies had given him—every note a caress for Helen's ear. He told them of one of the richest women in the world, and of her prejudice against any securities that had the letter *e*, *i* or *b* in their titles, which letters were supposed to be the initials of a young man who had played her a trick in her younger days—that is to say, he had courted her for over a year and then, taking advantage of a lovers' quarrel, he had suddenly turned around and married a younger sister.

"Oh, wasn't that dreadful!" said aunty. "How she must have felt!"

Thus encouraged, Dell told them next how a young girl's dream had brought about one of the greatest panics ever known. Aunty stopped knitting then and gave Dell a thoughtful look, as though she were thinking, "Eh, young man, but I could tell you some dreams that would open your eyes—if I only knew you better!"

Seeing that they were both interested, Dell showed his strategy again. He arose with an apology.

"I didn't know I was staying so long," he said. "You will forgive me, I hope?"

Helen looked at aunty, and aunty looked at Dell. He was well worth a glance, too, as he stood there—distinguished, chivalrous, immaculate; a banker, apparently filled to the brim with anecdotes of human interest; rather sad-looking as well, as though he had had a great sorrow in his life, a sorrow that might at least be somewhat assuaged by a woman's sympathy.

"We were just on the point of having tea served," said aunty. "If you would care to stay ——"

He glanced at Helen, who gave him a smile that had a touch of shyness in it—a smile that Dell recognized even before it had taken full form.

"All my life," he thought again. "All my life."

When he reached his boarding house half an hour later, Reina Hayes was in the front room, talking to a sissified old widower who had the third floor back, and was said to smoke perfumed cigarettes. Reina saw Dell through the doorway as he passed and gave him a look that seemed to say, "Dell—please!"

Dell nearly laughed to himself as he went upstairs.

"Poor Reina!" thought he. "I'd like to see myself!"

VI

THAT was on the third of October. It was a week later when Dell next heard from the Crysties—a week of suspense in which, toward the end, he grew so irritable that the office boys began to wonder whether history hadn't got its names mixed, and whether it wasn't Dell who had killed the man out West.

"I wonder if they got my note," he kept asking himself—for on the day after his call he had mailed Helen's aunt a few agreeable lines of appreciation for her kindness. This letter had been written on his engraved stationery, with his house address in glossy black Old English. As you have probably guessed, it wasn't the appreciation so much as the address which he wished to get in front of aunty. Reina tried to touch his foot again under the table that week, but she tried it only once.

"What's the matter, Dell?" she asked, catching him alone one night in an unguarded moment.

"Nothing," he answered as before.

"Nothing, dear?" she sadly repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Well, business troubles, if you want to know."

"Of course I want to know!" she said with a note of eagerness in her voice.

But that was as far as she got. Having first made sure that it wasn't raining, Dell went out for a walk, looking as though his little bird had forgotten how to sing.

On the evening of the tenth, however, it began to warble again. When Dell reached home he found a strange envelope in his mail. It contained aunty's card and in the lower left-hand corner were the words, "At home, first and third Wednesdays, four o'clock."

"Breaking in all right," he told himself with a sigh of relief. "Now, if I can only get an invitation for dinner it ought to be clear sailing."

On the following Wednesday, which was the third Wednesday of the month, he left the office early again. Both Helen and her aunt were unfeignedly glad to see him, and repeating, by request, his story of one of the richest women in the world, it wasn't long before he had almost become the lion of the occasion. He drank his tea, ate his macaroon, had a few moments alone with Helen and, although he was careful not to stay longer than fifteen minutes, when he went away the invitation to dinner might as well have been in his pocket.

A rather amusing thing happened just before he left. He was making himself agreeable to aunty when a late arrival dropped in—the same being Master Peter Schermerhorn, who had evidently hurried up from the office to see who was there. At sight of Dell, Peter glowered in his earnest young way—that scowl which says, "Confound him! Just what I suspected!"

"Poor Peter!" smiled Dell, much as he had pitied Reina a few days before; and when he reached the avenue, strolling along and swinging his cane as though he was the prince of the kingdom who had just been having a look at the throne, he murmured again, "Poor Peter!"—and presently added, "I ought to be able to do it easily by the first of the year."

VII

THE dinner invitation arrived in due course. Aunty was kind to him. He sat next to Helen. Her eyes had never looked so much like pansies; her lips were bits of coral; her cheeks were Guernsey cream.

"You'll have to pinch me, or kick me, or something—every few minutes," Dell told her.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because every time I look at you I think I'm dreaming." She laughed, but she looked thoughtful too.

Perhaps it was because of something that Peter had told her, but she seemed to catch in his manner an ease that is generally associated with long practice. To Helen, who hadn't studied literature and the modern drama for nothing, love meant the greatest possible adventure that can befall a human being—something at once delicious and delirious—and when her own time came, even as she intended to have a church wedding that would make the world gasp with admiration, so, too, as a prelude to the wedding, she had made up her mind to have a courtship that would give her something to think about as long as she lived. The heights and the depths, twiddly bits and diapasons, hope and despair, chills and fevers, The Blue Danube, The Midnight Patrol and bits of Wagner in his most Wagnerian moments—Helen had promised herself that she would have them all.

"I believe he's said that before, quite often," she told herself, referring to Dell's request to be pinched or kicked. "Still," she continued, trying to excuse him, as women are always trying to excuse the shortcomings of man, "in a way, I suppose that men have to say the same things over and over—the same as women have to say 'Charmed to meet you,' and things like that."

But she sighed a little with disappointment, as girls have sighed since time immemorial at meeting, one by one, the disenchantments of life. Meanwhile, little dreaming of the thoughts that were passing through her mind, Sir Dellwyn sat by her side like a wise old tabby by the side of a canary, and believed that he had made a very good start indeed.

The talk was general for a time, for when all is said and done it is hard to hold a tête-à-tête at a dinner table; little sayings like "How beautiful you are!" or "There's no one here like you!" sounding awkward when overheard by a bilious gentleman who has just taken a pill, a stout matron with a skittish manner, and five miscellaneous human beings whom you have never met before. But under cover of an exchange of views between aunty and the bilious gentleman as to the advisability of having women ambassadors abroad—an idea which one might think was at the root of the gentleman's biliousness—Dell put in another private remark to Helen:

"Don't you wish you were on the deck of a steamer now, a thousand miles from nowhere, with a full moon and an orchestra—fiddles and harps and mandolins, and things like that?"

"Do you?" she asked, smiling at the picture.

"If you could be with me—yes."

Again it was his manner that vaguely disappointed her. If he had blushed, for instance, when he said it, even if only his ears had turned red; or if he had stammered, or looked lovelorn, or passionate, or something; or if after finishing his daring remark he had given her a pleading look, or had turned pale, or plucked nervously at the tablecloth—Helen might have thrilled a little and, thrilling still, have pined for more. But instead of showing any emotion Dell spoke as a clerk might speak when quoting the price of the brushed wool sweaters and, his remark concluded, he buttered a bit of roll and signaled to the footman for another glass of water. "Oh, fly with me! . . . Another glass of water, please." As you can see, the water tends to neutralize the flying, and has the gift of quenching ardent glows.

Helen's disappointment grew, although you would never have thought it if you had seen her sitting there, so youthful and innocent, her eyes like flowers and her lips like bits of coral. When she had first seen Dell—interesting, mature, with the slightly sad look of a man who has had a great sorrow in his past—he had unconsciously appealed to her imagination as possibly being the man of whom she had often dreamed—the man who would be the leading character in the greatest drama that she ever expected to play. But already she was finding him unproductive of thrills, and reciting lines which she suspected him of having used in many a previous play.

Dell began to sense that all wasn't going well. When dinner was over he made a more determined effort.

"You probably can't realize, Miss Crystie," he said, "how much an evening like this means to a lonely bachelor like me."

"You like home life?" she smiled.

"I adore it!"

"Then tell me, if"—she gave him a glance that meant to convey the meaning, "if it has nothing to do with a great sorrow in your life," and continued aloud—"why have you never married?"

She set herself then for something breathlessly absorbing, but even before he started answering she knew from his expression what his response would be, and repeated the words in her mind as he spoke them.

"Because I have never found the right girl," said Dell in a low voice.

She laughed a little and, noticing that her color deepened, Dell began to think that he was getting on again, and he leaned over and gently touched her hand. "Miss Crystie," he said, his voice going down lower yet, "shall we—shall we be friends?"

As long as it might take you to count five she let his hand stay there, for the modern generation is a strange mixture of curiosity and naïveté, and Helen wished to see if the touch of his fingers would thrill her. But when a girl has been disillusioning herself about a man all through dinner she isn't going to vibrate to any great extent when he happens to touch the back of her wrist a few minutes later. Enjoying every moment of it, she calmly moved her hand as though to arrange her hair.

"Why not?" she asked. "I think it's a dreadful bother to be enemies; don't you?"

Dell felt baffled.

"Look," said Helen. "Aunty wants us. I think they're going to play bridge."

He had only one other chance to speak to her alone, but again he made the best of it.

"Do you ever go to Fleury's—for afternoon tea?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she said, smilingly watching him.

"Then I'm going to drop in there about half past four to-morrow afternoon—and take a chance on finding you there."

Helen almost thrilled at that—almost but not quite. She didn't promise, though.

On his way home that night Dell walked along thoughtfully, putting this and that together until he finally arrived at a conclusion which is reached by every son of Adam sooner or later as he journeys over the hills and dales of life.

"Hang it," he muttered, "she's got me guessing."

And he disliked it all the more because the experience was new to him.

"You—You've Hurt Me," She Sobbed

VIII

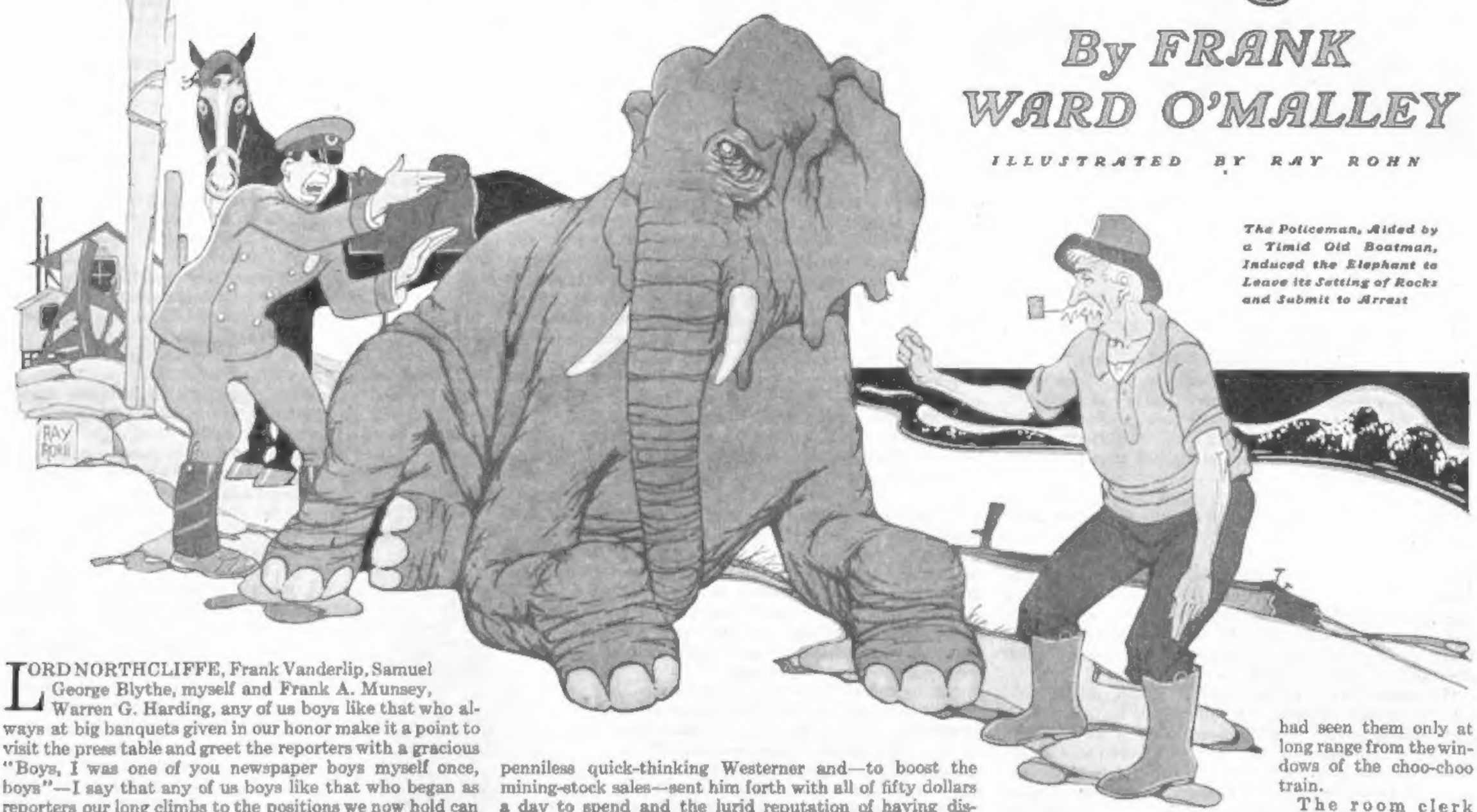
HELEN was at Fleury's the next afternoon—but not alone. She had a friend with her—a girl who had been her chum at school—a

(Continued on Page 71)

Hot Off the Press Agent

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN



The Policeman, Aided by a Timid Old Boatman, Induced the Elephant to Leave its Setting of Rocks and Submit to Arrest

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, Frank Vanderlip, Samuel George Blythe, myself and Frank A. Munsey, Warren G. Harding, any of us boys like that who always at big banquets given in our honor make it a point to visit the press table and greet the reporters with a gracious "Boys, I was one of you newspaper boys myself once, boys"—I say that any of us boys like that who began as reporters our long climbs to the positions we now hold can tell you authoritatively that the more or less human race is unevenly divided into two classes. There is the overwhelmingly big class, including 98 per cent of the United States and 100 per cent of Manhattan, which hopes to see itself, its picture and all its works and pomps in print. There is the other 2 per cent of the whole country and no per cent of Manhattan which sincerely shrinks from publicity.

The Gold-Plated Girl From Missouri

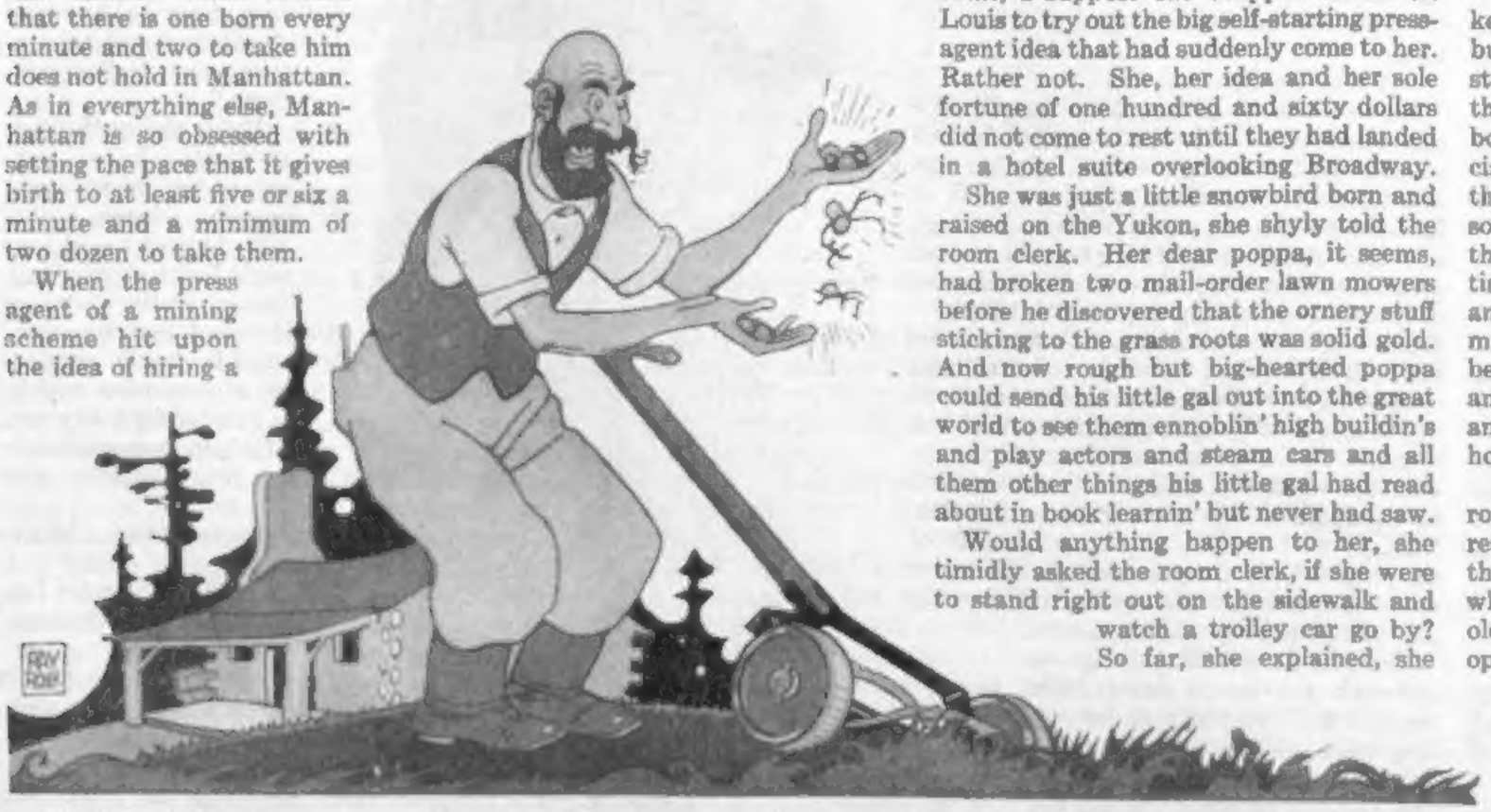
IT WAS biologically to be expected that a field so fertile soon would become the habitat of the faunal phenomenon now known as the partly domesticated smooth-skinned press agent. Naturally he flocks thickest in a wild or semiwild state on those juiciest feeding grounds stretching along Broadway, New York City, from the Battery north to the upper Broadway delicatessen belt. His range, however, is the entire country. He is merely at his best on Broadway, for it is the Manhattan city slicker who is quickest to walk right up unsuspectingly and let the wild press agents bite him on his credulity. That law of supply and demand which ordains that there is one born every minute and two to take him does not hold in Manhattan. As in everything else, Manhattan is so obsessed with setting the pace that it gives birth to at least five or six a minute and a minimum of two dozen to take them.

When the press agent of a mining scheme hit upon the idea of hiring a penniless quick-thinking Westerner and—to boost the mining-stock sales—sent him forth with all of fifty dollars a day to spend and the lurid reputation of having discovered the mine and being positively filthy with lucre, did the press agent lay out a small-town itinerary? Not on your P. T. Barnum! The Westerner was started and not permitted to stop, except to change engines, until he exploded all over Forty-second Street and Broadway. Strong city slickers composing the reception committee of the Amos J. Sucker Association were all but killed in the crush of Broadway greeters.

Again, when good old Doc Cook had told it to the King of Denmark, the kindly doc, I suppose not, headed straight for Bird-in-Hand, Pennsylvania, to receive officially the freedom of the city and two hundred and eighty dollars' worth of engrossed resolutions in a nifty gilt frame from the board of aldermen, not to mention a welcoming street parade, bright-faced school children banked in front of their schools and singing From Greenland's Icy Mountains or Thereabouts, as the doc was driven solemnly through a storm of rosebuds wafted toward him by the deafening stirrings of wise-guy-city-folks' cheers. And when—to give a final and more recent instance that is merely one of many—a coy lassie eased out of her home town in Missouri, I suppose she dropped off at St. Louis to try out the big self-starting press-agent idea that had suddenly come to her. Rather not. She, her idea and her sole fortune of one hundred and sixty dollars did not come to rest until they had landed in a hotel suite overlooking Broadway.

She was just a little snowbird born and raised on the Yukon, she shyly told the room clerk. Her dear poppa, it seems, had broken two mail-order lawn mowers before he discovered that the ornery stuff sticking to the grass roots was solid gold. And now rough but big-hearted poppa could send his little gal out into the great world to see them ennoblin' high buildin's and play actors and steam cars and all them other things his little gal had read about in book learnin' but never had saw.

Would anything happen to her, she timidly asked the room clerk, if she were to stand right out on the sidewalk and watch a trolley car go by? So far, she explained, she had seen them only at long range from the windows of the choo-choo train.



Poppa Had Broken Two Lawn Mowers Before He Discovered That the Ornery Stuff Sticking to the Grass Roots Was Gold

The room clerk screamed for the hotel press agent. The press agent slid down the brass pole. In a day Manhattan was in an ecstatic flutter about this shy snow baby of twenty-odd Missouri summers who never had ridden in a street car, never had seen a motion picture, never been in a theater or shop, but now was going to see the whole works, even if she had to cut into the principal of a fortune that increased at least one million dollars with each later edition of the evening newspapers.

"Little one," the hotel press agent had said to her in the privacy of his office, "judging merely by that neck piece of unborn plush you're wearing, I should say, as one gentleman speaking to a lady, you're a gosh darn but gifted liar. Whoa, gal! You're not being pinched again. Far be it from such. Take the best suite in this hotel and ring for what you don't see. No charge for anything and the sky is the limit."

Little Snowbird Gets Her Orders

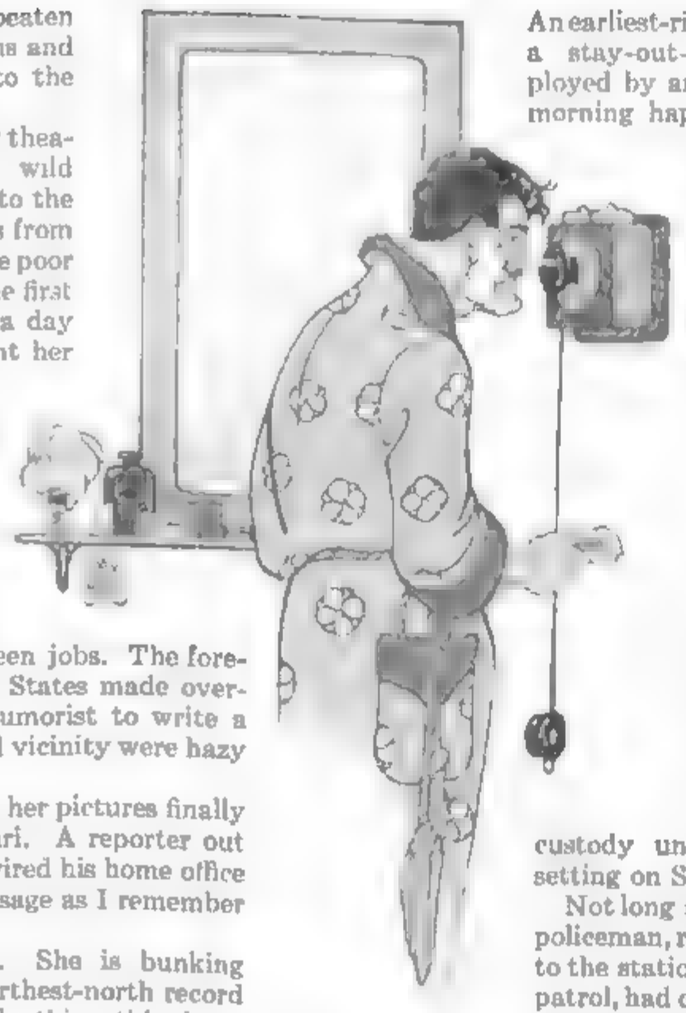
"WE'RE getting you some blue fox and other swell furs, but when this town starts in to entertain you always keep calm enough to remember that the furs are worth a bunch of money and we are only renting them. No rough stuff with the furs or you'll hear the old familiar call of the police whistle singing to its mate. And here's a cigar box full of gold nuggets to give away as souvenirs, especially to reporters and the camera men. Be lavish with the nuggets, kid. The hotel plumber says he has enough solder and gilt paint in the basement to turn them out by the keg. All you have to do is to pull the baby stuff any time you see anything from a mail box to Big Bill Edwards, and don't forget, dammit, you're a lady. Above all you must say just twice in each interview—once near the beginning and once near the end—that the only hotel you and the old man ever heard of on the Yukon was this one, and that for years you have dreamed of living in this best hotel in the world.

"Here's a bunch of photographs of Alaska to stick round the suite, and here's a book on Alaska. Can you read? Well, read the book a bit. There's a bare chance that you'll run into some wise-cracking guy in this town who's been west of Newark, so read up about your dear old Yukon home. And now sit tight until I'm ready to open the reporters' cage."

As a great favor to a certain paper printed across the street from the hotel in Herald Square—never mind the name of the newspaper—the hotel press agent first permitted the hotel reporter on the staff of the favored daily to print an interview with and a picture of the "Alaska" queen exclusively. Just for that all the other

papers became so indignant at being beaten that for days they printed two columns and two pictures of Alaska-queen stuff to the Herald Square paper's one.

Press agents employed in Broadway theaters trampled one another in the wild scramble to offer choicest stage boxes to the shrinking little unsophisticated heiress from the—uh—Yukon. Every night now the poor child was dragged into a theater for the first time in her life. Two or three times a day rival Broadway automobile agents sent her on positively the first automobile ride she ever had had. Manhattan gown and bonnet architects offered her smart models of their output gratis. Nightly she was invited backstage by theater managers to see the wheels go round. Representatives of several girls' schools in or near New York called or sent her their advertising circulars and booklets. Movie magnates offered her screen jobs. The foremost vaudeville circuit in the United States made overtures to a metropolitan newspaper humorist to write a monologue for her. Herald Square and vicinity were hazy with flashlight smoke.



"Oh, Very Well," Sighed the Husband Sadly. "If You Insist, You May All Come Up to My Suite"

Manhattan newspapers abloom with her pictures finally reached the old home town in Missouri. A reporter out there representing a news association wired his home office in Doc Cook's favorite town. The message as I remember it ran:

"Lay off that Alaska-queen stuff. She is bunking Broadway. Her father hung up his farthest-north record at the World's Fair in 1893. The only thing this dame never saw till she reached New York was a horse car solidly filled with fatheads."

On the day our city editors handed copies of this message to us metropolitan reporters and told us to get a good interview out of her about not being from Alaska, we first read the telegram through many times, especially the wholly uncalled-for final sentence which this fresh gawk of a country newspaper jay unnecessarily had added. Then we bit into the nuggets the lady had given us. Mine wasn't even solid.

The Staten Island Elephant Mystery

DESPITE my many years of close first-hand study of press agents along their favorite Broadway range, I found myself often being bitten by them twice in the same place. They have left overlapping lumps on every trustful bone in my head.

Always when the comb strikes an early but still unshrunken lump abaft my left ear I instantly recall a morning years ago when city editors who walked in their sleep routed us late-blooming reporters out of our beds at the unholy hour of ten o'clock in the morning to impart to us by telephone momentous news. Word had just come up from Staten Island, it seemed, that shortly after dawn down there the police had made charges of vagrancy, trespassing and resisting an officer against a large wet Asiatic elephant. By the time the advance shock troops of reporters had reached Staten Island and were more or less within interviewing distance of the elephant's façade, the police were intimating ingratiatingly that here was a splendid opportunity for anyone who wanted a perfectly good and magnificent elephant to step right out into the station-house back yard and take the policemen's elephant away—and no questions asked.

Now if a showman or press agent had first notified the papers that a loose elephant had just been canned on Staten Island the wise city editors—always triply wary about actresses losing jewels or showmen's animals escaping via the publicity department—would have annihilated the press agent with a sarcastic "Well, well, well!" or some similar bit of literary invective. But there was no circus or animal show in or round the metropolis, none on its way. No elephant had escaped from the park zoos. In short, not a man, woman or child could be found in the greater city who had mislaid his elephant.

Particularly disarming was the fact that the newspapers had stumbled on the news of the arrest of the mysterious elephant quite by accident. An earliest-rising reporter—more likely a stay-out-all-night reporter—employed by an evening paper had that morning happened upon an entry in the station-house blotter. Parenthetically let me say that I still keep a copy of that police-blotter entry in my scrapbook because of its unusual ornithological as well as zoological scientific data. The conscientious police lieutenant had written in the blotter:

"Officer T. J. McClosky reports serving summons on John Doe, unable to give real name in English, of Rosebank, for failing after warning to remove from side yard of premises dead rooster laying there steady for past week; also reports finding and taking into custody unclaimed elephant found setting on Stapleton rocks."

Not long after sunrise the mounted policeman, riding back along the beach to the station house after his all-night patrol, had cantered round a point just in time to see the elephant slosh shoreward out of the waters of the bay and wearily lie down on the rock-strewn shore as if all in after its long swim. For twenty minutes the elephant seemed too tired to get up again. In time, however, the policeman, aided by a timid old boatman found tinkering with his skiff and nets up the beach, induced the elephant to leave its setting of rocks and submit to arrest.

The elephant had been eating the city's feed and columns of newspaper space for twenty-four hours when up to the desks of Manhattan's city editors strolled a pleasant-spoken young man. He announced first—yes, and last—that he was connected with a then new sort of amusement place, soon to be opened at Coney Island and the first of its kind in showman history, called Luna Park.

"Queer thing happened, Mister Editor, at our Luna Park the other night. One of our two Luna Park elephants at Luna Park, which we had intended at Luna Park to use at Luna Park to carry children round the magnificent esplanades of Luna Park, got away from our magnificent Luna Park. Thing's uncanny! Elephants are too wise, sir, to flounder into the deep muck of the streams and salt meadows on the land side—they'd sink out of sight. As for swimming across on the seaward side the many miles separating Coney Island from Sandy Hook or Staten Island, the idea was unthinkable. Just stopped in your business office downstairs, Mister Editor, to put an ad in the lost-and-found department with the hope that ——"

Consternation was registered by the showman as he read the elephant story in the paper which the city editor passed across the desk. The showman paused only to go through the same performance in every other newspaper office, and then he hurried over to Staten Island, with a new covey of reporters surrounding him. Sure enough, it was the missing Luna elephant—same trunk at the north end, same tail at the south, same everything.

That, say you, ended the elephant story. It was merely beginning. For days the reporters called upon solemn science to help them fill the columns accompanying the pictures and maps of the shore lines. Crosses indicate Luna Park and spot where elephant was found; dotted lines and arrows show route and direction taken by aquatic pachyderm in unprecedented swim of seven miles.

Then the interviews: Eminent Doctor Hoosis, of Bronx Zoo, says nine-mile swim possible. Bill Snyder, animal man in Central Park, says twelve-mile swim of Luna pachyderm impossible.

Wind, tide and terror, explains Columbia professor, aids Luna's amphibious pachyderm. Hearst reporter exclusively finds spoor where savage Luna mammoth began fifteen-mile battle through raging midnight typhoon.

Truth Crushed to Earth

BEFORE anyone had quite worked up to the idea that the elephant had come straight from its native jungle to Staten Island by way of the Suez all-water route, one indisputable fact was outstanding—that virtually every man, woman and child in the metropolitan district now knew where Luna Park was, what it was, when it was to be opened. Then as the elephant began to give way to a new and beautiful murder story on the front pages, the Luna Park press agent called upon the city editors again to deliver what he knew would be his elephant's final publicity kick.

He told the truth. In the course of several dawns at Coney Island the elephant's trainer had taught it to wade out into the water till its ears were afloat and stand there until ordered to come back to the beach and lie down as if in great weariness. Advance scouts had found a spot across the bay where a Staten Island policeman always rounded a point at approximately the same time every morning.

The unimaginative detail of shipping a trained elephant—it was not nearly so large in life as in newspaper type—unseen had been merely a matter of loading the beast into the largest covered moving van obtainable and driving the vanload of elephant all night up through Brooklyn, across the bridge, through lowest Manhattan to the Staten Island ferryboat, to Staten Island and disband.

(Continued on Page 56)

In a Day Manhattan Was in an Ecstatic Flutter About This Shy Snow Baby of Twenty-odd Missouri Summers Who Never Had Ridden in a Street Car

The Ground Was Eighty Feet Below Him Through a Crazy Latticework of Logs, on All Sides of Him a Sea of Tangled Tree Trunks

THE GLUTTON

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE Piegans foraged a precarious living from season to season, subsisting on grasshoppers and dried berries in the main. Perhaps it was their continual struggle for food which led them to name the wolverene Ipewang. Literally, this name applied to a species of violent cramp which sometimes seized upon a greedy Piegan when, after a protracted fast, he stumbled upon food in plenty and overloaded his system therewith. Hence the Piegan belief that though all must eat to live, a certain high percentage would eat to die; a belief with a foundation in truth in view of the fact that the great majority of Piegans were summoned to Manitou through the medium of Ipewang. It is seemingly inconsistent that a tribe whose vital problem in life was scarcity of food should die out from overeating.

The white men named the beast the glutton, for although most animals eat only to live, it was early observed that the wolverene apparently lived only to eat. Thus the white men, by a similar line of reasoning, had bestowed a title of similar meaning, justifying the aptness of Piegan nomenclature. Yet there was a slightly different significance in the names.

Hedrick knew the Piegans' name for the glutton, but its significance was lost in the hazy past, for the Piegans were gone from the hills. As there had been seeming inconsistency in the old legend that a tribe whose chief obstacle to survival lay in scarcity of food should eventually die off from overeating, so Hedrick in his day found in the wolverene what was apparently the only inconsistency in the intricate scheme of Nature as he knew it.

Hedrick knew the signs of the forest floor as the city dweller knows his neighborhood; better, perhaps, for he had unraveled the intimate family secrets of all the folk in his domain. He had studied their vices and virtues, their strength and limitations, and on his long solitary rounds of the trap line he had woven these various traits into a pattern that blended perfectly. Not content to know the fact of a habit alone without learning, too, its significance, he had ferreted out the bearing of each one upon the general plan of balance so evident in Nature.

He had long since classified the glutton among the killers whose purpose it was to hold in check the surplus of other tribes, not only of the preyed-upon species but also of the lesser killers. He knew the limitations of many beasts of prey, certain weaknesses imposed upon them lest they kill too freely. It was very apparent that the tribe of Ipewang had its limitation which held in check the increase of wolverenes, and therein lay the mystery. Hedrick could not determine the source or character of that limitation. He found his usual line of reasoning reversed. Given a fact at the source, he reasoned forward and sought its purpose in the scheme of things. Here he had the purpose, the fact itself, and sought to back track to the source.

The purpose for the scarcity of wolverenes was self-evident, having the same meaning in the general plan as the scarcity of other ruthless slayers—that they might not kill too abundantly. The fact of the limitation, too, was apparent. A she wolverene brought forth from three to five young each year, yet their numbers were few in the hills. It was the source of the fact that eluded him. The gluttons had no natural enemies to deplete their ranks, for even the cougar, bloody prince of killers, had not the courage to pounce upon Ipewang. So, out of all Nature, Hedrick had found the one seeming inconsistency which he could not unravel. It was only when he discovered for himself that slight difference in significance between the meaning of Ipewang and glutton—the Piegans' name and that bestowed by the whites—that he struck the trail to solution and the final truth that there is no such thing as inconsistency in Nature.

Hedrick rambled one spring a dozen miles from his cabin, his Airedale scouting the timber along the line of march. The dog disappeared and his master saw no more of him. This premature departure of the Airedale from the face of the earth was linked in the mind of Ipewang, the young glutton, with his own first appearance upon it. As a matter of fact, he had been born into the world some two months before the Airedale departed from it, but his mother's fight with the big dog was the first event of sufficient vividness to make a lasting impression upon his none too retentive memory.

Ipewang had first looked upon the world from the depths of a mighty log jam. A tangled jungle of spruce clothed an abrupt slope that swept up to the rock rubble piled at the base of ragged cliffs which lifted above timber line. The wind had scoured the heavy snows from the open sheep meadows high above, sifting it over the edge of the cliffs. Where the gales had hurtled over the brink there had been an undercurling back lash which had fashioned vast snow combs that hung far out over the cap rocks of the rims. Below, in the precipitous gulches that furrowed the face of the cliffs, the white stuff was piled to a depth of ten feet, clinging precariously to the steep slopes and waiting only for a slight jar to dislodge it.

In midwinter some hundreds of tons fell from the snow comb and struck the funnel-shaped gulch below. The whole mass started, carrying all loose rock in its rush. The avalanche poured from the mouth of the funnel and struck the timber on a fifty-yard front with ten thousand tons of weight behind its drive. The dense stand of spruce was sheared away as so much straw, and the catapulting mass bored on down the incline. After three hundred yards its impetus was dissipated by the flaring-out of the slope to a less precipitous angle. A bare slide trail marked the course of the run, and at its lower extremity the débris was piled in a mighty tangle of logs and rock, the crevices chinked with snow.

Ipewang was born in the dim interior of this massive pile while the drifts still lay deep on the slope. Even in midsummer the rays of the sun seldom penetrated to the heart of this north slope to suck up the moisture, and as a consequence the drifts lingered till late summer, not wholly disappearing before fall snows started once more building them up. Ipewang's world seemed one of humidity. The dim lanes beneath the slide pile were damp, rank with the odor of rotting logs where ricks of ancient blow-downs had been gathered up in the slide. Tons of old snow still lingered in the heart of the sheltered mass and trickled down through the whole of it.

The young glutton's range had heretofore been limited to a restricted stretch of the sidehill where, with three brothers and sisters, he had followed the old wolverene on short jaunts. The outside world seemed almost as moist and gloomy as the slide pile, the tops of the spruce roofing it over, the forest floor littered with continuous jams of windfalls and the slope a series of seeping sidehill bogs. But all this was to his liking, and throughout his life he would choose just such high-country jungles for his hunting ground.

Prior to a certain day in late spring Ipewang knew nothing of battle save through the clashes staged daily within the ranks of his own family. He belonged to the largest of the weasels, and when he fought he entered the fray with true weasel ferocity. There was no mimic or play in the youthful combats between brother and sister in the tribe of Ipewang.

The she wolverene had brought home the body of a marmot, and the four young gluttons had promptly torn it apart, each one making off to some different part of the jam to eat his share. Ipewang finished his portion shortly and craved more. Near the lower extremity of the jam a sister still struggled with a last tough scrap of hide. Ipewang made for her and seized the food. His sister grappled him savagely and drove her tiny teeth in his neck, then transferred her grip to the strip of hide and wrenched the main part of it from him. As he attempted to gulp down the portion he had retained a third young pirate appeared on the scene and engaged in battle with the sister over the fragment that remained.

Ipewang had drawn near the edge of the jam, and he now wandered a few yards farther, clearing the main bulk of the pile and coming out into territory where the logs overhead were scattering, piled loosely to a depth of some five feet, with two-foot gaps between.

Five minutes before, a man had passed a few hundred yards down wind. The big Airedale that followed the same general direction of his master, even while foraging far to either side, had suddenly come to a full halt, one forefoot uplifted, his muzzle quivering eagerly as he sampled the currents of the air. A hot scent drifted down the slope, a scent that was strange to him, but which he knew emanated from some beast of prey, and he traced it up wind.

The Airedale was a silent trailer, and he neared the slide pile without a sound to apprise his intended prey of his coming. When he reached the jam the scent was hot in his nostrils, apparently permeating the whole neighborhood. He was a veteran of many battles, and far too wise to dart into the gloomy mazes of the jam before determining the character of his prey. He leaped upon a log and followed its length, turned off upon another and gradually mounted the structure, his hackle hair bristling into a roach along his spine as the reeking odor of the gluttons' den grew stronger in his nostrils. When some twenty yards from the edge of the slide pile, he followed a log six feet above the ground. A movement caught his eye, a waddling creature a third his size, and he bounced from his log to a lower one, then the next, gained the ground and slid between two trunks to pounce upon Ipewang. As he struck he gave voice to the first sound he had made in the course of the hunt—a savage, fighting bellow.

The young wolverene had no knowledge of enemies outside those in his own family; but fear, the portion of most animals, played no part in the glutton's make-up. Some bellowing beast rushed him and he met it with bared teeth, only to be smothered beneath his opponent's weight. Two rows of teeth closed down on him and he was jerked violently to and fro as the great dog shook him. The Airedale did not feel the flattening of his victim, such as was ordinarily the case when his jaws crushed together on prey of similar size. Instead, his teeth met the swelling resistance of iron flesh, for Ipewang, young as he was, possessed sinews that gave promise of tremendous power at maturity, and already his strength was probably three times that of any creature in the wild of similar age and size. He writhed round in his hide and fastened on his antagonist's cheek. A savage shake broke his hold and he was thrown against a log. The Airedale struck again, then dropped his victim and turned to fight for his life.

His first bellow and Ipewang's savage snarls had galvanized the old glutton into action, and the dog now saw a

sinister beast headed for him from the depths of the log jam. The dog came from a line of fighting forbears and there was no fear in him. He had run with a bear pack, and more than once had helped to kill a black or brown bear on the ground before the animal could take to tree. Twice he had tackled a bear single-handed and kept the beast bayed till his master reached the scene. He had silently trailed a mountain lion till close upon the tawny killer, when his sudden frenzied rush had startled the cougar into hurriedly mounting the nearest tree, where the dog had held him till a ball from Hedrick's rifle brought the big cat down from its lofty perch. But he had never encountered the sort of beast that moved on him now. He could not know that her muscles were as springy as seasoned wood; that she could shove aside a rock or a log that a strong man could not move without aid of leverage; or that her jaws were capable of cracking the leg bones of a bighorn sheep to expose the marrow that lay within.

He struck for her neck, but the glutton failed even to flinch. Instead she met his driving fangs and reached out for him even as he slashed at her. The forelegs clamped on his shoulders, and at their first contraction he felt as if his chest was being crushed in a press. The thing that had seized him paid no heed to his slicing teeth, but strove only to hold him while her own fangs sought his throat.

The dog knew with this first clash that he could not meet his enemy at grips. His tactics here would have to be the same he employed on bear, open fighting, where he could dart in and strike, biting the beast and holding her at bay without coming to close quarters till his master arrived on the scene. A lucky wrench broke her hold, and he bounced upon a log three feet above, then to the next as the wolverene followed him.

He reached a fallen trunk six feet above ground, and here he made a fatal mistake in judgment. Instead of moving down to clear the edge of the jam, he turned toward its top to keep above his enemy, running from one log to the next, the glutton following with grim purpose. Twice he turned to face his pursuer with gleaming fangs exposed, but this array occasioned not even a pause in the rush of the old wolverene, her sole purpose in life that of coming to grips with this beast that had dared invade her lair. Ipewang, shaken and bruised, followed doggedly behind his mother, raging to grapple once more with the creature that had mauled him.

Log by log the old glutton held tenaciously after the Airedale. He attained a height of forty feet above the ground as he mounted higher up the side of the great log jam. Throughout the fight he had kept up a frenzied outcry which would serve to guide his master to the spot, but Hedrick had rounded the shoulder of a spur and the sounds of conflict failed to reach his ears. The dog gained the top of the slide pile. The ground was eighty feet below him through a crazy latticework of logs, on all sides of him a sea of tangled tree trunks for a hundred yards each way.

As he leaped a break between two slanting trunks the wolverene's claws scored his rump and he missed his distance, falling to a log some three feet below and holding by his forelegs. This hold, too, he relinquished as the wolverene swung to the under side of her log, sloth fashion, and reached down for him. He landed on a platform six feet below and his enemy plunged after him. There was no doubt as to the outcome now. Down in the breaks of the log jam the wolverene could operate with the agility of an ape.

The dog bounced from log to log, attempting to regain the top, but steadily losing ground in his doublings to avoid the wolverene. She closed with him, and the Airedale whirled to fight. They fell to a platform of trunks six feet below, rolled from this to glance from a slanting log and slam solidly down across another, a whirling, frenzied pair locked in a death grip. Only once did the glutton lose her hold, and that but for the fraction of a second. They were well down in the interior of the slide pile where the logs were close packed, the gaps between them lessening with each downward slip of the fighting pair, the light of day almost obscured by the tangled trunks above. And Ipewang, bruised and limping crazily but actuated by the same purpose that swayed his mother, reached the top of the log pile and dipped down toward the sounds of the fight below.

Late in the afternoon of the following day Ipewang was feasting on dog meat when a strange scent drifted to him through the crevices of his home. It was meat scent, but of a kind strange to him, an odor strong enough to penetrate the scent of dog meat with which his nostrils were filled. The creature must be just outside. Ipewang moved toward the edge of the jam, but a sweep of his mother's forepaw slammed him against a log. The low growl that accompanied this admonitory pat warned him to remain within. Next he heard sounds as the intruder moved from log to log at the lower extremity of the pile.

Hedrick had taken up the trail of his missing companion, swinging wide of his own route of the preceding day till he reached a point where old drifts testified to the fact that the Airedale had ceased to flank his way. He doubled back and at last found dog tracks crossing a drift in a sheltered gulch. The tracks pointed up the slope, showing that here the dog had turned and headed off at right angles to his master's course. He patiently worked out the trail, losing it between patches of drifts and swinging off to examine the surface of every old snow bank along his route with the hope of picking it up once more.

At last he reached the giant mass of logs and débris piled by the avalanche and knew he had reached the end of the trail. The tracks of young gluttons were scattered about in soft spots near its edge, and he knew that somewhere within was the den of a she wolverene. Back in the depths of that log jam the glutton family feasted on the carcass of his dog. Hedrick mounted the pile, examining every inch of the way minutely, trying to piece together the details of the fight.

Ipewang listened to the sounds of his progress, inhaling deeply of the scent that filtered through to him. Soon now his mother would work up through the jam and seize this creature. Then there would be meat in plenty. He growled softly in anticipation of the coming fight, and a swift slash of his mother's teeth counseled him to remain silent. Gradually it came to him that the beast outside was one that his savage parent wished to avoid. This was the first time that caution came to him. The furtive silence of the old glutton was evidence that the thing outside was her master in savagery. For an hour the hot body scent seeped through the log jam, then it cooled, but the trail scent lingered and permeated the entire vicinity for another space of hours.

Ipewang's dislike for this odor deepened, linked in his mind with some fearsome unknown beast that was more than a match for the savage old glutton who was his mother, and so—by natural consequence—was bad medicine for all wolverenes. He had forgotten the occurrence within an hour after the last of the man scent had been blotted out, yet it was inevitable that whenever a whiff of that scent drifted to him in the future it would quicken old impressions and rouse caution within him.

The old glutton deserted the lair that had been found by man, knowing the latter's power for harm. The four kits followed forth in her wake and the family traveled far during the night. Ipewang knew no home thereafter, but had become a wanderer through the hills. There was no regularity to his travels, for his tribe lacks that quality so evident in most other animals that leads toward fixity of habit in all that pertains to their daily lives.

The elk and deer feed mainly in the early morning hours or at dusk, bedding in the heavy timber during the heat of day. The bulls and bucks summer high above the cows and does of their species. The bighorn ram summers on the shady face of ledges below the high meadows where his ewes and lambs remain. The beaver rarely travels a mile from his home colony, though both mink and otter travel endlessly; yet these latter species have established routes. Whenever the banks of a stream are marked by the tracks of a traveling group of otters or mink it is certain that they will come that way again, the interval varying according to the extent of their chosen range. Thus men who follow the meat trail or the trap line are enabled to predict with fair certainty what to expect from each species. But no man may surmise what the wolverene will do next.

Ipewang followed his mother through a country part of which he would never see again, though other parts of it he later revisited; yet this crossing of old trails was always through accident, never once actuated by the homing instinct that dominates most other animals.

Their wanderings were irregular, influenced entirely by present conditions. For a week at a time Ipewang's mother would travel endlessly, then perhaps linger in one spot where the abandoned kill of a cougar furnished ample food supply or where the marmots were especially plentiful in the rock slides. Only in one particular did the old glutton subscribe to regularity—the character of the country over which she traveled was always of the same sort. She prowled the heavily timbered slopes littered with blow-downs, and investigated the deep gorges that rent the hills near timber line, their bottoms strewn with mighty heaps of débris carried down by avalanche slides and piled with bowlders torn from the cliffs above.

Fall snows spread their white layers deep across the hills. Winter tightened down and sent the squirrels to their hollows, the marmots to their burrows beneath the rock slides and the bears to their winter dens. Meat was scarce in the hills, and Ipewang experienced his first days of actual famine. Occasionally the carcass of a winter-killed elk supplied the gluttons with a banquet, but the lean spells between such finds grew increasingly frequent.

After a three-day fast Ipewang's mother lifted her nose to sample the wind and traced the ribbon of scent to a hot trail in the snow. The creature had left a line of most peculiar tracks. The drag of a heavy paunch grooved the snow, and each foot seemed to have described a quarter circle on the surface before having been planted firmly. The beast toed in, the swing of one foot circling past and

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He Snarled Explosively at the Glutton, But Gave Ground Soon as He Displayed His Fangs

STRINGER BLOOD

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAE VAN BUREN

BRACE STRINGER leaned his ax against the tree that had just crashed down, bringing with it several second-growth pines and making matchwood of a wide path of saplings. The man was in one of his moods—tantrums they called them in the mountain country. He stood contemplating the tree, a few minutes before, rearing its head proudly a hundred feet in the air; now, with its litter of clean chips about its amputated butt, prone on the earth—a wreck of trunk, limbs and twigs in a sagging ridge of needles. His melancholy swept over him. He sat down on an old half-burned log, looking off into the valley with his heavy frown on his face.

"Like me," he muttered, thinking of the fallen tree.

He was a tall man of middle age, but his strong frame had been broken by distress and worry. He was unkempt and almost dirty. His clothes were worn and showed the need of patching that it was evident he had no spirit to give them. He had a fumbling and inept way about him in repose, and this was the more noticeable because at work—as when he had swung his shining ax into the precise bite he cut into the pine—he moved with easy, sure, practiced cadences, his whole body rhythmic. But his introspection disintegrated the fiber of him. The moment he began to think of himself he crumpled up in a marked debasement that was colored with an unconscious self-pity. Some definite spiritual disease gnawed at him, and its ravages were apparent on body and soul.

Perhaps before anyone else would have done so, he heard the faint, steady murmur of a distant automobile engine. He turned slightly so that he could look down to where the cañon road emerged above Bassatt's Creek Bridge and dropped thence toward the town. It was a mail stage, and Mil Stringer was its driver. His father glanced off toward the west, calculating the time by the sun, with the mountaineer's exactitude. The stage was a few minutes ahead of time.

"Been lucky so fur," he mumbled, but not hopefully.

The implication in his tone was that this luck of the boy's could not last. It was the characteristic pessimism of the broken man expressing itself.

The stage shot into view, the young driver leaning forward slightly to advance his gears after the last two-mile pull in second. The coughing of the motor changed to a staccato that awoke echoes in the cañon like machine-gun fire. The heavy old-fashioned car raced along the comparative level of the contoured road, dropped out of view into the trees above Mecklinville. The old man on the mountain rose stiffly, shouldered his ax and moved draggingly down through the redolent forest toward his clearing and its frowzy cabin.

He was listlessly getting together a sort of meal half an hour later when his son came hurrying up the trail from town, swinging his arms, moving lightly and whistling. But when the boy came within sight of the clearing his tune died on his lips and his gait slowed perceptibly. It was the same transformation that had occurred in the father with the falling of the pine. It did not let the boy down into the depths the father had plumbed, but its slackening influence was none the less apparent. His father, glancing out, saw it.

"He's a Stringer," he thought discontentedly.

The smell of burning food came to him, and he swore under his breath and shuffled to the stove to raise a pot and set it aside.

"'Lo, Mil," he said lifelessly.

"'Lo!"

"Arly, ain't ye?"

"Little."

"Ye kin set up any time."

"Got to shave first."

The older man swung around.

"Shave?"

The boy did not answer. He went into a lean-to, came out with mug and brush, a small mirror stand, a strop and

"Been Lucky So Fur," He Mumbled, But Not Hopefully. It Was the Characteristic Pessimism of the Broken Man

razor. His father eyed him, but said nothing. Outside it was still quite light in spite of heavy clouds that were rolling up from the west. Mil hung his mirror on the cabin wall under the porch, hooked up the strop, put his razor on a bench and came back inside for water. His father was still standing, as he had been on the boy's announcement, with a frying pan of eggs in his hand and his mouth open.

"What you shavin' for, Mil?" he asked abruptly.

"'Bout time, ain't it?"

The boy stuck out his jaw, which was dusky with a two-day growth.

"Gettin' high-toned. Garrison's girl?"

The boy colored. He took his hot water and went out of the door.

"Whyn't you shave in the mornin'?"

Mil applied the lather before he answered. Then he said: "Won't be here in the morning. Tom Bolt's laid up. I got to take the stage down to-night again."

"To-night?" The older man's voice rose. "What'n hell's the matter of Renstraw? Givin' you three trips in two days! An' it's comin' up to rain too. A black night—on that grade!"

The boy proceeded with his shaving unemotionally. His father wore himself out in a tirade against the stage-company officials. He directed himself to the boy as though the latter were to blame, but Mil understood that it was solicitude for him that prompted the other's anger. He had been embarrassed before by his father's jealous care of him.

"It's nothing, pap," he said reassuringly.

"Why can't they lay the stage off a day?"

"Power-company pay roll to come up. It's the last of the month."

Stringer sat down at the table, ladled himself a generous plateful of stew and two eggs and began to eat noisily. He was brooding again. Presently he pushed back his meal.

"I wisht you wouldn't make the trip to-night, Mil," he said querulously.

"Why not?"

"It was an extra trip that finished me."

"Oh, yes, I recollect!"

"Ben Middleton's wife was sick. They thought she was goin' to die. An' the Blue Slate had a shipment of bullion to send out. The Hammer boys had been seen up this way, but I didn't worry about stick-ups. We hooked in six to make a fast run an' I started."

"I recollect," Mil repeated. The recital wearied him.

"They stopped me on the Pescadero grade, just above the waterin' trough that used to be there. I didn't have a fair chance, because I was breakin' a bronc—had him on the off wheel—an' he was a-rampin' all the way. It was the Hammerses all right. They got the bullion an' the mail—they took Mrs. Middleton's watch off'n her, sick as she was, an' my watch and gun.

"Hap Hammer, he stood by the wheel when they was through an' looked up at me. 'You got the Stringer blood in you,' he said, an' laughed at me. I kicked out at his face then an' he shot me."

Unconsciously the boy's hand had dropped from his shaving, and he stood frowning in the doorway, gripping the handle of the razor tightly.

"Grandpap wasn't yellow!" he cried. "The Sheldons and their crowd made that yarn up."

"Yep, they did. But it stuck. Stringer blood!"

The boy opened his mouth to speak, but turned instead and resumed his shaving. His father's voice went on droning:

"Hammer wasn't the only one that yapped about Stringer blood after the stick-up. There was plenty in Mecklinville and down to the railroad that threw it in my face. After I got back from the hospital the company offered me a freighting outfit. 'Easy work and safe,' John Renstraw told me. Safe! Damn him!"

He was silent for only a minute, ruminating on his past and the stain on him. Then his soliloquy was resumed:

"Th' only thing a stage driver's got is his repetation. His job is to get out an' in on time, with his express an' mail an' passengers safe an' his team pullin' steady. I did that for thirty years, an' then the Hammerses broke me. Ain't been no use since—no mortal use." He added bitterly, "Livin' on you now—now."

"What's the odds, dad?" his son interrupted. "I don't mind. And now I got the job I wanted."

"Sure! Now!"

"I'm aimin' to keep it, if that's what you mean."

"Stringer blood!" his father croaked spiritlessly.

Again the boy checked some quick retort. As he proceeded with his shaving and washing his movements grew slower and less steady. The gloom that had settled on him earlier at sight of the clearing as he came swinging up returned—he seemed again a sort of reflection of his father. His own doubts of himself rose. When he sat down to eat his appetite failed. In a few minutes he got up, went into the lean-to for a heavy Mackinaw and a pair of woolen wristlets and came out pulling down his lynx-skin cap.

"I'm going," he announced dully.

Brace Stringer looked up from his brooding, above the littered and squalid table.

"When's Garrison's girl comin' back?" he asked abruptly.

The boy bent his head over the wristlets and their adjustment.

"She gets to Caliente in the morning. I'll bring her in on the up trip prob'bly."

His father eyed him.

"How you gettin' along with her, Mil?"

"I don't know. How can I tell? She's been away schoolin' for six months."

"You been gettin' letters, though."

"Yes, a few. But I ain't much of a hand – at letters or anything, I guess. I'm too—well, I got the Stringer blood, maybe."

"You got it all right! I wisht to God you didn't have, Mil!"

The boy slouched toward the door, reflecting his father's despondency.

"Well, I have. So long, pap."

He went out, shutting the door with difficulty, for the wind was rising. His father listened as the sound of his footsteps faded. The older man sank back into his depression. Slowly tears gathered in his eyes and rolled heavily, unevenly, from his bearded cheeks to his soiled blue shirt.

Fat, good-natured, talkative Sam Fortesque was Mil's only passenger on the extra trip down.

"I can save a day by making Caliente in the morning," he explained to the driver as they climbed in. "I'll tell the world I don't care much about the ride to-night, though."

Mil Stringer leaned out over his wheel.

"Throw me up my chains, Bud," he ordered.

The mechanic brought them from the office in a dirty oil-covered canvas sack and tossed them in.

"Say, you're goin' to need 'em, Mil!" he volunteered.

"What do you think I'm carrying them for—ballast? Snap that curtain down on the door. There!"

"Wish you a million, Mil!"

The stage driver made no answer. The heavy car lumbered out, turned north by the Baptist church, then west into the cañon road, booming across the bridge and away

"I'll tell the world it's a dark night, Mil!" Fortesque exclaimed.

No reply.

"It must take a lot of nerve to drive this old wreck on this run—and at night too!"

Stringer swerved suddenly to avoid a jagged bowlder that lay in his path. The car rocked out of the road—was whipped back as the front wheel seemed to graze the cliff's edge. Fortesque caught his breath and braced himself. For a while he was silent. The trace of a smile flashed across Mil's face.

His passenger tried later to talk to him, but Mil was aloof and taciturn. He was thinking about the Stringer blood, the phantom of the Stringer yellow streak that always rose between him and his ambitions, his hopes, his aspirations. Fortesque fell asleep. When his thick, heavy body lurched against the driver's arm Mil gave him a shove that settled him into the other corner of the seat. As the stage dropped over the edge of the grade below Bassatt's Creek Bridge an up-cañon wind caught it and shook it viciously, rattling the drawn curtains and screaming through the crevices. Mil shifted his gloved hands on the big wheel and laughed shortly.

"I'll show 'em some day!" he thought

He sometimes had these moments of confidence, almost exultation, when he came to grips with a struggle of any sort. It was thinking about them—anticipating them—that sapped him.

He wished again that he knew more about that vague tradition of cowardice imputed to his grandfather. Daniel Stringer had been a youth when the Civil War broke out. He came to California at the time of the draft. Later the Sheldons—two brothers—followed from the old Missouri home place, and after them quite a Missouri colony. They started the story against Dan Stringer. He either would not or could not contradict it. All this was years ago—forty years at least; too long ago to make possible the tracing of such elusive facts as those surrounding the circumstances of his grandfather's emigration. All that Mil knew was that his father had denied the calumny with vigor; this and the further knowledge that old Daniel had whipped both the Sheldons in fist fights and had finally gone out alone when he was a deputy sheriff and arrested Marty Gonigle, one of their cronies, for cattle rustling, and had taken him away out of the very hands of his gang of foothill renegades. No yellow streak there certainly!

The tradition had persisted, however, and when his father had lost the Blue Slate mine shipment of four bars of bullion it had started up again like a discreditable old ghost to haunt the family. Mil's mother had died shortly. He thought of her as having been killed by the disgrace, although he had a faint boy's memory of her crushed under the melancholy with which his brooding father had filled their home and their lives. He tried hopefully to reconstruct the past, thinking that perhaps all this legend of the inherent weakness of the Stringer line had grown up in his father's darkened mind. But he was not successful, because he himself had too often experienced the sinking sensation of that evening, when he had approached the cabin, and when, as he had declared his intention of holding his job as stage driver, his father had croaked of his blood to him. There was something wrong inside him, he decided. He could not look farther ahead than a day. Beyond that a terror of his own frailty always depressed him, shook his purpose, made him hesitate, stumble, draw back

He had obtained this job he wanted so keenly and took so much delight in by the simple process of asking for it The old six-horse stages had been withdrawn from service for three years. The new era of roaring automobiles had come into the mountains.

"I'd rather have you than anybody I know of, Mil," John Renstraw, the old superintendent, had said. "You're the best driver in the country. But I didn't suppose you'd want to drive stage."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. Your father ——"

"He don't want me to—that's a fact."

"No reason why he shouldn't. But he's sort of touchy about it, I guess."

"He was the best driver from Walker's Pass to the Tehachapi!" Mil had flashed aggressively.

"Yes, he was. Well, that's past. You can take the down trip Monday, son."

What confidence he had gained in himself from this interview had been dissipated when he hurried home to tell Brace Stringer the news. Depression and self-abasement had succeeded on his elation.

Finally there was Gerda Garrison. He had looked on her with longing from afar all during his school days, and afterwards, when he went into Twitchell's Mountain Garage as a mechanic. She had fascinated him—her daintiness, her stiffly starched neatness that contrasted so sharply with all the slovenliness and squalor of his life in the cabin where he and his father bached it. She was two years younger than he, the daughter of a thriving mountain town storekeeper in Mecklinville, but infinitely removed from him by her sureness and confidence in herself. His love-making -if it could be called that—had begun when he drove a big machineload of young people over to the Isabella dance two years before, and when she had insisted, both going and returning, on occupying the front seat with him, and quite imperiously had ejected Florence Stivers and Bess Renstraw when they in turn declared an intention of sharing the privilege she had taken. The whole course of his shy courtship had been marked by his feeling that she looked down on him; that he was lucky to have her even so much as speak to him. She was on a pinnacle, at the foot of which he groveled, and groveling was so abhorrent to him and so contrary to his character that it hurt him. This hurt in turn rendered him inept, awkward, graceless. He felt that if he could once forget

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"Put 'em Up—High, and Keep 'em Up!" He Commanded

THE OPPRESSOR

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

MARTIN BLAKE listened approvingly to the sound of his own voice, rehearsing accustomed words with mechanical fluency. As always on these occasions, he seemed to have separated into two distinct people, one of whom stood erect at the tail of the cart, head and shoulders above Levine and Schnitzler, and screamed a gospel of rebellion at the other, who stood off, listening and observing like the rest of the group which had gathered under the gasoline torches. And as always, this other Martin Blake, beginning in a sophisticated and critical attitude, gradually caught fire from the oratory, burned with a hot, holy rage.

"We can carry the drones and never know it," he heard himself declaiming. "There aren't enough millionaires to matter. We can carry the employers who sweat and starve us, too—they don't count. The real enemy of the worker is the thieving, grafting, bloodsucking middle class, the white-collared crew who never did a single useful day's work in their lives, who prey and fatten on us like the parasites they are. The whole rotten scheme of social injustice depends on them—on the soft-handed clerks, the sly, crooked lawyers, and worst of all, the little pilfering shopkeepers!"

He drew in a long quivering breath. The detached personality took advantage of the pause to observe that a small shabby man had stopped on the sidewalk, a figure so weary and forlorn that the sight of it seemed to bring before Martin Blake a composite photograph of the world's workers, all but crushed under the weight of their wrongs, patient, puzzled, inarticulate. A new heat came into his voice.

"We haven't learned to recognize our worst enemies," he cried. "We've wasted our time hating a few rich men who don't matter that!" He snapped his fingers. "The real oppressors are tradesmen, retailers, storekeepers! Their hands are in our pockets always. They live only by stealing from you and me. Not one of them ever earned an honest penny—not since the world began. Think a minute. Ask yourself why you should pay a grocer five cents for an egg which only cost him two. Who gave him a right to stand between you and your brother toilers on the farms, robbing them and robbing us? What does he do to justify his profits? Think! Wake! Stop accepting things as you find them! You own the world! Every dollar in it is coined out of your sweat and blood! How long are you going to listen to old lies while a million petty thieves fatten on you? Every grocer is ——"

He swept on into the familiar sermon of hatred, while his aloof other self watched the forlorn little man on the curb. There was something remotely familiar about that figure now. Martin Blake's unoccupied consciousness tried to identify him as he moved closer to the group, joined a flock of young ruffianly boys, who grinned up at him as if there were something comic about his presence here. Somehow, Martin Blake thought, he had once stood as those boys were standing, and grinned up at that same old stooping figure in just that abashed, mischievous way. He forgot to listen to himself as he puzzled over the troubling, vague fragment of memory. The old man listened attentively, his lined face dimly visible in the flicker of the torches. Presently he bent and spoke to the boys beside him. Martin Blake watched them follow him away from the crowd with a sense of failure. If he couldn't convince a man like that, how could he hope to persuade the younger generation, with their strength still unsapped, their minds poisoned with false dreams of equal opportunity for all, their faces turned toward a future still mysteriously enticing?

He shook off the depression and shouted on. What did one listener more or less matter, after all? He was summing up his indictment of the petty trading classes as exemplified by the corner grocer when he saw some of the boys come back. They made him vaguely uneasy by the way in which they approached—warily, from various directions, their bodies alert.

"My brothers, the remedy is in your hands, the easy, sure, simple answer ——"

There was a sharp whistle from the distance. The sentence hung in the air as Martin Blake ducked just in time to avoid something ominously big and black which flied past him. He heard a splashing, spattering thud against the driver's seat behind him, and with his head still bent saw Levine's furry face suddenly obscured by a strange purplish-yellow froth.

There was a chuckle from the crowd, lifting quickly to a burst of stupid, cackling mirth as the thuds and splashes multiplied. Large, soft, oval objects struck Martin Blake's neat, simple corduroys moistly, disintegrating with an acid smell and a liberal spatter. The detached personality of Martin Blake interpreted without difficulty. More than once in this whirlwind street-corner campaign the opposition had had recourse to just such tactics. There had even been a system of defense devised against attacks with eggs and tomatoes and kindred missiles. The horse was no longer unhitched during the speeches; the driver had his orders. As the cart swayed and clattered out of range Martin Blake had one last glimpse of the little, bent, tired man standing on the curb and staring after him, seemingly moved neither to amusement nor to compassion.

"What Were You Doing in That House? I'm Much Obliged for Helping, Eh? ——"

He was still dimly puzzled by the attack, however, when they had left the chorus of hoots and catcalls a square behind them. What had those young roughs flung? He turned to Levine, crouched in the bed of the cart, combing away at his beard with both hands. It was Schnitzler who threw light on the mystery, lifting a fragment from the floor beside him—a jagged piece of dark rind and oozing, yellow pulp.

"Py golly! Eggplant!"

Quite suddenly Martin Blake's memory recalled where he had last seen that shrunken, weary-looking little man. His mind skipped back to a hot afternoon when Conrad Dobie had called him from a game of marbles in the alley beside the grocery store and equitably divided a watermelon into eighths. He couldn't be mistaken. That was Conrad Dobie, twenty years older, who had whispered to those boys to-night. And Martin Blake, scraping the sticky places on his corduroys, was reasonably sure that Conrad Dobie was still in the grocery business.

II

EVEN after the election there was plenty of work for the defeated candidate for the assembly. Martin Blake was so occupied that he barely found time to calculate his campaign expenditures for the certificate which the law obliged him to file. He shook his head over the total. It had cost rather more than he had expected. The stubs in his check book footed up to a disconcerting figure, what with the cost of the cart and horses, the printing and posting of placards, the contributions to the war chest of the Communist Labor Party. He'd have to economize a bit till next January, when the funds would be replenished.

Not that he regretted this. The money, he informed himself, had been merely given back to the service of its rightful owners. Giving his life to the cause of the toilers who had produced all human wealth, he was justified in accepting a bare subsistence at their hands; but nothing above this rightfully belonged to him. He gave up his comfortable apartment and rented a cheap room in a dismal boarding house with a perceptible appeasement of his conscience. The change resulted in a surprising reduction of his incidental expenses, he discovered. He spent so much less than before that he was able to give Levine several little contributions out of his diminished funds. He always enjoyed doing this. At other times Levine's manner was brusque, even impatient; but the sight of the check book infallibly stimulated something like respect in his tone, and he would make agreeable allusions to the next campaign, when Martin would be nominated for something better than the assembly, he prophesied.

These references always delighted Martin Blake, not through any appeal to his vanity, but by holding out a promise of a wider, more important field of usefulness to the cause. Suppose the Communist Labor Party should suddenly acquire enough new strength to elect him governor, for instance. What couldn't he do for the oppressed majority in such a place? The vision had a trick of thrilling him with a fine, high glow of emotion, under which stimulus he sometimes exceeded his original intentions in the matter of the check.

He knew that Levine regarded him as a person of importance, and his respect for Levine's accuracy of perception compelled him to accept that estimate as correct. When he talked at council meetings he observed that Schnitzler and the others manifested the same attentively deferential attitude. It was tacitly understood that next fall, if all went well, he would run for lieutenant governor at least. Meanwhile there was a great deal to do.

The street-car situation, for instance. That was one of Levine's

cleverest schemes—that plan to crowd a conservative public into at least one form of collective ownership. Martin Blake had never admired the wispy-bearded Pole so reverently as when the idea had been cautiously explained to the council in the dingy rooms over the pawn shop.

"It's the first step," Levine elucidated. "And it doesn't need a majority at the polls to put it across either. I've seen Leary, and he says the union is eager to strike again. He's been framing it up ever since they compromised the last one. They'll go out any time he says the word—tie up every car in town."

"What's the use?" Schnitzler usually objected to Levine's suggestions, as if on principle. Levine spread eloquent hands.

"Use? Don't we make everybody in town sore at the company? Oh, sure—some blame the men, all right, but they blame the company too. And the company is trying right now to get the city council to let 'em boost the fare, ain't it? Well, if they want to boost the fare and won't pay the men enough to live on, ain't something wrong? What happens? They lose the strike and they lose the ordinance, sure!"

"Well, suppose they do? What does that get us?"

"Schnitzler, you make me tired! Don't you see that it's one more step toward compelling the city to take over the lines and run 'em itself? If we can break the company, somebody's got to run the cars just the same, and if there's no profit in running 'em, who'll do it except the city? Why"—he leaned forward, his eyes burning above the mat of black curling whisker—"why, this scheme can be used to compel the Government to take over every public utility in the country, from the railroads down! All we've got to do is to make it unprofitable for private capital to operate 'em. Once that's accomplished, nothing but government ownership is possible!"

"Why, This Scheme Can be Used to Compel the Government to Take Over Every Public Utility in the Country"

Martin Blake's imagination leaped eagerly ahead. It would work; he knew that it would work. Levine had taught him the basic principle of winning against odds by cunningly capitalizing the little greeds and hates of friend and enemy alike. The utilities stood between the unions on one side and the public on the other—the unions able to squeeze out of them successive increases in pay, the public easily persuaded to forbid any increase in revenue. The thing would work! Levine was a genius! He spoke eagerly, enthusiastically.

"And I'll back it with all I've got," he concluded. "That's how I feel about it, comrades! Every cent I own is pledged to this scheme from now on!"

He couldn't help seeing that this impressed the skeptics. Even Schnitzler grudgingly admitted that there might be something in the plan if they could be sure of some money to put it through. Afterwards, alone with Levine, Martin Blake wrote another check on his dwindling balance. Levine waved it gently to dry the ink.

"You've been very generous, comrade. It shan't be forgotten when our day comes."

"I'm not doing it for any reward," said Martin quickly. "The way I feel, that money never belonged to me. I'm only giving it back to the people who were robbed of it in the first place."

Levine nodded and folded the check carefully.

"You never told me where you got your money," he said. "I don't mean to be inquisitive, but ——"

"Inherited it," said Martin. "My father left me a trust fund. I can't spend the principal, but the income is big enough to ——"

"Yes, I gathered that," said Levine smoothly. He had a trick of using a precise, almost scholastic English in these private interviews, a speech quite unlike the looser tongue he employed in dealing with the other members of the central council. "But originally—how did your father accumulate it? I've been curious about that. The way you speak of it sometimes suggests ——"

Martin felt his cheeks warm. So Levine had guessed that too. He hadn't meant to reveal the shame he felt toward that money.

"He made it as a contractor and builder. He had some city jobs that paid pretty well. And—funny thing—he handled a lot of the construction work on this street railroad. He ——" He stopped, feeling Levine's small black eyes boring into his brain. A sudden recklessness of confession possessed him. "He was mixed up in politics too. What's the use of beating around the bush? I guess his profits were pretty much pure graft if the truth came out."

He paused, remembering old Peter Blake, with his square-jawed, pugnacious red face and great hairy hands. Always when he remembered his father he was uncomfortable. Somehow Peter Blake had looked at him as if—as if behind that grim-lipped habit of silence he had been amused, contemptuous. A faint resentment loosened his tongue at the memory:

"I don't know, of course. But all those street-car contracts were fishy, and I remember that one year we were living in a little house down on Whitney Street—right near that corner where they threw those eggplants at us, remember?—and the next year we had a big place up on Maryland Avenue, and I had a pony cart and went to the academy with the swells. It was sudden money anyway."

Levine nodded, drumming on the table with his bony fingers. Martin noticed their frailty and cleanliness with a sudden sense of incongruity. Levine didn't suggest the toiler in his appearance half as much as Blake himself.

"I see. You'd naturally feel as if it hardly belonged to you under those conditions." Levine's eyes met his a moment and sidled away. "I suppose there's no way you could get hold of your capital, is there? If we could find a sizable lump of money just now ——"

"No, he tied it up tight." Martin glowered at the thought of that will, of his father's brief reference to it as he waited for death.

"I'm leavin' you enough to live on, Mart—without workin'. I promised your mother, or I d' know would I do it. Guess she knew how you'd turn out even when you was just a kid. Left you the old place in trust for your children, anyway, 'stead of outright. Well, you'll not starve, nor sleep in the street, when I'm gone."

Martin could feel the unspoken words even now. He assured himself that he bore no malice. It was natural that he should seem like a lunatic to a man of Peter Blake's limited horizon. Levine's drumming fingers brought him back to the present.

"I'll be frank with you, comrade. If we want this strike called now we've got to pay for it. It's rotten, but that's how it stands. Leary won't risk it unless we make it worth his while. Says it's too soon after the last one. Of course he's right in a way. If the strike fails Leary'll stand a good chance of losing his grip. The men always blame the leader for a lost strike. But there you are. I was hoping ——"

His fingers drummed again.

"I could afford a thousand right now," said Martin slowly. "But that's about all."

"I don't think it'll do, but let me have it and I'll try."

Levine moved pen and ink nearer with a deft gesture. Martin hesitated a moment, but he wrote another check, and went out with a mental picture of Levine waving it softly to dry it and smiling so that his black beard revealed a long narrow cleft.

It was rather an ugly strike. The company fought harder than usual, and there was more popular sympathy against the strikers than with them, Martin thought. He was too busy, however, to do much meditating. Leary, a grafter no doubt, was nevertheless a practical and forceful leader; and Martin, whose volunteered services as spellbinder were briskly accepted and effectively used, rendered him a slightly reluctant admiration. The strike fund ran out early in the fight, and he made several contributions toward the relief of those strikers whose families felt the pinch first. Leary told him more than once that if it hadn't been for his help he doubted whether the men would have stayed in line long enough to win the agreeable increase which the compromise awarded them, and Levine was even more congratulatory.

"When the secret history of this strike is told you'll get your deserts, comrade. You've done a big thing—bigger than you know."

But there was no time for enjoying the sensations of one who molds the future. The street-railway company resumed a vigorous endeavor to secure an ordinance permitting it to refuse transfers and to charge an eight-cent fare, and under Levine's shrewd generalship the central council of the Communist Labor Party was in bitter opposition. The ordinance might even have passed, so nearly was the vote divided, if quarter day had not arrived in time for Martin Blake to determine the issue against it.

Levine apologized for the expedient but made it clear that fire must be fought with flame.

"They're buying votes right and left against us," he argued. "We've got to buy just one. A couple of thousand will do it. I don't like it any more than you do, comrade, but ——"

Martin wrote another check and changed his boarding house again. The new one was not comfortable, but after all he had no real right to even so much unearned increment

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MILE HIGH

By Henry C. Rowland

XI

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THERE is great wealth in the Mile High City, and the benefit ball at its perihelion was a fair exponent of this fact. The wives and daughters of Denver are beautiful, while its husbands and fathers are not only rich but generous, with that lavish indulgence of the West which spends first and asks the price later, in many cases a perfunctory measure. So much of the money to pay the piper comes quickly and easily and directly from the earth—minerals and precious metals, cattle, grain; and always there is a thriving commerce in the city itself, which has not, like many in the East, any very close and jealous competitors. Also, men come in from miles round with the savings of months to bank and spend. Then there are many of independent means there for the health of some member of the family, so that though high up in the heart of a great continent and only to be reached by many miles of travel the city has yet its metropolitan character.

To a certain transient trio, of predatory and precarious livelihood, it seemed as though the ballroom floor would assay many thousands of dollars to the square yard. Exquisite gowns had come by express from many points of the compass, and jewels had been taken from safe-deposit vaults and hotel safes. It had been the *ordre du jour* to make the spectacle a brilliant one, in which Juanita contributed her share in full measure.

"That rope of pearls alone would solve our problems for some time to come," whispered Léontine to Patricia; "and with that jeweled band round her head we could make our *tour du monde en grande duchesse.*"

"Her corsage piece must have taken a gusher a day's work to buy," Patricia answered, "and it would serve our turn a good deal better because there are so many smaller stones. And what a gown! She looks like The Birth of Aphrodite."

There was no denying this. Nita's rich flaming beauty, spectacular at all times, now seemed to pale her jewels. Her exquisite skin was luminous and gave to the fullness of arms and bosom a diaphanous luster which is the chief charm in a woman who can no longer claim a girlish slenderness. Her gown, the delicate tint of early primroses, set off the ruddy lights in her hair, and her darkly fringed amber eyes seemed to transmit some light from behind them.

"I'm inclined to agree with Howard," murmured Patricia. "She's got too much for any one woman. It isn't quite fair."

"Think what would happen to the man who killed her if these big Westerners got hold of him," said Léontine.

Both she and Patricia contributed generously to their share of the spectacle, and many a tanned stalwart looking their way thought with a sigh of a life spent in mine or remote ranges. Patricia wore her most becoming shade of pale sea green.

Her long, round, supple arms and flawless neck suggested the mermaid or water nymph, while her strange *féerique* features, wide mouth and light eyes with their delicately penciled eyebrows turning outward with an upward slant added to the unmortal beauty which so attracted some while instinctively repelling others.

The older woman was a good foil for her. Léontine's superb body had never lost its willowy suppleness or the extreme smallness of waist which had made her conspicuous in the gay resorts of Europe. Her blue-black hair was snugly coiffed and held by her tiara of a countess and her mat skin and luminous eyes made her conspicuous amongst so many highly complexioned faces. Her gown was of velvet, almost silky in its fineness and lightness of weight, in color a royal purple, which is to say a brilliant carmine, very décolleté and following her exquisite curves to be drawn in about the ankles. Her jewels, some real, some imitation in a way to trick the eye, were more effective in design than intrinsic value, and she gave at once the impression of undisputed elegance.

Before Chris Could Receive Any Intuition of Her Purpose She Stepped Quietly in Front of Him

The sheriff, a spectator of the ball, though not participating in it, watched the two women with a curious confusion of emotions. It struck him as almost a profanation, an unhallowed knowledge, to realize that these two lovely women should be by all rights in the drab costume of a penal institution. To incarcerate Patricia seemed to him to be something atrocious, as if one were to seize a wicked fairy or siren of malicious lure and fetter her in a gloomy dungeon. Patricia, dancing with Chris' friend Jimmy Barclay, whom Nita had presented, was like some creature of foam and moonbeams, and he was following her drifting movements with burning if melancholy eyes when a hand fell on his shoulder in a friendly grasp.

"Hello, Bob!" said a cheerful voice. "What do you think of your late guests now? Some class, what?"

The sheriff, who was never startled, looked round to see Chris beaming at him from his greater height.

"Howdy, Chris," he answered and gripped him by the hand, then examined him up and down. "Lordy, boy, but you look fine!"

"Feel even better," said Chris, "but don't waste time on me. Just rinse your eyes and look in there. I wonder you let 'em go, Bob. Specially the countess."

"Couldn't hold 'em without violence, Chris. My country down there gave 'em the hump, as Lord Algy Fitzvernon used to say when I took him across the Bad Lands."

"Well, they needn't have said so."

"Oh, that was all right. They blew in with a dust storm. Miss Melton told me it would be a fifty-fifty choice with her between that and jail. But she might see it different if it came to a show-down," he added grimly.

Chris laughed. "How did she happen to say that? You invited her to stop on?"

The sheriff shot him a quick glance. "She's been giving me away?" he asked.

"Oh, no! I shouldn't say she was the sort to give anything away. But I know what it's like when a man's been living alone too long."

"Seems like you haven't lost any time getting acquainted yourself."

"No. I happened to be standing by when they lit." And he told of the circumstance of their meeting, and that Patricia had known Juanita Heming previously. The sheriff listened with narrowed eyes and his black brows drawn down.

"That's Miss Heming dancing with the count," Chris went on. "Her brother and I were in training camp together. He caught a few bugs, too, and we met at the sanatorium. Isn't she a wonder?"

"And then some," agreed the sheriff. His eyes followed Nita as she glided past, and as he noted her gorgeous display of jewels his face hardened still more. "She must be packing about a quarter of a million's worth of sparklers. Chris, take a tip from me and ride close herd on her. There's some bad people floating round this country just now."

Chris' handsome face reflected the expression of the sheriff. "Come over here and sit down a minute, Bob," said he. "I want to tell you something of her history."

They seated themselves at a table near the entrance to the ballroom and Chris imparted to the sheriff all that Nita had told him of the constant danger in which she stood. The sheriff listened and his expression grew even more grim.

"I guess that explains why you haven't gone back to your job, boy. You stick round tight a while longer."

Chris looked startled. "Know anything?" he asked

"Well, I got a hunch that there are some bad people hereabouts," said he, and added carelessly: "Where's the fourth party, Sir Harold Trimble?"

"He had to go on to Salt Lake City. Got some friends there, I believe."

"Uh huh!" said the sheriff. "Went by train, I suppose?"

"Yes. The count and Patricia are going on in the car to-morrow morning. The countess wants to rest a little before joining the others at Salt Lake. Got to leave you now and do my duty."

"Go to it, son. Come and see me when you get a chance. I'm stopping in the hotel. And look here, Chris, are you packing a gun?"

"Why, no, Bob. I never thought of its being quite as thick as that."

The sheriff moved a little closer, took an automatic from his side pocket and passed it under the table to Chris

"Hang that in your pants, boy. I don't know that any special danger threatens Miss Heming, but, as I said, there are crooks in town, and it's just as well to go heeled. Tell her that and stick tight while she's toting all that treasure. Keep your eye peeled for women as well as men. There's a gang shifted their range out here from the East. If anybody acts hostile and tries to sidle up close just you land them in the hoosgow first and ask questions afterwards."

"But I've got no authority for that, Bob."

"Well, then, consider yourself sworn in as deputy. Do you, and so forth, and so forth?"

"I do," said Chris.

"All right. Skip in there now and amble round a little. I reckon I've got to learn these gaits myself when I knock off and set up for a gentleman of leisure. It certainly gives a fellow some new ideas. Now stand up and walk off so I can see if your artillery shows. That's all right. Mind you don't skid and slide it out across the floor."

And with a brief nod the competent sheriff, forewarned by Charley's Oriental espionage, walked over to speak to an acquaintance.

Chris, rather perturbed by the information just imparted, made his way directly to Nita, who was surrounded by a little group of cavaliers.

He claimed the next dance, which was accorded, Nita having left herself free. He was a good dancer, no difficult thing to be with such a partner, and when it was finished he led Nita into an adjoining room, which served as a sort of flirtation corner.

"I have just been talking with Sheriff Bob Hartwell, the man who rescued the countess and her party," said he. "Bob tells me that there are some loose crooks in town; so we've got to be a little careful while you are wearing all this jewelry store."

"Really, Chris?" Nita did not look particularly disturbed. "But everybody's doing it."

"Yes, but most of these people don't live in lonely bungalows five miles out of town. Bob wouldn't have tipped me off unless he thought he ought to. He's not precisely what you'd call an alarmist. Something or somebody has stirred him up a little. Why don't you leave the trinkets in the hotel safe to-night and to-morrow put them back in safe deposit?"

"Oh, I think we can take a chance to-night, but I will put them back to-morrow, now that I've flaunted them round. Miss Melton's a beautiful dancer, isn't she?"

"Only one better on this floor. I'll give you three guesses. But if you don't want to leave the jewels here I insist on one thing: You must put me up at your place to-night."

"Well, that can be managed. You can have the room next Jerry's."

"It's ridiculous the chances women take with their jewels," Chris complained. "If a man were to carry the equivalent in money from one place to another he'd want a couple of detectives with him. Yet a woman parades a treasure in a public place before there's no telling how many bandits, then goes out and gets gayly into her car and careers off home and unloads them and chucks them down on her dressing table and gets ready for bed with the gems lying round as if they were hairpins or stockings or something."

"You appear to have had experience with bejeweled ladies and their ways," said Nita.

"Oh, no! One gets that stuff from the subsequent newspaper account of the theft. It's not fair to weak-kneed honesty. Some moral paralytic is tempted beyond his strength and takes a chance and gets shot and put away for a number of years or kills someone perhaps or gets bumped off himself. They ought to pass a law limiting to about five hundred dollars the amount of gewgaws any one person can tote. But when it runs into hundreds of thousands even a poor but honest fellow like myself is apt to turn the proposition in his mind. He reasons that a woman who can afford so much for ornament isn't going to suffer badly for the loss. Besides, it isn't necessary. A beautiful woman doesn't need them and if she's homely they only emphasize the disparity between the woman and the jewels."

"You seem to be getting quite nasty about it," said Nita. "I believe you've got designs on them yourself."

"No," said Chris gloomily. "My cupidity hits a great deal higher than that. I want what's underneath them, but I suppose I might as well wish for the sun or moon or something."

Nita tapped him with her fan. "After all, there's no law against wishing," said she.

"No," said Chris. "I read in some highbrow book that one could have anything one wished if only one wished hard enough. So I think I'll just keep wishing and see what happens. Shall we dance?"

XII

"DO YOU know, Chris," said Nita as they were hungrily getting away with chicken salad and creamed oysters, "I've actually enjoyed this ball more than any I can remember."

"Same here," said Chris promptly, "but the answer's easy in my case."

"So it is in mine. You see, it's the first I've been to since Jerry and I came into all this money. Before that balls were more of a problem than a delight; events that required close figuring as to ways and means, and none of the jewels which you object to, and old gowns made over, and usually a fair sprinkling of partners I hated to touch but had to be nice to for policy's sake. But it's all so very easy when you're rich."

"You're easily the belle of this party, Nita. I overheard an argument on the subject and they gave you the blue ribbon, with our friend Patricia running a bad second. By the way, where is Patricia? Haven't seen her for the last half hour."

"Spooning in some corner probably. She's got a dangerous pair of eyes."

"Dangerous all through, I should say. Highly charged, like an electric eel, or a stingaree, and just as smooth and cool and sinuous."

"She's got real beauty, though of a weird unearthly sort."

Léontine approached on the arm of Stephan. Nita asked her what had become of her niece.

(Continued on Page 28)

"That Rope of Pearls Alone Would Solve Our Problems for Some Time to Come," Whispered Léontine to Patricia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25, 1921

To Our Readers

NOTWITHSTANDING the pressmen's strike, we are planning to mail copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST without fail, but some of them may be a week or more late in reaching yearly subscribers.

If your carrier or postmaster does not promptly deliver the next two or three issues, we ask you to withhold complaints until it again becomes possible for us to print and mail with our usual promptness.

Education Plus

EVERY college commencement, every high-school graduation day, tacitly or outspokenly pays homage to learning and education. It is—and rightly—so deep-seated a habit to exalt the powers of schooling that we have come almost to regard it as omnipotent, forgetting sometimes that education, like everything else, has its limitations. The intake of learning nourishes and furnishes the mind as food builds up and renews the body; but neither mental nor physical fare that is not digested and assimilated has the slightest nutritive value.

There are gluttons in lecture hall and seminar just as truly as there are in the dining room. Among the saddest spectacles to be seen at any great university are men who study year in and year out simply for the sake of study. They teach no classes, write no books, engage in no useful research and add nothing to the sum total of human knowledge. They fairly drip with knowledge that spoils from sheer stagnation, but they have less of initiative and constructive faculty than the manager of the college tea-room or the bright newsboy on the corner. Learning unquickened by inborn gumption or mother wit is like a dynamo without an engine to keep it spinning. Schooling affords the materials upon which intellectual vigor works; but it is not and it never has been the great prime mover.

For every young man who wins a college degree or goes through the high school there are two to envy him the opportunities that were vouchsafed to him and denied to them. Their envy is well-founded; and yet many of these boys may have within them that inbred vigor, that inherited momentum that will compensate for their lack of other advantages and enable them to outdistance the very men whose lot they regard as so much happier than their own. It is an old maxim with athletic trainers that, in the long run, the best man will win, no matter how great his handicap.

One of the most eminent of university presidents was once asked which is of greater service to a young man, ability or experience. "Ability," was his wise response, "for ability will get experience." Very often it gets schooling of a useful sort, as well.

The heritage of a vigorous and aggressive mind can scarcely be overestimated, not only because it is in itself a gift above all price but also because it is likely to be associated with a strong character, a high sense of personal obligation and a sturdy self-reliance.

Often an unlettered mechanic who has by chance read some great book will get much more out of it and establish a much closer contact with the author's mind than other men who have ten times the reader's schooling but not his capacity for hard thinking or his power to grapple with new and complex ideas.

Education stimulates the mind and makes for the clarification of thought; but it is by no means the same thing as brain power, nor is it even a passable substitute for it. If it were, we should have only to feed upon the wisdom of the ages to become a race of intellectual giants in a single generation; and yet scientists who have given much thought to the matter declare that the human mind has in no wise added to its powers since the days of Plato and Aristotle, and some of them date the arrest of our racial mental development back among the unnumbered years of prehistoric ages.

It is right and fitting to do homage to education, but it is willful blindness to ignore those intangible faculties that breathe into it the breath of life and enable it to score the mighty achievements for which it too commonly receives undivided credit.

Inheritance

MEN do not work because they are virtuous, but they are virtuous because they work. The vices man has invented are the vices of idleness. Man is most respectable while sweating for his bread—not because sweating is a virtue but because idleness gets him into mischief. Remove the necessity that now drives men to labor and within a year the devil could annex the world without the formality of a plebiscite.

It is clear that the man who has acquired the habit of labor and learned to depend upon labor for his pleasure may be trusted with money without danger of transforming him into a loafer; but if the money comes to him while his only incentive to labor is necessity he will quit his task and devote his life to the business of being useless. Consciously or otherwise he will flaunt his pleasures and his vices in the face of a world of workers and tempt them to covet a similar fortune. The toiler may find grace to be content if there are no loafers to sit on the fence and watch him. Social unrest is as old as the world; it is envy of those who have an easier time. And the fact that toilers envy the idle their vices, and never their virtues, is a sufficient commentary on the influence of loafing.

One who earns money becomes prey to the habit of earning, and the habit neutralizes the influence commonly exerted by the possession of money. But one who inherits money, and is not forearmed by the habit of industry, inherits an enemy to flatter and trick him—to make him a loafer and a leech and a patron of the vices. He is every inch a man who inherits a fortune and survives the ordeal without blemish.

Parents deny themselves many pleasures to which they are entitled, and hoard their earnings, to the end that their children may have an easier time than fell to their lot. Self-denial is a virtue. So also is generosity. But these virtues were learned by the parents in a school of hardship—every fine and wholesome quality the parents possess is theirs by reason of the hard road they traveled; and their effort to shield the children from hardship is also an effort to deprive the children of the blessings hardship confers. Will a father develop great muscular strength by means of exercise, and, being persuaded by love, insist that his son remain a weakling because exercise is hard work? Study is a form of hardship also; if love would be consistent, why doesn't it keep the son from school and permit him to develop into a happy and carefree simpleton?

It frequently happens that a father who has earned much gives his son a liberal allowance in the hope that the boy will become accustomed to money and learn how to handle it; and the boy learns only the art of spending and makes short work of the fortune when it falls into his hands. As frequently it happens that the father gives the son but a pittance in the hope that he will develop the habit of spending carefully; and the son, being long denied, spends prodigally when the fortune is his, because privation has whetted his appetite.

Whether one who leaves a fortune bequeaths a blessing or a curse depends largely upon the metal of those who receive it. But money is made to spend; it is useful for no other purpose; and as a rule those spend who have to spend and those loaf who can.

Whom parents sanely love they chasten. And never yet has man developed strength without adversity. One who is the very darling of the gods may come into a fortune and yet develop into a good workman and a useful member of society. Yet, even so, one may suppose that by so much as the money smoothed his path, by so much did it retard his development and discount the strength he might have developed in struggle.

Vitality is the product of adversity. Nations become great by labor, and decay by reason of idleness. Our sires were not pioneers because they were hardy; rather they were hardy because they were pioneers. Hardy plants are not raised in a hothouse.

Let the Eagle Speak

THERE is no annual American occasion on which it is easier for a trained speaker to sway his audience than that afforded by the Fourth of July. Curiosity to see the great man, home from state or national capital to mend his fences; the holiday spirit of his hearers; the quickening, brazen music of the bands; the ballyhoo of the venders; the staccato of exploding firecrackers; the impending barbecue or jollification—all work together to put the crowd in a receptive and applausive mood.

There are signs that this year's crowds will demand a more serious and literal type of oratory than has satisfied them in the past. Speakers are beginning to realize that when they mount the rostrum as exhibitors of the bird of freedom they must assume a far more difficult task than that of making the eagle scream. They must make him talk, and talk in clear, well-modulated tones, uttering more fact than fiction, more prose than poetry, more pledges than predictions.

The greater part of those who will listen to the Independence Day orators have in mind certain definite, clean-cut questions that they want unequivocally answered; and eloquence that would have coaxed the birds off the bushes on other Fourths will fall flat and cold if these questions are evaded or ignored. Men want to be told how much longer they must stagger under the burdens of intolerable taxation; what, if anything, Congress is really doing to put the brakes on runaway expenditures; whether or not Washington is behind the growing movement for disarmament and a general naval holiday; whether tariff enactments are to be political or economic; whether the effect of permanent immigration legislation will be to remedy the costly errors of the past or to plunge the country into new and still more tragic blunders.

Of these things let the eagle speak in forthright, candid terms; and when he has so spoken and the nation's rightful questions have been satisfactorily answered, we shall listen to his old skirling notes of triumph with all the zest of other years.

Congressional elections are only sixteen months away, and if they are to go to suit present incumbents definite pledges must be given, and faithful performance must not lag far behind or straggle out of line.

WEST BROADWAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XV

I WAS glad that the auto is so mobile that it could take me places where the railroads couldn't, and when I saw that big red bus coming at us my first thought was well, let us turn around and beat it back to Oraibi, and on the lonely desert sands let the best car win if they follow us, and if we scalp them out there in the silent spaces, why it will be blamed on the Navajos.

But like most fears, mine got busy too soon, because when the red car come abreast of us, by gollies, it wasn't our red car at all but a much newer model, with a bunch of duck hunters in it on their way to Red Lake out on the reservation, where, strange as it may seem, there are no end of ducks.

And these hunters had with them some stuff which had been perhaps bottled in bond and was rapidly being unbottled in bondage, and it's a wonderful thing, but fishermen and hunters still manage to get it. I have noticed that a good many times.

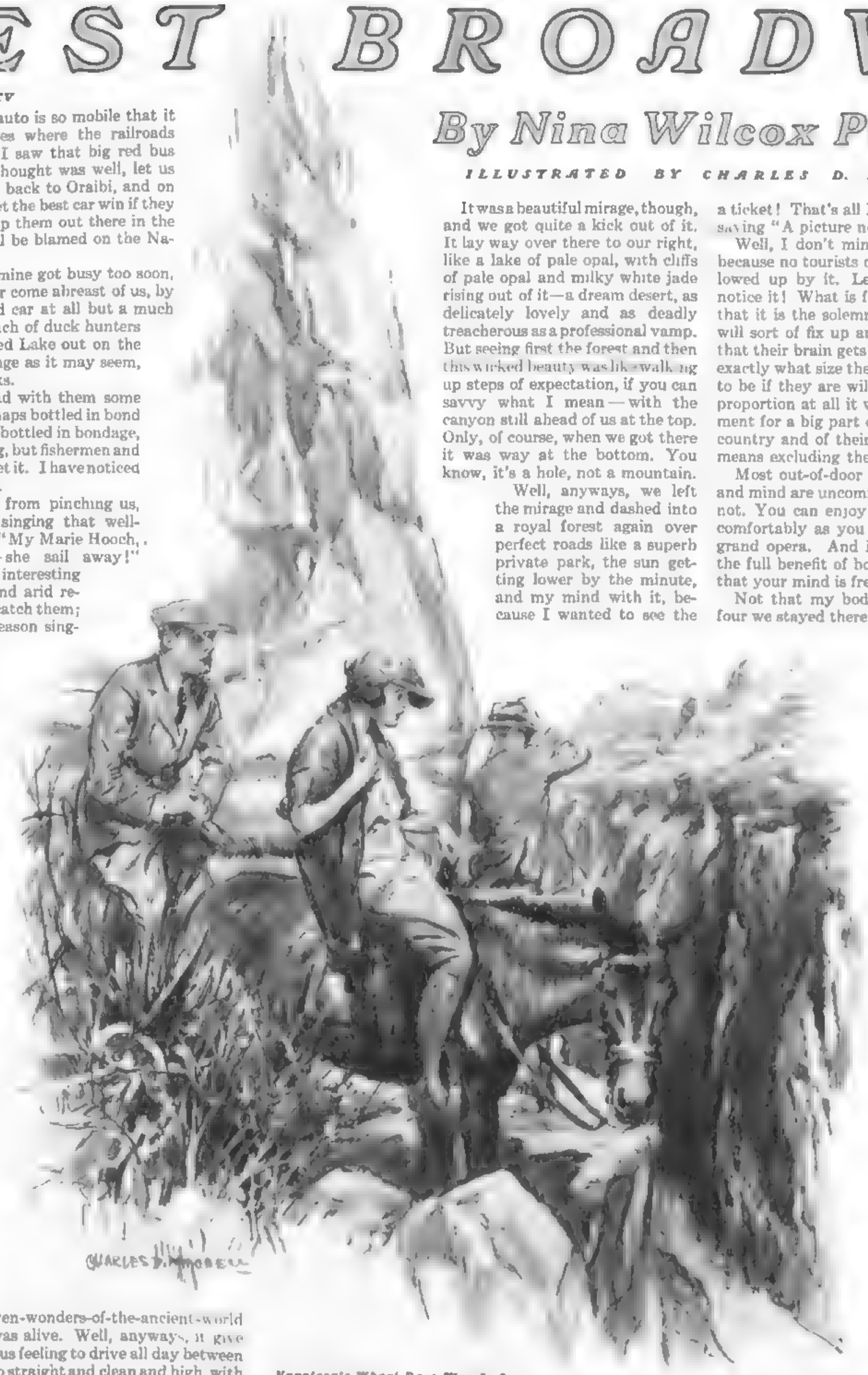
Well, these birds, far from pinching us, passed right along by singing that well-known old Italian song, "My Marie Hooch, she taka steamboat—she sail away!"

And while they was an interesting sight out in these dry and arid regions, we didn't want to catch them; but with Jim for some reason singing If a Wish Could Make it So! we started carefree and happy toward what had from the start been the real heart of our trip—the Grand Canyon.

It is a mercy that it is led up to gradually. If a person was to have the canyon sprung on them all of a sudden they might die of it. I personally myself don't see how the ones that come on the train from Williams and walk carelessly up to the parapet in front of the hotel stand the shock. It ain't right to ask a person to look into God's studio without preparing them first.

Fortunately for my heart trouble, which I haven't got except when I can't manage Jim any other way, we come by car from just east of Flagstaff through a endless yellow pine forest that was like an ancient temple—you know, one of those temples that you see pictures of in the almanac—seven-wonders-of-the-ancient-world stuff—only this temple was alive. Well, anyways, it give me a sort of proper religious feeling to drive all day between these pine-tree columns, so straight and clean and high, with between them here and there groups of young oaks, their leaves turned to a fluttering mass of bright clear yellow that made them seem just as if jagged handfuls of the sun had been torn off and dropped down into the forest gloom.

Well, this got our mind sort of calm and cooled off and—well, sort of ready. And then, as if to break the news to us gradual, the road left the forest for a while and led across a plateau over the far edge of which, very distant and unreal, we could see the Painted Desert. The chief thing about the Painted Desert is that you don't believe in it, even after you've seen it. Perhaps a person does if they actually go so far—and far is right, it is quite some distance from wherever you happen to be—well, if you go so far as to actually get on it. But to us, trying to reach the El Tovar Hotel before sunset and traveling fast, about thirty miles or so in the distance the Painted Desert was like a mirage, which means something which ain't there except in your own imagination like, say, the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.



Napoleon's Wheel Base Was So Long That a Part of Him Always Hung Out Over the Cliff on a Turn, and the More He Done So the Less I Got Used to It

It was a beautiful mirage, though, and we got quite a kick out of it. It lay way over there to our right, like a lake of pale opal, with cliffs of pale opal and milky white jade rising out of it—a dream desert, as delicately lovely and as deadly treacherous as a professional vamp. But seeing first the forest and then this wicked beauty was like walking up steps of expectation, if you can savvy what I mean—with the canyon still ahead of us at the top. Only, of course, when we got there it was way at the bottom. You know, it's a hole, not a mountain.

Well, anyways, we left the mirage and dashed into a royal forest again over perfect roads like a superb private park, the sun getting lower by the minute, and my mind with it, because I wanted to see the canyon for the first time with the sun in it. And then all of a sudden we come on one of them ever-strangely-out-of-place-looking signs which always made me feel that the wilderness was so thoroughly Americanized that it just naturally grew signs in correct language—well, anyway, here where it had apparently grown wild was a sign which says To Grand View. So we went there, and it was.

I will never forget seeing that canyon at sunset from Grand View. But I can't tell you about it. Like my religion, it is none of your business and a private matter of my own. I do think, however, that Jim expressed all our feelings and the feelings of the average person under the same experience when he stood beside me and looked down.

"Holy mackerel!" was what he said. And if you have been there you will know all that he meant by it. If you haven't been, there is no use in my trying to explain—buy a ticket! That's all I can say, except that that's where the saying "A picture no artist can paint" originated.

Well, I don't mind giving out the dope on this place, because no tourists can spoil it. They are just plain swallowed up by it. Let 'em come, the canyon won't even notice it! What is further, it is the one place in America that it is the solemn duty of every American to see. It will sort of fix up and adjust their mental carburetors so that their brain gets the right mixture. It will show them exactly what size they are, and just how big they can grow to be if they are willing to try. If they got any sense of proportion at all it will give them a standard of measurement for a big part of life—including the size of our great country and of their own real-estate holdings, and by no means excluding their immortal soul.

Most out-of-door places which are good for your heart and mind are uncomfortable for your body. The canyon is not. You can enjoy the music of the canyon's silence as comfortably as you can enjoy the music of New York's grand opera. And I'm not at all sure but what you get the full benefit of both when your body is so comfortable that your mind is free to pay no attention to it.

Not that my body was comfortable every day of the four we stayed there, however. Said body was all right as long as I had sense enough to remain on the top edge of that big hole and hang around the beautiful gardens and Fred's best hotel, where he has outdone himself and it don't look like a hotel at all, but like the private hunting lodge of the King of Whatsis in a feature I once made called An American Queen. Some hotel! The only rough thing about it is the logs it is built out of, and the sturdy life in the wilds you live there is accompanied by a crude Western sort of service and meals such as you might expect at the Ritz.

Well, anyways, as long as I remained on the top and run no greater danger than what the near-Hopi House offered to my pocketbook, where I almost bought ma a tomahawk and then decided a blanket was safer with her temperament, and a silver ring for the nurse and a rattle for Junior and a string of wampum for Al Goldringer and about two hundred post cards to write pleasant trip wish you were with us on. Well, so long as I did this and hung around and watched the professional Indians shimmy for the tourists after supper, and looked at the canyon every once in a while to make sure it was really the way it is and that I hadn't dreamed it—why, as I say, I was all right and perfectly comfortable.

Things were going nicely in every way. We had seen the Peterkins, who were camping, of course, and Alma had told us how the bulls had come by the camp in the big car and seen our hound and stopped, and how she said yes, we had gone on by to Los Angeles two days ago, but lost the dog and they had fallen for it. So everything was fine.

But could I leave well enough alone? Answer: I am a woman—an admittedly womanly woman. And so of course I had to go and get mixed up with those darn scenery-going mules.

Now the rim of the Grand Canyon is not all there is to it—not by any means. There is the below part, and the average, sane tourist enjoys looking at it and gets a lot of satisfaction out of admiring its beauties—the brown snake at the bottom which they tell you is the Colorado River, the Temple of Isis where they get the ice from, the Battleship which you can see as such if you got a marine imagination, Thor's Hammer, which looks like it might throw itself any moment, and so forth. But there is always a mad minority that ain't content with using opera glasses or the peices of yeggman's lead pipe that are set about here and there as sort of Nature's telescopes or something,

(Continued on Page 20)

(Continued from Page 19)

and these minorities have a craving to go down and mingle with the scenery instead of merely looking at it from a respectful distance.

Actually it is the truth that the big and most debated question out there is will we go down the trail or will we not go down the trail? All over the place you will hear lines of talk like this being pulled perfectly seriously.

"I'm crazy to go down, but I'm afraid for my heart. My doctor has told me I got to be awful careful."

"Oh, nonsense! I ain't a bit afraid, but I'm not supposed to do any riding."

"I'd go down in a minute if only I'd thought to bring my riding clothes. What's that? You can hire them from the hotel? Oh, but I'm sure they would never have any to fit me!"

And a lot of bunk like that. The truth is, you are kind of ashamed not to go down and at the same time scared to death of going. Which to do, go down or stay up, eats into your bean. It's a big question.

"Don't you want to go down?" says Jim with a touch of scorn that hit me right on the raw vanity. Of course I wasn't scared. That wasn't why I had been hanging back. I wasn't scared for myself, but I couldn't help thinking of my duty to my baby and my public.

"Sure, I want to go down!" I says with a sort of forced gayety that I hoped looked natural, but which probably looked it the way a corpse does. "Sure, I want to go down! Leave us go over and talk to the mule clerk about it."

This was in the late afternoon, see, and they date you up in advance. And when we got to the desk who would be there but a charming young widow that I had been noticing Jim noticing, and she had been so far the only drawback to the canyon. And now it seems she was going down and that she and him had already spoken! So he introduced me.

"Meet my wife, Mrs Miller," says Jim. "Shake hands with Mrs. Miller, Marie."

"So pleased to meet you!" says this blond cat. "I think your husband is such a nice man!"

"That's what strangers always say of him," I says very cool. "Are you going down into the canyon?"

"Yes, to-morrow," says Mrs. Kitty Miller, "and I'm scared almost to death. I hope there will be a strong, brave man in the party."

And she give Jim a clinging-ivy glance and the poor fish swelled out his chest under it the way they do. Then she slid off and left us exposed to the humor of the mule clerk.

"How about a little death daring for to-morrow?" says Jim, trying to hide his fears under a bright exterior and I devoutly hoping the party was all made up and no mules left for us. But no such luck!

"Sure!" says the clerk. "Hermit or Bright Angel?"

"Which is the best trail?" says Jim.

"Well, the Hermit is sixteen dollars a head and the Bright Angel is five," says the clerk.

"Gimme three Bright Angels," says Jim. "I'd rather be scared to death for five dollars than for sixteen."

"Is it really awfully dangerous?" I says, just for the comfort of having him contradict me.

"Not a bit!" says the mule clerk. "We haven't killed anybody now for over three weeks!"

"Huh!" I snorted. "The time limit must just about be up by now!"

And then I walked away, because I seen the widow sailing up, and I left Jim have her, because interfering never does any good during these temporary aberrations, which occur in all normal families; and anyways, I wanted to go and get a good look at the beginning of that trail all by myself.

Well, when I stood there and looked down it I see at once why it was named the Bright Angel. It was called so because that was undoubtedly what the first man that went down it saw when he woke up. I give one good look at it and then went right back to the hotel and give the mule clerk some further instructions about my mule.

"I want a good steady family mule," I explained to him. "One which has made the trip often—not more than eleven or less than thirteen times," I says. "And for preference one that has just finished its latest trip," I says, "so it will be too tired to feel gay, yet not so depressed as to be considering suicide. In other words, I want him to be just right. Not that I'm at all afraid," I says. "But I got my public to consider."

"All right," says the mule clerk. "What do you weigh?"

"A hundred and thirty," I says.

"Then we'll give you Napoleon," says the brave muleteer, or whatever his official name is.

And then I went off kind of worried, because his asking my weight was sort of a bad sign, and I wondered how much the average person lost by the end of the trip. But I wasn't through with my precautions—not by a darned sight!

The next thing I done was to get the head waiter to let me have two nice red juicy apples—the handsomest, tastiest fancy table apples, they was. Not that I believe in bribery, but still it does a person no harm to have a friend in the right quarter in time of need, so I took the apples over to the stable and had a quiet personal interview with my mule. I felt it would be a good thing for me in the morning if we had met before and he had got a pleasant impression of me. So I got one of the mule punchers in charge to show me which was Nap and then I and he had a little heart-to-heart talk, during which I slipped him the apples in a unobtrusive way so as not to hurt his finer feelings or make him feel that I was trying to buy his interest.

"Mule," I says to him when sure that we was alone at last—"mule, I want to talk to you as two equals—you and me. I know you ain't a parent, but I am; and just because you are a natural-born bachelor is no reason why you can't respect a mother's wishes. I'm going to depend on you, Nap, to take me down and bring me back whole, and I hope you are going to act like a good sound American he mule and treat me like a gentleman and not pull any of the rough stuff that your famous namesake was noted for with women."

And then when I hoped I had impressed this on him thoroughly but was by no means sure I had, for all he eat both apples without remark, I left him to see could I buy me a couple of rabbits left hind feet in the Hopi House and also if possible a pair of handcuffs to cuff my feet together under the mule's belly. But was in both cases unfortunately out of luck. So I bought a pin and a Indian vase that looked like some Indian had sat on it while it was still soft, instead, because I never could get out of that place without spending some money. And then I felt better. It's a funny thing, but whenever I am kind of tired and nervous if I spend a little money I feel better right away.

But just the same I didn't sleep very good that night. The canyon sat on my chest like a welsh rabbit, if you get the idea, and I kept tossing around and wondering in the wild way a person does in the dark of a sleepless night whatever possessed me to say I would do such a thing. But I wasn't as glad when morning come as a person generally is after not being able to sleep. But of course there was no getting away from morning, and so when heavily urged by Jim I got up finally and put on my riding clothes which I had up to now swaggered around in them a good deal. And then I added my false and hollow cheerfulness to his ditto and we went down to breakfast, which I ate recklessly because of realizing it might be my last meal on earth.

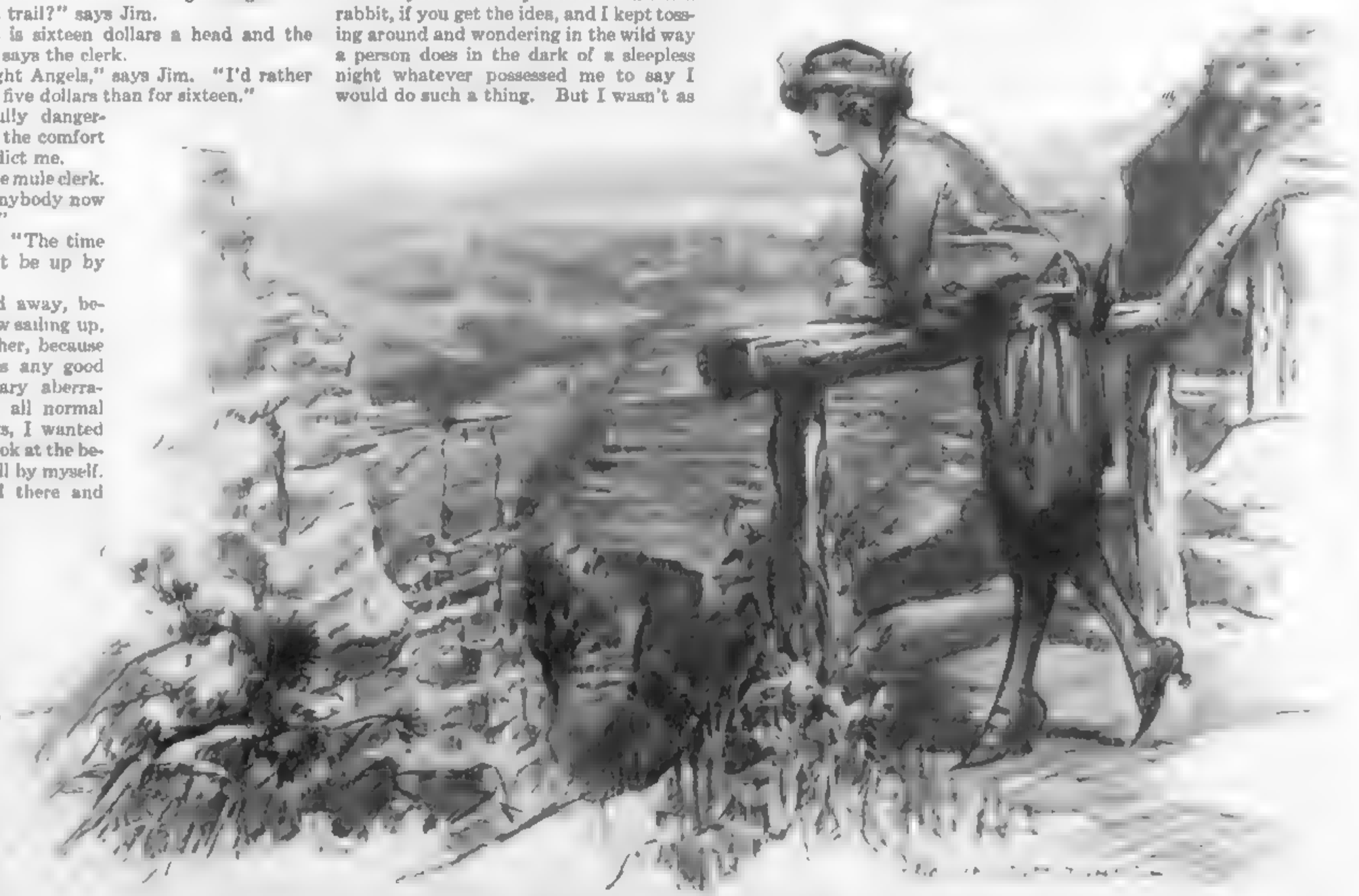
Well, then we went out and got our tickets off the cashier and was politely requested to pay for them in advance. When the trip was over I realized why. It is because they would rather be sure of the cash than be sued for damages, including loss of use of a person's seating capacity, if you get me.

Well anyways, we got and paid for those tickets to eternity, and pretty soon Tom Westman come up, because he was determined to die with us, and he and Jim actually pretended they was looking forward to it. Well, looking forward is what you have to do. There is no use looking back, once you get started on the blame trip.

By now the mule clerk had put on a cap like a ship's first officer and stood at the gangway to the corral with a woman-and-children-first expression on his face, and commenced to shove us ruthlessly over to where the mules was waiting with a bored expression on their faces, which was, however, no comfort to me. I give the crowd the once-over and then I got at least one satisfaction. That nasty widow, Mrs. Miller, had on a costume which looked like something the plumber had left the last time he fixed the leak in the boiler. Also, there was Alma in what his helper had left, and a fat middle-aged Irishwoman, Lady Bridget Something, who was all dressed up in the plumber's grandfather's outfit and protesting a lot about it too. Jim had the real costume, and the other men—Tom, a silent fellow with an inquisitive, active camera that never stopped working all day, and of all people, Mister Fixit, real name of Jones, the 1921 Colby-Droit party—well, they had on merely borrowed putties, being by nature provided with garments that would ride astride of a mule. But of all the women, I was the only one had proper riding clothes, and by that I mean proper in the sense of being correct, but not too proper to be snappy.

For a moment this went to my head, and I thought gee, lookit Mrs. Miller, ain't she a sight beside me? And then a horrible realization come over me and I went right over to the guide, a young cow-puncher by the name of Slim with a pair of female pink satin garters on his sleeves and hair on his chaps but none on his upper lip.

"Say, brother," I says, "don't get me wrong because of these clothes. I got the costume, but I don't know the part. Don't ask me to do any daring feats of mulemanship, will you?" (Continued on Page 78)



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It's a time for short cuts in housekeeping. Yet it is a time when outdoors gives the appetite its keenest edge. Campbell's Beans are the ideal summer food. They are rich, hearty, nourishing—deliciously appetizing with their famous tomato sauce. They are already cooked, delightful hot or cold, on the home table or out of doors.

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Importance of Management

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

DECORATION BY HERBERT PULLINGER

AFTER the close of any great period of inflation, speculative frenzy and reckless expansion there is a counting of the cost and a sober reckoning up of gains and losses. Prices, profits, dividends, wages—all these may suffer in the overwhelming deflationary process; but at least there is the moral gain of having the old principles of sound business administration once more vindicated and exhibited in the clear perspective furnished by fresh examples.

Perhaps, indeed, a few new lessons are driven into the consciousness of the business and investing public. At least the old lessons are learned all over again by the rising generation. We are, or ought to be by now, a financially sadder and wiser people.

After the bubble has been pricked it is very hard, indeed, mentally to reconstruct the childish and uncritical atmosphere of optimistic sophistry which surrounded the period of speculation and promotion. In other words, hindsight is easier than foresight. Business and banking practices which now seem damnable, veritable kinsfolk of the South Sea Bubble, looked perfectly proper and natural a couple of years ago. Goods, far in excess of the purchasers' possible requirements, were bought at the highest prices in history, and banks loaned money complacently on such security. Even the directors of corporations did not know how inflated the inventories had become All seemed to be going as smoothly as a marriage bell.

We know to-day once more that what comes fast goes in the same way; that the higher the flight the greater the fall; that to receive something for nothing and for the shoemaker to desert his last are alike attended with danger; that the most dazzling corporate and financial expectations often end in tragedy; that excessive expansion and dividends are signs on the road to ruin; and that, above all, whether there be war or peace, favorable conditions or unfavorable, good times or bad, a business succeeds or fails because its managers possess or lack the necessary honesty, common or horse sense, judgment, intuitive skill, foresight, initiative, perseverance and intellectual power to compel its success or failure.

Luck and Judgment

IT IS not contended that integrity and ability of management constitute the only lesson which emerges from the strenuous selective process of deflation. I maintain merely that it is the supreme lesson to be learned, from the standpoint of the investing public.

"Is it the millennium you are after?" said one of the financial leaders of the country to whom I put the question of how the investor could detect honest and competent management.

"Blue-sky laws have been tried. There is no panacea. Even Morgan made his mistakes. The best record in picking successes is merely a high average. With the top-notchers it is only an insurance proposition, the knack of guessing right a sufficient number of times."

It is true that chance and luck play a big part in the drama of business success and failure. Competition may develop or demand may disappear to an extent that the foresight and intuition of even a genius cannot envisage. The turn of the wheel of invention may render a whole industry obsolete. Social and economic conditions are steadily changing. A railroad which might have been successful in the ten-year period previous to 1907 might have failed under almost any circumstances since that time.

On the other hand, some concerns grow rich through the sheer stubbornness and persistence of pioneers who have no other redeeming qualities. There are men who make money in spite of themselves. Then, too, there are times when all rules appear to fail, when fickleness appears to be fortune's dominant trait.

Some time ago the promoters of an oil company were brought to trial for alleged fraudulent practices. There was every reason to believe that the prosecution had a good case. But while the legal machinery was getting under way the company's property proved to be unexpectedly valuable, a large cash offer was received for it, the price of the stock doubled in the open market, and the case for the prosecution fell of its own weight.

The management of one of the restaurant chains had for years desired to increase its scale of prices, but had been afraid to take the step. Administered with the utmost ability the company had enjoyed a high standing and until recent years conspicuously large profits. But as prices of supplies rose the rate of profits steadily fell, and yet the management feared it would jeopardize the concern's reputation for being popular by jacking up the items on the menu. But the violent rise in food prices which followed the war forced the management in spite of itself to readjust its own menu upward; and the result, to the surprise of the officers, was wholly favorable. The volume of business did not fall off, the class of patronage improved and the company began to make profits again, contrary to the fears of those in charge.

Varied Problems

IN THE early part of the war a large corporation was organized to engage in a particular line of business. Opportunities seemed to beckon on every hand, and a board of directors was brought together representative of the most successful business groups in the country. A technical organization with an enviable management record took charge of operations. Investors fairly grabbed for the stock, confident that men of such high standing could not fail. But in the far-reaching and complex economic adjustments which have followed the war the profits of this concern have shrunk close to the vanishing point, and the newspapers and magazines no longer refer to its managers as wizards.

There are companies which have a monopoly of certain minerals or metals and which make profits apparently without much regard to the ability of their sales management at least. Considering that the natural deposits of sulphur, anthracite coal, vanadium and certain other minerals and metals are concentrated in a few hands, it would seem rather easier for the concerns which control them to make sales than for the manufacturer of shaving soap and tooth paste to dispose of his products. In the one case there is a high degree of monopoly, in the other there is the keenest competition. One business may require technical metallurgical skill, the other supersalesmanship.

Each separate industry, and to a certain extent each unit within it, is an administrative and management problem of its own. Obviously, different problems present themselves to the heads of a railroad, a steel mill, a department store, a soap factory and an oil company. Consider railroading. In one respect the management problem is very easy, and in another respect quite difficult. There is less danger from ruinous competition or a sudden cessation of demand that threatens so many manufacturing companies. The actual procedure and methods are more or less standardized and simplified. A railroad can run along for some time without the management breaking what might be called new ground or displaying any great imagination or genius. But on the other hand, the territory is so vast that the management must command loyalty. Workers are scattered over thousands of miles and cannot be checked up like operatives in a cotton mill. The manager cannot tell automatically when his help lies down on him. The old man must have a personality which commands respect

(Continued on Page 24

Have a cigar

Many cigars bring their manufacturers more profit. Few bring their smokers more *satisfaction.* Have a White Owl.

As good as it looks

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9c *for* ONE
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NEW YORK CITY

WHITE OWL

Jim Henry's Column

I am Going into the Sampling Business

A few weeks ago I used my column to tell men what marvelous relief from chafing and skin friction they could enjoy by using Kora-Konia.

And in my free handed way, having discovered a small case of physicians' samples out in the shipping room, I offered to send a sample for 15 cents.

If many more men send in for samples of Kora-Konia, we will have to build a special factory just to pack these samples. That shows the danger of promising anything to two million men.

Of course, we are glad to go to any reasonable expense to prove to a man the amazing virtue of Mennen Kora-Konia to relieve almost any form of skin irritation.

I remember one man in particular. He was a big, bulging chap, by nature cheery and mild mannered, but take him on for golf on a hot day, or to the ball game, and he would begin to squirm and shudder like a kid just put into winter flannels, and act ornery the whole afternoon.

Of course, I can't go into intimate anatomical details in a polite family magazine, but the plain truth is that the man became raw the minute perspiring flesh was rubbed.

So one day in the locker room I made him shake on some Kora-Konia wherever it would do the most good. The big point about Kora-Konia is that it stays put—isn't washed away by perspiration.

He thought it was silly—said his case was too serious for any dinky baby powder. (Everyone thinks Kora-Konia is a talcum until they learn better.)

But after the game I thought he would kiss me. Said it was the first time in twenty years he had been comfortable in hot weather. Said the whole medical profession of America and Europe wouldn't have done more for him. I know for a fact he hasn't been bothered since by chafing.

Kora-Konia is really a wonderful article—soothing, healing, cooling and antiseptic. Miraculous for sunburn. Send 15 cents for a big sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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"In a small concern or one that is just starting I believe that management is everything," said the president of one of the largest corporations in the country in reply to my question. "But in a large corporation the group or organization becomes more important. In a small concern I would rather have an able man at the head of it and a poor idea or proposition than a head without ability and the best kind of proposition. But when a concern grows very large there is the board of directors, the president, the vice presidents and any number of officers and experts. It becomes harder to trace the influence of individual ability. But," he added, "after all an individual usually gives the impulse to the whole organization. He is what starts it and keeps it alive. Everything goes back to the individual."

So many illustrations of this last statement can be cited that it is hopeless to attempt to choose the most representative. A young man went to work as vice president for one of the large New York banks. There were four or five other vice presidents, and all the officers of this rank sat at desks in a row with nothing particular to distinguish one from the other. The president, on the other hand, had a large and impressive office all to himself. Until the new man came in the president was the whole show.

"Within five or six weeks," said a customer of the bank who had observed the change with amusement, "everyone who had business to do with the bank gravitated to the new vice president, although there was nothing in the position of his desk or in his rank to differentiate him from five others. The visitors were all very careful to go into the president's office, shake hands with him and talk about the weather. But they recognized, unconsciously no doubt, that the new man was a live wire, and they did their business with him accordingly. Now he is the president, for of course authority as well as new business gravitated to him."

In the banking, bond and brokerage business individual ability is more obviously the reason for success than in other lines. Banks deal only with intangible things, credits rather than with cakes of soap and steel billets. This is perhaps more true of bond and brokerage houses even than of banks. Such men as the late Colonel Higginson, of Boston, and the late N. W. Harris, of Chicago, are familiar illustrations of how great organizations in this field owe their start to men of ability.

The history of the railroads and great industries of the country cannot be written apart from the individuals who built them up. The oil industry must be thought of in terms of Rockefeller, Flagler and Archbold; the name of the original McCormick is inseparably connected with the harvester industry; P. D. Armour and Gustavus Swift stand out in the packing industry, as do Hill, Harriman and a few others as railroaders.

The Live-and-Let-Live Policy

Nor can it be said that the successful railroads were only those in good territory. I do not pretend that the history of our great railroad systems can be reduced to a formula; but in almost every territory where one system has been built up by what appears to have been good administration another has been ruined by stock jobbing or other maladministration. Any railroad man can tell you who built up the Louisville and Nashville, the Lehigh Valley, the Burlington, the Union Pacific or any other system which is or has been notably strong; and he will tell you just as quickly who started on the down grade other companies operating under more or less similar conditions.

It is a delicate matter to refer to men who are living or to pick one out above another. But there is fairly general agreement in the business and financial world that in the main the management of the United States Steel Corporation has shown the qualities which are most widely recognized as successful. There are critics who do not approve of its labor policy, but whether this criticism be right or not, success and efficiency are never a one hundred per cent article.

The careful policy of this great corporation in the matter of expanding just enough but not too much, and of paying large enough dividends but not too large, has found reflection naturally, as everyone knows, in the stability and standing of its securities. But there is another aspect to its management policies which is perhaps less generally familiar. I quote from a former competitor, a manufacturer of extensive experience whose views I asked on the subject.

"Yes," he said, "I think that Judge Gary's position is now recognized. But he had a long fight before he reached the position where he could run the Steel Corporation the way he wanted to. Two men had to go first. I am thinking especially of one of these men when I say he was brought up in the old school of steel making, the only idea of which was to manufacture and sell as cheaply as possible, no matter how fast you ruined your competitors. I tell you that if a man believing in that policy had continued to be the head of the Steel Corporation it would not be in existence to-day in anything like its present greatness.

"I testified for a day and a half for the corporation in the government suit against it, and I was a competitor. In a technical sense it was a monopoly in restraint of trade. But it tried its case in the court of public opinion and literally hundreds of customers and competitors could find nothing to say against the corporation and were able and glad from their experience to report only a favorable attitude."

The fact is that no matter how extensively or with what intricacy the organization of industry may develop, mere organization cannot take the place of individual ability. Not only does the individual create the organization and give it the initial impulse, but he seems to be all that keeps life within its body. Organizations somehow lack the vital spark. Plans and machinery can be adopted and installed to the end of time, but they fail to function without that driving force which comes only from the successful individual.

Standard Oil Management

Emerson long ago said "There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many." At the moment of this writing it is generally understood in financial circles that one of the largest corporations in the country—the largest indeed in the most important of our newer industries—is looking for a head. The company was built up originally by a veritable genius, but certain financial complications resulted in important changes in control. New interests, able, powerful and wealthy, but with countless other responsibilities and duties on their hands, took over both the control and the management. That they will be able to give the vast corporate combination the detailed managerial attention needed to secure for it the highest type of success seems humanly impossible.

The potential position of this corporation is the same as that of the United States Steel and Standard Oil, but it needs an individual who will throw his life into its upbuilding the way Rockefeller, Archbold and Teagle have with the Standard Oil, and Gary with the Steel Corporation. Fortunately the new interests which have bought so heavily into the company have the reputation of paying exceedingly well for the executives they use in developing their enterprises, and it will be strange indeed if they do not find a man equal to the task.

Years ago John D. Rockefeller said, in considering the real beginning of the Standard Oil Company: "It should be remembered that it was not so much the consolidation of the firms in which we had a personal interest, but the coming together of the men who had the combined brain power to do the work, which was the actual starting point. Perhaps it is worth while to emphasize again the fact that it is not merely capital and plants and the strictly material things which make up a business, but the character of the men behind these things, their personalities, and their abilities; these are the essentials to be reckoned with."

Mr. Rockefeller also once said that in any business the right kind of men would not only know how to produce the right sort of goods at a low price but would also know how to market the product, and would be big enough to handle the workers successfully.

Nothing has been proved oftener than the insecurity of property rights, security values, and indeed the very existence of the modern industrial and commercial system itself, when what might be called the productive process ceases. But this process in turn depends upon the personal equation. An empty, idle factory has no value, a statement which is just as true of a big plant as of a little one. An elephant when it is dead is just as dead as a dead mouse. The big organization needs drive no less than the small one.

In the long run a business concern is always either a success or a failure. I do not mean failure in the sense of bankruptcy, but in the sense of failing to make profits for its owners. The life of an enterprise, viewed from the longer perspective, is nearly always a growing or diminishing one. It is on the up or down grade, going forward or backward. In that respect it is like a living organism, like the human body, and not like an automatic machine. Just as the breath of life keeps the human body from decay, so does the personality of its leaders rather than the extent and complexity of its organization keep the business enterprise from failure.

"My own feeling is," says a man who has had much experience in the management of corporations, "that many old companies run on their strong momentum, instilled by a thrifty ancestor, for some time after the heirs apparent have been left at the helm. It has been well said, however, that it is but three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, and it is usually true."

We are constantly being told that the pioneer days have passed in this country and that the opportunities for individuals to make great fortunes by exploiting the natural resources are over with. That question is not being discussed in this article, but the attendant implication that men of unusual ability are no longer needed is false. Some years ago the Standard Oil trust was dissolved, and the aggressive manner in which a number of the units have forged ahead while others, which were given perhaps even more valuable territory and physical assets, have remained quiet is a clear illustration of the effect which individual effort has under the most modern conditions.

The public somehow always thinks of Standard Oil as rich and strong enough to proceed under its own momentum. But people in the industry itself are well aware that the New Jersey, Indiana and California companies would not have become so great if it had not been for the work of men like Teagle, Jones and Moffat, Stewart and Burton, and Kingsbury. Probably nothing in the early annals of the oil industry really has more of the pioneer quality than the efforts of some of these men, especially perhaps of young Mr. Moffat, to add to the supply of crude.

Varying Gifts

It must be recognized, of course, that with the increasing complexity of industry no one individual can master all its details. It is increasingly realized that even the most successful executives are of numerous and varying types. A man who is competent only at production will sometimes fail as head of a company because he lacks knowledge of selling; and the opposite may be true.

One man may be essentially of an inventive or constructive type, another is inclined to promotion and organization, while a third is best at conserving or caretaking.

A leader with imagination and courage may be needed when times are booming, while the quality of balance is the more essential during depression. A successful enterprise may require the combination of different types of ability. There is always the delicate question of just how much of a specialist a man should be. The typical political-spoils method of appointing to high office a man who has no technical qualifications whatever is obviously bad, but extreme specialization may do almost as much harm.

There is the further question of whether the higher executives should come from within the ranks of an organization or should be imported from the outside. Another similar question is whether an outside professional engineering or management organization, containing numerous experts and specialists, can contribute collective managerial ability, which might otherwise be lacking, to a weak concern.

Then, too, it must be recognized that a business may be well run from the point of view of its employes or consumers, and yet be a financial failure. "My son, who is traveling extensively, recently wrote me to

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$2975 *at Detroit*

Ask the man who owns one

Who Pays?

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Heretofore banks and their customers have lost when check-raisers altered them. But no longer need that be true.

Altering a Super-Safety check successfully is so near impossible that The American Guaranty Company issues bonds guarding both the bank and customer against loss. Your banker will provide this added security for your money in his bank.

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"THE MARK OF SAFETY"
Protected by individual bonds of
The American Guaranty Company.
These checks are the safest you can use.

SUPER-SAFETY
Insured
BANK-CHECKS

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The Bankers Supply Company
The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
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buy stock in the X railroad," said a hardened old broker, "on the ground that the train service was wonderful. He doesn't seem to know that that stock is the graveyard of investors' hopes."

Still another complication is added by the trend toward what is called banker management. As the financial requirements of corporations increase there is a tendency for financiers and especially for banking firms to supplant to a considerable extent the effort and enterprise of the individual operator.

There are those who deprecate banker management as timid and inefficient, and see in it all the evils of absentee ownership. But I do not think that any of these problems and refinements of corporate industry really weaken or complicate the main point of this article. Bankers may inspire good or bad, successful or unsuccessful management. One reason frequently given for the success of the Standard Oil Company is that no outsiders—and especially no bankers—are ever elected to the board of directors. Some of the best-known bankers in the country served on the directorate of the New Haven Railroad and were unable or unwilling to prevent its downfall.

But there have always been bankers on the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation—indeed, in several instances the same men who were on the New Haven board—without any bad effects. An able individual administrator will force his way to a commanding position in a corporation, whether it is controlled by bankers or not. Banker management or control may be good or bad.

Some years ago one of the big packing companies was doing so poorly that failure or its sale to another concern was a definite possibility. A syndicate of bankers arranged with the vice president and general manager of another of the big five to become president of the sickly concern. He knew the packing business thoroughly, as he had worked up from day laborer. He was given not only a large salary in his new position but the company was so reorganized as to afford him a substantial stock interest therein.

Due to the new president's efforts progress has been steady, and though his control may be shared with the bankers they would probably claim no credit for the company's success beyond that involved in choosing a good leader for it.

It would seem at times as if the problems of administration and management were beyond human powers. It is no longer merely a question of satisfying a few owners; the workers, the consumers, the public—all must be satisfied. Then, too, in the conduct of the largest corporations the standards of ethics must be higher than in business in general or the most bitter criticism will follow.

Timber for Big Executives

But though the difficulties of management are plainly on the increase it is just as true that a great body of knowledge and experience to fortify and equip the manager is being steadily developed. Mere hard work and effort are not enough to make a concern successful without plans and principles. But fortunately plans and principles are steadily being worked out, standardized and simplified. A man cannot succeed in business to-day any more than fifty years ago without the vital spark, no matter how much training and book knowledge he has. But the fact cannot be denied that more training and book knowledge are required than formerly, and that they are more readily available.

It is fortunate that ability is not a monopoly of any social, professional, occupational, financial, sectional or racial group in this country. It springs up in the most unexpected place and is found among men who start with the most diverse equipment and often with the least promise. Our newspapers and magazines are full of stories of poor boys who rise to important positions. It is indeed well that the avenues of opportunity are thus open, but we do not stop to reflect how fortunate it is that the sons of rich men so often likewise prove themselves really capable. If we had to depend entirely on those who rise from the bottom our industries would become rotten at the top much sooner than they do.

I have in mind five successful executives whom I met or heard much of in the preparation of this article. One rose from the poverty of a recent immigrant family. He had no advantage of education, but has created one of the most useful of our large corporations. The four others are all university graduates. One came from a family of no particular wealth but of distinguished social standing for many generations past. The three others were all sons of high executives, and are heads of the same companies with which their fathers were connected. But each of the five has this in common with the other four—he has worked with tireless energy, and unquestionably possesses the essential qualities which make for successful management.

A thousand efforts and more have been made to describe and classify administrative ability, to reduce it to a type. Fortunately it is too diverse for easy simplification—that is, fortunately for persons who invest their money. I say this because if such a quality could be classified and ticketed like a specimen in a museum, the way our inspirational writers would have us believe, it would be so scarce as to create a serious shortage. The head of a large manufacturing enterprise whom I have met several times has always seemed to me to lack dash, brilliance and, although his achievements are unquestioned, the keenness of intuition which one expects of a successful man. Recently I asked an intimate friend of his where the great executive gets off, anyway.

"You are right," was the reply, "there is nothing very keen about him. But do you realize that his mind is perfectly clear every morning? He never begins the day with any hangovers of worry, of unfinished business, of duties neglected. Each day is a clean sheet. Everything is planned and taken care of in its order. Nothing is undecided or left for another day. The result is that he is always ready to reach out and forward to accomplish new things. His nature is simple; the big ideas with him are duty, faith, obligation."

Overpaid Officers

One of the most disputed points having to do with the stimulation of the highest order of administrative ability is the salary question. There are two arguments against paying very high salaries to corporate officials. One is that it creates envy in the minds of many people, and the other is that efficiency is not the invariable result. But whatever force these objections have the fact remains that if an executive puts ginger into a business of any size his salary becomes a small item. He is working through many men, in the larger concerns through tens and scores of thousands of employes. His work becomes more and more a choosing of men and a wise delegation of authority. I have the mental image of one comparatively young executive working at his desk, fifty-two thousand men and women taking their orders from him. The volume of business and possible profits of this company run into enormous figures. If this individual can transmit even a small fraction of his ability to his subordinates, salary is no object. A difference of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars a year in his salary might make a difference of five million dollars in the year's earnings.

Of course I do not argue that a big salary is the only incentive to which able managers respond. It is one of many motives or forces that drive them on. But that it is an important one cannot be denied. Therefore directors and stockholders are shortsighted in the extreme when because of a narrow miserliness they are unwilling to pay salaries big enough to attract big men.

Naturally the mere payment of a big salary does not put ability into a manager unless he already has it there. Many of the worst scandals in our corporate history have had to do with vice presidents and managers whose total salaries equaled or exceeded the total net earnings of a company. Of course there is no excuse for a high-salaried manager unless he is worth his salary through the development of economies or greater efficiency. Just as one man may transmit a fraction of his ability to thousands of men so another may transmit an even greater fraction of his indecision, ineffectiveness and flabby moral character. Such a man, although no doubt well-meaning, can tear down in a couple of years the morale of an organization which it took a genius ten years to build up.

Some years ago a minority stockholding interest in a large but most unprofitable corporation developed the interesting fact that the president and five vice presidents were receiving in salaries and bonuses a total sum greater than the net earnings of the company, although there were thousands of stockholders who for years had been entitled to dividends and had received none. There are no adjectives in the English language which convey enough of scorn and opprobrium for such cases. A high-salaried manager who creates nothing is the real parasite of modern life.

One of the pests of big business is the director or vice president who feels that his position is too important and his time too valuable for him to pay attention to the laborious parts of the business. As a shrewd observer has remarked: "Previously, as owners of competitive plants, they were at their business offices each day from early in the morning to late in the afternoon; as vice presidents they are more often at the office of the corporation from ten until three o'clock, and not at all on Saturdays. They no longer feel obliged to sacrifice social pleasures for business motives. They are no longer concerned with petty economies of manufacture, insignificant alone, but large in the aggregate."

The problem is not so serious in the small corporation whose every stockholder is actively identified with the business. But the reader of this article who has five or ten shares, along with five, ten or perhaps fifty thousand other persons in one or more of the larger corporations, will be wondering by this time how soon the writer is going to furnish him with a formula to provide and an acid test to determine efficiency in management. That is the practical question which this article simmers down to, and it is no easy one to answer. Indeed, I can think of no greater puzzle than that just propounded.

Of course, one obvious answer is that good and bad management show themselves in results, that annual and other reports contain figures which provide their own warnings and promises. In other words, the investor should investigate before making his purchases and should follow with care every development affecting his stocks or bonds. But this is very much like saying that all men should be perfect. The one undisputed fact is that most investors do not investigate, study or follow developments. They do not read reports, attend meetings or look up the records. Their chief quality is one of complete indifference, and yet they are embittered and angry when the management proves unequal or faithless to its trust.

Corporation Grafters

Sooner or later, however, in many corporations one or more stockholders do take an interest when things begin to go wrong, and succeed in making themselves heard. They are known as the minority, and as the management usually makes insinuations regarding the disinterestedness of their motives, the great body of stockholders remain both puzzled and passive. But now and then a lone individual stockholder succeeds in impressing the honesty of his motives and the validity of his criticisms upon his fellow shareholders before the company has gone too far to the bad.

But individual stockholders who will take trouble are even rarer than managers who possess genius. Nor are there any rules to guide them. Offhand it might seem as if failure on the part of managers to invest heavily in the stock of their own company is necessarily a bad sign. It is an old and common trick of crooked directors and managers in very large corporations to buy supplies from smaller companies in which they own most of the stock and to refrain from owning stock in the larger companies. Then, of course, the small company pays big dividends and the large company pays none, but as the directors and officers do not own the stock of the big company they should worry.

But, unfortunately, management may fail entirely even where the managers are large stockholders. James J. Hill had a big stake in the Great Northern Railway and made it pay, but David Moffat put his fortune into the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railroad and lost it.

In attempting to formulate some guidance for the investor I questioned among others a man who holds a position of only medium importance in a large concern. "What can I say to the investor that will be of any value?" I asked.

"There is absolutely only one way to know that the management of a company is honest and efficient," he replied, "and

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WHERE, within $400 of the new Hupmobile price, would you match the sound, known value of the Hupmobile? If you pay more, would the value be equally greater? At a lower price, would less in the car, and from the car, satisfy you?

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Department P

AMERICAN STEEL WOOL MFG. CO., INC.
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that is to go to work for them as I have done, even in a poor position."

But perhaps the case is not so hopeless as that. The president of one of the great corporations, who insisted that his name must not be mentioned, said that he did not believe the investor could get at the facts concerning the management of the larger corporations, owing to their size and the complicated character of their accounts, except through the consensus of opinion of the stock market. The general public judgment as represented by the price of the stock seemed to him the best criterion. This is too large a question to discuss pro and con. in detail in this article, but it is probably true in many cases that the conduct of a stock over a period of years, especially if combined with a financial policy on the part of the company of either a patently wise or a foolish nature, should serve as a rough but reasonable guide.

There can be no doubt, finally, that the investor's chief safeguard such as it is is the investment-banking house. Certainly the number of unsuccessful enterprises would be much greater if it were not for the banker who mediates between mere ability of management and the mere capital of investors.

Allowing for the fact that the advice given by the investment banker is biased by the goods on his shelf and the size of his profit, yet it is probably better advice than in most cases the investor will get from his friends and acquaintances or than his own judgment affords.

The banker may not be a good business manager himself, but he should acquire through his experience an almost intuitive insight into the business ability and integrity of promoters and managers. In addition he has the expert advice of engineers, accountants and lawyers to lean upon. In the long run, his natural avarice is probably less dangerous to the investor than the optimism of the manager himself, who is looking at so many trees in his business that he cannot see the woods.

But the investment banker is still a very imperfect instrument and a very weak vessel for the protection of investors. He can be said to protect the investor only because there is nothing better in the way of protection.

If any real or substantial progress is to be made in the detection of poor management and the prevention of corporate illness it must be through radical improvement in investment-banking methods.

It is generally agreed in financial circles that the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., both under the elder Morgan and under the present régime, has shown great skill in picking successful enterprises and men. But the New Haven Railroad's slide down to poverty with the elder Morgan as a director, and the sad, unfortunate operation of saddling on a healthy railroad system one of the most sickly railroad weaklings in the Middle West, seem to have had the approval of this great firm.

Allowing for the possible one-sidedness of his point of view it is nevertheless significant that one of the most successful organizers and managers whom I know stated to me that the bankers of his acquaintance seem to know nothing about the fundamental principles of industrial management and the qualifications necessary for men to handle things rightly.

"Banks and bankers are constantly extending credit to concerns, knowing nothing more about them than their balance sheets, and not knowing whether they are safely managed or not. Many a company that shows up entirely solvent, so far as its balance sheet is concerned, may have such a bad labor policy as to be practically insolvent on that score. There is no class that ought to recognize good management and poor management when they see it, and for whom it is more vital to have good management, than the bankers, and yet there is no class in the community that seems to be less informed in this field than they."

With all due respect to this man's judgment, I think his statement is extreme, but I agree with another business organizer of experience who makes the novel, interesting and constructive suggestion that the purchasers of bonds and stocks be told by their bankers in some detail about the standing and record of the directors and managers of the property.

He said: "It seems to me as though the time would come when the buying department of the investment-banker organization would have to pass on the business they underwrite from an industrial point of view. Why should not the purchaser of stock or bonds know through the broker or banker more about the board of directors and the executive officers? My feeling is that the time will come when this will be necessary. Of course this is difficult. The best of executives fall down. There is no simple measure of such men, but such indications of stature as there are, the public is entitled to know. Incidentally, it would tend to root out nepotism and the friendship stuff—bankers' pets, and the like."

MILE HIGH

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"Patricia decided to go up to her room," Léontine said. "She asked me to say her good-bys."

"Not ill, I hope?"

"No, but she complained of a giddiness and slight headache. I noticed that after dancing she was quite breathless and very flushed, which is most unusual for Patricia. She said that she felt feverish and I told her to send for a hotel nurse to take her temperature."

"Altitude, very likely," said Chris. "It gets a good many like that at first."

"Myself also," said Stephan. "My heart is pounding like a worn motor. I think that I shall call up her room and ask after her. Then I may smoke a cigarette if you will give me *congé* for a few moments."

He was moving away when Nita's ear was caught by the shrill voice of a page, who piped with whining monotony: "Miss Heming—telephone message for Miss Heming—Miss Heming."

Chris gave a sibilant hiss, and the boy made his way to where they were sitting.

"They took the message, sir," said he, and handed him a slip of paper, which he gave to Nita, who glanced it through, then turned an anxious face to the others.

"Listen, Chris. 'Miss Heming's butler telephones that Captain Heming is feeling very badly. The butler thinks that Miss Heming had better return as soon as possible.' I must go at once, Chris."

"Of course. It's probably just the change of weather. Actually muggy—for Denver."

Léontine expressed her sympathy. "I am going up myself to see how Patricia's getting on. It has been a lovely ball and I have enjoyed it so much. It is a revelation to know they do things so well out here on the edge of the Rockies."

"Oh, they live a mile high and a hundred miles wide in Denver," said Chris.

They went out together and, bidding Léontine good night, Nita hurried to the cloakroom.

"You might call up the house while I'm getting my wraps and ask Antoine about Jerry's condition," said she to Chris.

When several minutes later he joined her his face looked vexed and concerned.

"I couldn't get the house," he said. "First they said the line was busy, and a moment later that they didn't answer."

"Antoine may have been telephoning to the sanatorium for a doctor," said Nita. "Well, the best that we can do is to hurry home."

They went out and in the press of vehicles experienced another vexatious delay in getting the car. "Go as fast as you can, John, but don't get us arrested," said Nita. "Captain Heming has had a bad turn."

As Chris seated himself he became acutely conscious of the pistol loaned him by the sheriff. Taking it out of his pocket, unobserved by Nita, he wedged it in a corner of the cushion at his side. They glided rapidly over the smooth, wide thoroughfare, and presently the glow of Denver, which prides itself on being the most brightly lighted city in the world, dropped beneath the level of the plateau and they found themselves in murky darkness.

"As soon as we get to the house," said Nita, "I'll run up to see Jerry and you telephone to the sanatorium for an ambulance. He may be going to have another hemorrhage, and in that case he'd better be there." She choked back a little sob. "And I thought the poor boy was on the highroad to recovery."

The bungalow was quickly reached and as they got out of the car Nita said to the chauffeur: "You may go round to the garage, John, but don't leave until you hear from me. I might need you for something."

Chris, forgetting the pistol in his anxiety for his friend, ran up the steps and trying the door found it on the latch. But to his still greater surprise there was no sign of the faithful Antoine.

"What's become of the servants?" he exclaimed.

Nita had followed him in. "They must be upstairs with Jerry. Phone right away to the sanatorium, Chris; then come up."

She rushed up the stairs and into her brother's room, which was lighted, as was the rest of the house. On the threshold she paused and her hands flew up to her throat, for a shocking sight presented itself. Her brother, whom she had left a few hours before resting comfortably, reading, and in a cheerful state of mind, appeared at first glance to have died of hemorrhage within the last half hour. His face was of a waxen pallor.

At the bedside, leaning over the stricken man, a physician was taking his pulse, while a nurse of rather bulky figure was apparently chafing his feet.

As Nita entered the doctor glanced round at her so that she caught only his profile, which was rather high featured with a thick mustache and beard.

"He's in a critical condition, Miss Heming," said he in a flat nasal voice. "You'd better change as quickly as possible and lend us a hand."

Cold with dread Nita hastened to her room. She flung aside her ermine coat, divested herself of her jewels, which she threw on the dresser, tore off her dress, and slipping into a dressing gown hurried back to Jerry's side.

"Is he breathing?" she whispered.

"Rather badly, and his pulse has gone to pieces." He turned to the nurse. "Go jump in the car and hurry to the sanatorium and get some oxygen."

The bulky nurse slipped out, half closing the door behind her.

"Chafe his feet," said the doctor, and Nita obeyed, feeling scarcely able to breathe. She was dimly conscious of Chris' voice in agonized accents imploring for a communication.

"What's become of the servants?" she whispered.

"I sent them down to make hot compresses. The maid was hysterical so I sent her to her room."

There came from below a sort of despairing growl and Nita heard Chris coming up three steps at a time. He reached the doorway, then stopped, aghast.

"Merciful heaven!" he murmured. "Where was that nurse going?"

"To the sanatorium for oxygen," wailed Nita. "Oh, Chris, for heaven's sake go down and tell them to hurry with those hot blankets and compresses. He's cold as ice from head to foot."

Chris turned and bolted below. Nita heard him calling Antoine wildly, then: "There's nobody here."

The doctor rose and turned to the door. "Then heat some water and soak a blanket in it yourself," he called in a snarling voice which struck with a paralyzing shock on Nita's ears. She sprang to her feet and stared at the bearded face with agonizing terror.

Her stare was returned with so sinister, so diabolic a glare that Nita's heart seemed to dwindle into faint attenuated beats. Her knees buckled slowly under her, and she sank to the floor, clinging to the bedpost, conscious but unable to articulate. For the stream of hate and fiendish gloating triumph which poured from those small pale baleful eyes reacted on her mind with that hellish benumbing paralysis which few people ever have experienced except in nightmares. Birds and small animals suffer it often no doubt on confronting the flat lifted head of the serpent, which tortures them in that brief instant before they become its prey.

The muscles of Nita's throat contracted, her mouth opened and shut, suddenly parched dry. She caught her breath, and a low strangling noise, mumbling and inarticulate, passed between her teeth. She tried again, and this time became coherent.

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"The NIGHTwear of a Nation"

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(Continued from Page 28)

"Howard Townley!" It was like the last words of the dying.

The hair seemed to part above and below the thin, cruel lips. Nita stared in dread fascination at the prominent canine teeth which she remembered so well "not Howard Townley!"

"*Que si—chère Titania,* my ravishing fairy queen! This time I've got you."

As if in a horrible dream Nita heard Chris banging things about in the kitchen below, for the bungalow though comfortable was small and simple of arrangement. She wanted to scream, but was unable to muster the strength.

And then that happened upon which the murderer had not counted, just as there is always some vital thing on which most assassins fail to reckon. Had Nita been alone with him she might have died like a fluttering pigeon in the coils of a black snake. But as she glanced at her brother, senseless, dying, the poor helpless victim of this cold-blooded saurian, there awoke in her that flame of highest courage all creatures know, which is the maternal. It became instantly evident to her numbed intelligence that the ruthless thug had profited by the occasion to enter the house, assassinate the servants, who even now might be lying with cut throats in some locked closet, then do her brother nearly to his death and await her return for his sworn vengeance.

And at this last consideration the cobwebs of her mind were brushed away. The apathy of terror dropped from her as she had torn off her gala dress. With her brain on fire her heart gave a throb which sent the red blood tingling through her tissues, while the nerve impulses discharged were like the loosing of a tremendous spiral spring.

Townley, watching her in satanic triumph, did not miss the yellow blaze in her tawny eyes. His arms flew out, fingers crooked and writhing just as Nita sprang. She tried to avoid them but too late. They fastened on her white creamy throat, thumbs compressing the air passage so that she could not cry out. She beat at his face with her fists, clawed at his eyes, sought to writhe about and fasten her teeth in the bulging forearm. But it was too late. Losing her balance she fell backward, suffocating, strangling.

Lights flashed before her eyes, the roar of cataracts drummed in her ears—and then oblivion.

Townley, his death grip unrelaxed, heard steps bounding up the stairs. Chris having put on the water to heat was now in search of a blanket. Townley kicked shut the door behind him.

"Don't come in!" he snarled. "Don't interrupt!" and his grip tightened.

"But I say, Nita—what sort of blanket?"

"Any blanket!" growled Townley. "Hurry!"

"But hang it, doctor, the water's got to heat. Nita!"

"She's gone out. Gone to get the car—to fetch another doctor." He loosed his hold on Nita's throat, and reaching to his hip drew a knife from its sheath. He felt affairs to be hanging in the balance. If the man outside believed him and went down again he could quickly finish his affair with Nita and dropping through the open window slip over to where his taxi was waiting. The removal of mustache and Vandyke and the black wig, a change of clothes; and escape seemed easy of achievement.

But in that fraction of a second's wavering hesitation some sixth sense may have warned Chris that here was something foul, some scheme of hell. He had not heard the front door close, Nita would not have left her brother, or at least the house. It was he, Chris, who should have been dispatched. All these were concrete reasonings and at that crucial moment weighed less perhaps on his senses than some sinister quality in the voice of the physician.

Chris sprang forward and laid his hand upon the door knob.

Townley heard it and swung about, knife in hand, and as Chris thrust the door inward Townley flung it wide and drove forward at him with a savage snarl.

All that saved the life of Chris in that instant was his grip upon the door knob; also Townley's rush of murder lust. If Chris had loosed his hold he would have stood directly on the threshold straight in the drive of Townley's knife. But clinging to the knob and close to the door he swung after it and toward the right, so that the point of the knife missed him, though its edge slashed him across the side of the ribs.

For Townley in jerking open the door had naturally done so with his left hand on the knob—the knife in his right and passing close to the jamb. The bodies of the two big men came together with a jar, and before Townley could recover himself Chris stooped, gripped him about the thighs and flung him backward over his shoulder and down the hall. Townley tried to scramble up, but Chris had caught a glimpse of Nita's senseless body, and the sight drove him berserk as one of his viking ancestors. With a roar he sprang upon the struggling man, caught the wrist of the hand which held the knife, gripped the elbow and drawing the forearm across his knee snapped it as one breaks a fagot. The knife dropped from Townley's nerveless fingers. Chris whipped it up and with a cough of fury at each successive stroke let the black soul filter out of him.

XIII

THE sheriff had passed a very hectic evening, alternately keeping an eye on the ballroom and greeting the many acquaintances who drifted in and out, for he was widely known and universally esteemed throughout the region.

The display of jewels had not escaped his vigilant eye, and knowing the character of his four late guests he felt it incumbent on his sworn office as a servant of the law to keep them under observation during the course of the festivities. Also his conscience troubled him a little. He felt that he ought to enlighten the hotel detective that the house was sheltering dangerous criminals, but on the other hand he found it intensely repugnant to subject those to whom he had so recently rendered hospitality to disgrace.

"Supposing," said the sheriff to himself, "they've made up their minds that it ain't good enough, and decided to go straight. There are no actual charges against them, and my giving them away might queer their chances for living honest and drive them into crime again."

This, it may be evident, was not very sound reasoning in view of what his Chinaman had told him. But even so, the cold-blooded plan suggested by Patricia had been promptly vetoed by Léontine, and the sheriff hoped that she might continue to prove a restraining influence. There was no question in his mind but that this girl was the more criminally dangerous, and here there entered another factor to augment his turmoil of conflicting emotions.

For the sight of Patricia in her evening gown was like pouring gasoline on the fire kindled in the sheriff's deep chest. He had never seen women in modern décolleté, bare of back, nearly bare of bosom, with gowns that clung in a manner rather to denude than clothe. And Patricia's inhuman beauty so lent itself to this that she shone in the eyes of the simple but strong-hearted plainsman like some wonderful creature not of this world. The vigor of a physique that would at once explain to an athletic trainer the source of her uncanny strength was to the sheriff so softened and ameliorated by the clearness of her white skin and the melting curves of arms and shoulders in which great power lurked, that again he found it difficult to account for the grip that had fallen on his big wrist, forced his heavily muscled arm so painfully up under him, and the swing that had pivoted him on his heels and flung him to the earth.

His knowledge of her criminal nature did nothing to lessen the force of an infatuation that was overpowering him. Perhaps it augmented this, just as the sight of a wild lioness in splendid fur might stir the desire for capture in the heart of a hunter, whereas the same ferocious animal sleek and well-kept in captivity would offer no especial attraction. In the other beautiful women present the sheriff saw the domesticated species, but Patricia belonged to the wild, and the lure of the wild was deeply planted in the ranchman's breast.

Patricia, seated, slowly moving her fan, stirred him to the depths, but Patricia dancing set his soul on fire. She seemed to float in the arms of her partners, and the sheriff wondered at their self-possession. He felt that were he to be so placed some ungovernable impulse would overwhelm him.

So he sat and smoked, from time to time exchanging a few jovial words with friend or acquaintance, and determined to see the ball through and his late guests go to their rooms. Then as he waited, screened by intervening spectators, he saw Patricia come out and go to the elevator.

The hotel was built at a time when economy of space and economy of heating were less considered than to-day. The big central area of the ground floor rises straight to the roof, the rooms giving off from galleries, open to observation from below. Drawing back a little the sheriff presently saw Patricia emerge from the elevator on the fourth story, and walking a short distance unlock a door and enter. He wondered a little at her going up when the festivities were at their height, but felt a bit relieved that she had done so. One responsibility removed. A few minutes later he was accosted by a friend, with whom he entered into conversation. They went together to watch the dancing for a few moments, after which the sheriff resumed his former seat.

Patricia for the moment was not occupying his mind, but happening to glance up at the door through which she had disappeared the sheriff was surprised to see a woman in the white costume of a trained nurse come out and walk to the elevator. He wondered if Patricia had been taken ill and decided to intercept the nurse and ask, then thought that this might show an unwarrantable interest in the girl's movements. Still, he might have done so but that the nurse did not appear on the office floor.

For the rest of the night's gayeties the sheriff confined himself to keeping an eye on Léontine and Stephan. But in this he was presently foiled, for they moved into the supper room to a position where he could not watch them without intrusion. He did not see Stephan come out, but a little later Léontine emerged, talking with Chris and the young woman whose beauty and jewels had excited so much admiration throughout the evening. There seemed no reason to the sheriff why he should not go up and speak to them, or at least to Léontine, who detached herself and saying good night went to the elevator.

She greeted the sheriff cordially. He mentioned having seen Patricia go up an hour before and expressed the hope that she was not ill.

"Not actually ill," Léontine answered, "but rather tired and complaining of a headache and a slight giddiness. Mr. Carmichael thinks it may be the altitude."

"It sometimes affects strangers that way," the sheriff agreed, "though we're only a mile high here."

"She said that she would call for the nurse to take her temperature," Léontine observed. "She and my brother want to make an early start and go on to Salt Lake to-morrow morning, but I shall persuade her to go with me by train and let Stephan take the car alone."

"That would be a lot better," said the sheriff. "If she feels this height the road over the pass might hit her pretty hard. I thought you counted on stopping here some days."

"We have changed our plans and must be getting on, as we've still got a long way to travel," said Léontine.

The sheriff scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry at this news. It relieved him of responsibility, but the thought that he was not to see immediately this girl who had so obsessed him brought with it a bitter disappointment.

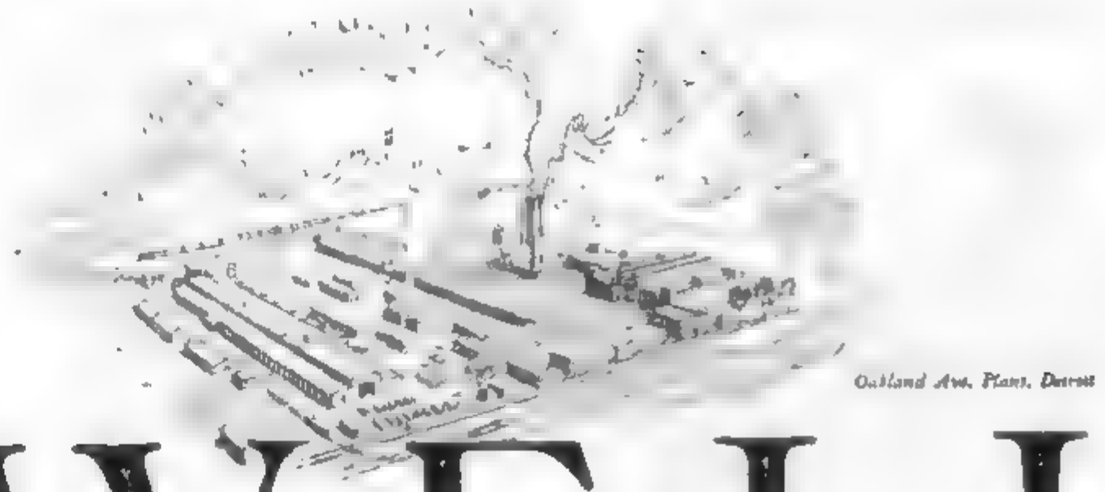
"Well, countess," said he, "I suppose then it's got to be good-by for the present. I'd like to have a little talk with you before you go."

"Then come and lunch with me to-morrow," said Léontine, who was quick to see the advantage of being publicly remarked with so well-known a personality and officer of the law. "Whether or not I can persuade Patricia to wait, I shall be here in any case." She gave him her hand and said good night.

The sheriff as he turned away wondered what she would have to say when he told her of his knowledge of their true identity, with a warning to keep her party inside the pale of the law. For this he had fully decided to do—should in fact have done it sooner, he thought.

There being no apparent necessity for further espionage, the sheriff went wearily up to his room -for his emotional evening had tired him more than a day's hard work on his ranch could have done -and went to bed. It was then about three o'clock, and it seemed to the sheriff that he had scarcely closed his eyes when he was roused by the clamor of his telephone bell. Like most men who have lived long close to the wild the sheriff did not waken by

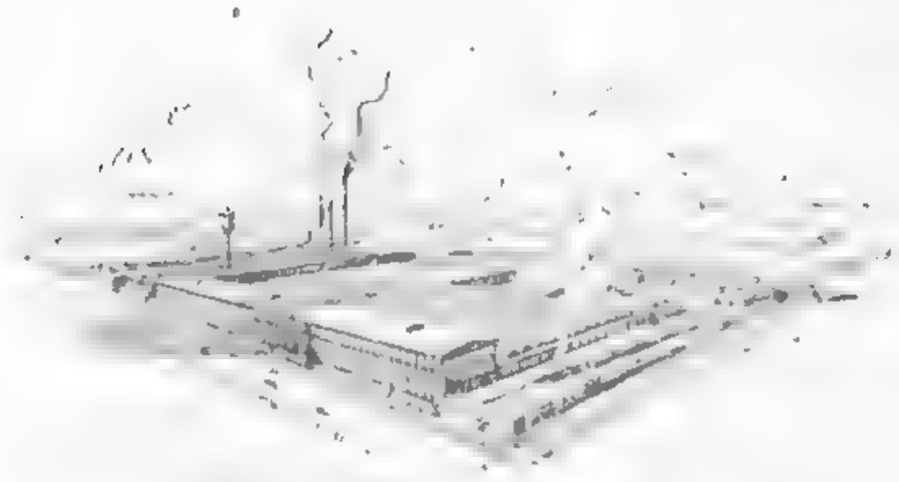
(Continued on Page 32)



Oakland Ave. Plant, Detroit

MAXWELL

Plant No. 1, Dayton, Ohio



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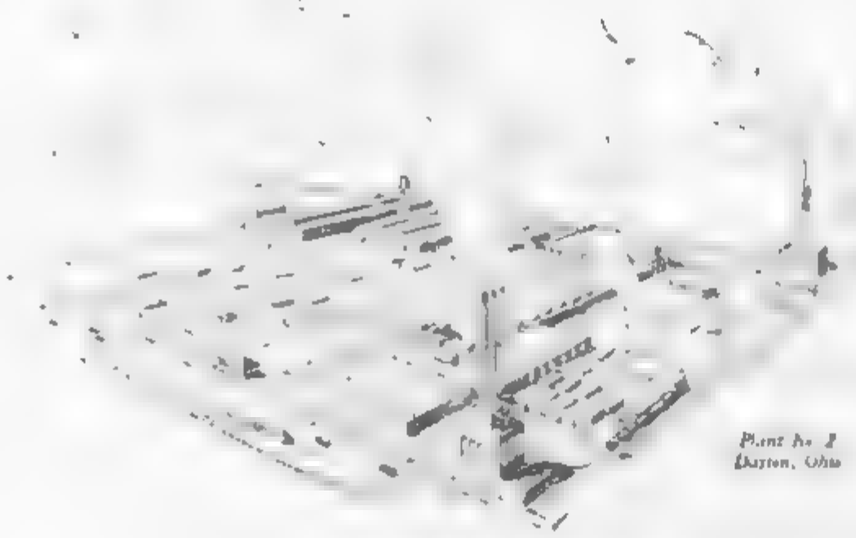
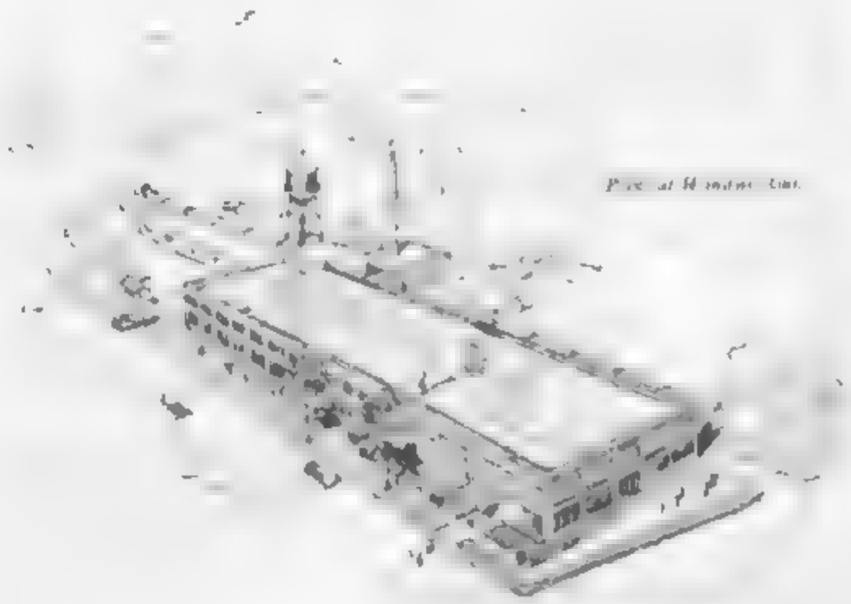
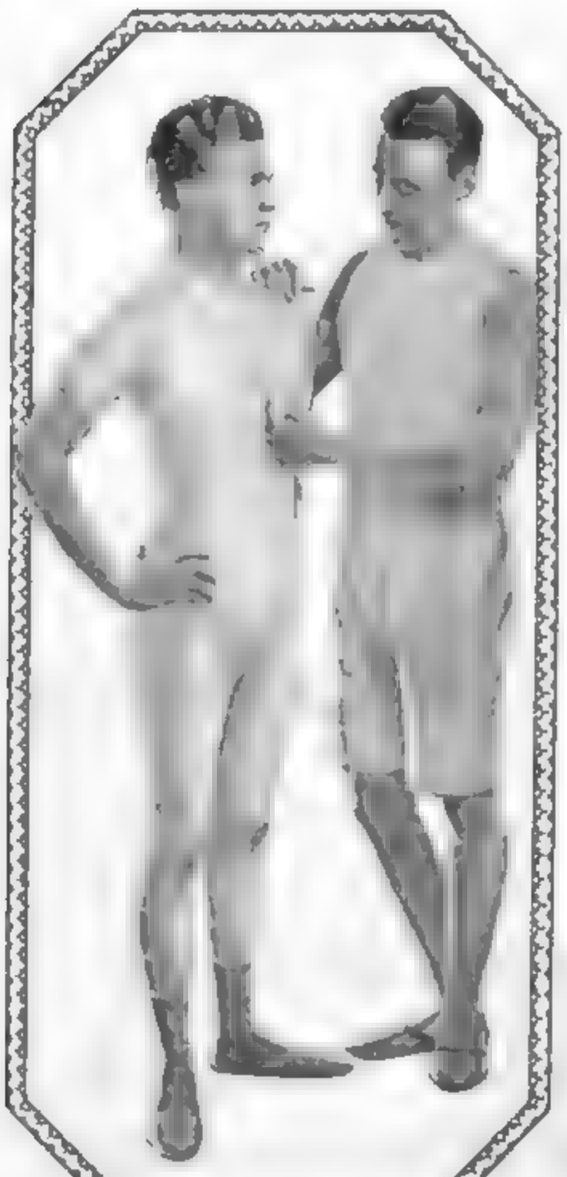


Plant No. 2
Dayton, Ohio



Plant at Hamilton, Ont.



HIS TROUBLE IS ENDED

"NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins"—when a man wears the

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ONE BUTTON
UNION SUIT

he doesn't need either. One master button at the chest, instead of a whole row up and down the front, means that you are free from the constant bother of repairing buttonholes and replacing buttons. Here, the one sturdily fastened and conveniently located button closes the garment completely, and results in a far smoother, more comfortable fit than you can get in the ordinary union suit.

This Spring you can get the Hatch One Button Union Suit in the finest of knit goods and nainsook. We shall be glad to send, free on request, a catalog describing the complete line

The Hatch One Button Union Suit is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N.Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's garments: Knitted—$1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00. Nainsook—$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.50

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FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
ALBANY NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 30)

degrees, but all at once like a wolf or wildcat. More than that, his sixth sense told him that something was amiss, that his official service was in demand.

"Sheriff Hartwell?" asked a voice with an Irish accent.

"Yes."

"Misther Carmichael says will yez come out to Miss Heming's house as quick as ever you can?"

"All right," said the sheriff. "What's up?"

"Misther Carmichael told me to say nothing, sor, but to ask you to get out here as quick as ever the Lord would let you." And he gave the sheriff the address.

In the first few seconds a fireman might have learned something from the sheriff's speed in getting into his clothes. Naturally the fireman might have beat him, the donning of his costume being more simplified, but, garment for garment, the sheriff must have won. Not waiting for the elevator he went down flight after flight something in the fashion of a big-horned sheep descending a precipice. But for all his haste he did not neglect to pocket a pair of handcuffs, a length of steel chain and a pistol, for the sheriff was a two-gun man. He had garaged his car close to the hotel and he had it mobilized about as quickly as a taxi could have been captured at that hour.

Speed regulations not applying to the sheriff it is safe to say that he beat all previous records out to the plateau by a very considerable margin.

The Hemings' bungalow was lighted up. As the sheriff rushed up the steps and into the house he was met by Chris, whose face looked as though chiseled in marble and set with a pair of eyes as hard as jade.

"What's up?" the sheriff demanded.

"Looks like a double murder," Chris answered evenly. "Can't tell yet. The doctors are working over them. Juanita Heming and her brother."

In a few brief words he told of what had happened.

"It was an easy plant," continued Chris. "He located Nita at the ball, then came here with the nurse, who was, of course, a man in disguise. It was a simple thing to break in and grab the servants in their rooms. They gagged and bound them, then lugged them down and locked them up in a cellar trunk room. The doctors say they must have given Heming a jab of morphine, then poured a bottle of red ink over his pillow and pajamas. As soon as Heming was unconscious this thug telephoned for Nita to come right out, then cut the telephone wires some distance from the instrument. Lord, Bob, but he came within one jump of getting clean away with it! But there was something in his voice that put my hair up. Even then he'd have managed it if he hadn't been in such a hellish hurry. I'd left the gun you gave me in the car."

"Let's have a look at him," said the sheriff.

Chris led him up the stairs and down the corridor, then opened the door of a bathroom. The body of Townley was lying in a horrid welter. The sheriff took a single glance at his face and stepped out, closing the door behind him.

"I thought so!" he growled. "Sir Harold Trimble, supposed to be in Salt Lake City."

"What? The fourth of the countess' party?"

"Yes. The nurse was Patricia Melton. I've been a damned fool. This is my fault, son."

"But I don't get you," said Chris.

"I want to see Miss Heming."

"She's still unconscious, and the doctors from the sanatorium are working over her. They say that it's about an even chance that she pulls through. She's been strangled to the point of death and the circulation practically cut off from the brain so as to leave a dangerous congestion. Bob, if you knew what those people were, why didn't you tell me?"

The sheriff's face was haggard. "I only knew about the two women and the man, Stephan. I couldn't get a line on this skunk you slaughtered. My report on the others was that they were dangerous European crooks, but with no charges to warrant their arrest. I kept them under my eye until they went to bed—or at least I thought I had. The girl, Patricia, shifted into the nurse's costume at the hotel. I saw her go into her room and a little later I saw the nurse come out. She looked like a big stocky woman with black hair and spectacles. Now show me Miss Heming's room."

Chris did so. Nita's clothes were lying as she had thrown them down on hurriedly changing. The sheriff rummaged through the drawers, searched every available nook and corner, but it was evident to Chris that he did not expect to find anything.

"Just as I thought," growled the sheriff. "They rigged this plant to steal the jewels. Then Miss Heming must have suspected something, and he tried to choke her into silence."

A doctor came in. "We've got her to breathing," said he. "Brain congestion is the trouble now."

"Will she pull through?" asked Chris in a dry croaking voice.

"Can't promise it yet. Captain Heming is out of danger though." And he went out again.

The sheriff flung open the window. In the east the first light of dawn was striking down from the sky, now clear and cloudless, and the rims of the Rockies not far distant were edged with crimson. The sheriff turned his strained face to Chris.

"They can't get far," said he. "The chances are they don't know that this assassin got his, and there's no reason for them to suspect that he's been recognized or that anybody is on to them. The countess told me that Patricia and Stephan might make an early start in the car to go on to Salt Lake. Stephan must have been waiting outside with the car, and as soon as she got the jewels they beat it. The countess and your man figured to go there by rail. What time did you get back here?"

"About half past two."

The sheriff glanced at his watch. "Well, they can't have got far. We're just as sure of them as if we had them under lock and key. Where can I telephone?"

"Next door."

"Then I'll report the murder to police headquarters. But look here, Chris, I'd rather not report the robbery just yet. It was my fault, and I want to collar this pair myself."

"Whatever you say, Bob," Chris answered lifelessly.

"They've got no reason to think we're on to them. They're headed out on the trail for Salt Lake and I can soon overhaul them."

"I'll go with you." Chris stepped to the window and looked out, then turned to the sheriff with a trace of animation on his drawn features. "I say, Bob, how do we know they're heading for Salt Lake? That may be just a blind. For all we know they may be making for Canada or Mexico. But as you say, they can't get far. I understand your wanting to collar them yourself. Now what about this for a plan? We can go over to the hangar and jump into my bus and circle the country until we pick them up. There won't be many big cars going over the road at this hour."

"Don't you want to stay here, son?"

"There's nothing I can do here, and the suspense is apt to send me off my head. I'd rather clear out and do something, and learn what's happened when I get back. The doctors say she may be unconscious for hours if she comes round at all."

The sheriff reflected for a moment. Chris stared out through the open window. "It's going to be still and clear," he said.

"All right!" said the sheriff. "If we miss them we can land at some town and send out word to block the roads."

"And if we pick them up," said Chris, "we can make a landing on the road ahead and stop them. They've got no reason to suspect that their job has gone wrong."

The sheriff nodded. "I'd a lot rather nail them myself," said he, "since I'm responsible for what's happened."

"What about the countess?" Chris asked.

"If she's still at the hotel she'll wait," the sheriff answered. "Somehow I've got a hunch that she ain't in on this. But if she's with the others we'll rope her in at the same time. Come on, let's go."

Chris nodded. "One minute, Bob," said he; "one minute and I'll be with you. It may be the last time I'll see her alive."

He stepped to the door of Juanita's room and entered. A moment later he came out again, motioned to the sheriff, and they went down the stairs and out, the air very still and of a glittering clearness.

"Perfect flying day," said Chris in a dead voice. "Visibility about a hundred miles. Think you can spot their car, Bob?"

"Far as I can see it. They've got a newfangled contraption that I've only seen once in these parts. Look for a strip of green on the wind shield."

Stepping into the sheriff's car they drove across to the hangar, where Chris awoke a sleepy machinist.

"The sheriff wants to requisition the three-seater for official business," said Chris briefly.

The plane was wheeled out and got ready for flight.

"I've had an extra tank put in this one," said Chris, "to make nonstop flights to Omaha or Kansas City. Two or three times we've had a client who wanted to get somewhere in a hurry. Better have a bite before you start, Bob."

He went to his locker and produced biscuits and sardines, with a jar of cheese and a couple of bottles of ginger ale. They ate mechanically, a good deal as the machinist poured gasoline into the full tanks. Then all being in readiness they got into their flying clothes and climbed aboard. The machinist cranked the fan. The light plane taxied across the smooth stretch, rose gently, then swam higher into the keen, fine air.

XIV

PATRICIA slipping out of the Heming bungalow, heavy-laden with her spoils, smiled to herself at the ease with which her coup so masterly planned had been accomplished. She walked down to the corner, then turned to the right, and came presently to where Stephan was waiting with the big touring car.

"It is all right?" he whispered eagerly. "You have them?"

"The whole collection," she answered with a gurgling laugh.

"She did not suspect?"

Patricia got in behind. The hood was drawn and the side curtains rigged. "No. Hurry now! You are sure you know the road?"

"Yes; I have studied the map."

They started off rapidly. Patricia opened a valise and took out her riding clothes and a dust coat. She then began to divest herself of her nurse's costume. Pulling off a black wig she threw it into the sack and, relieved of her white uniform, began to unwind from her supple waist a light traveling rug.

"It was easy as winding your watch. At sight of her brother unconscious and the red ink poured over everything she was too frightened to be observant. Howard is a good actor. He imitated perfectly a worried American doctor."

"But the man, this Chris?"

"We kept him out. The servants were supposed to have lost their heads, and Howard sent him to heat the water. He sent me also to fetch oxygen from the sanatorium. The telephone was out of order—wires were cut—and presently he will go next door to call for another doctor. Once out of the house he will get into his taxi and return to the Metropolitan Building. Then he will get another taxi and go to the station, where he can change his clothes and get rid of his black wig in the lavatory."

Patricia began to draw on her riding breeches.

"But if she should recognize him?"

"I do not think there is the slightest danger. The beard, his wig and the glasses are a complete disguise, and Howard is a good mimic. Besides, she is far too concerned about her brother to think of anything else. When Howard fails to return she may become suspicious, and then if she discovers that her jewels are gone she will give the alarm. But if Howard is quick and clever he ought to manage it. That's his lookout. I can't see any possible danger for ourselves."

"I am not so sure," Stephan answered. "There are three great dangers."

"*Of course!*" Patricia's voice had a contemptuous cut. "There is always danger to a job like this. But I do not think there is any for us."

"What if he were to be taken at the station, and round on us when identified by the Heming girl?"

"Why should he? It could not help his case, whereas he knows Léontine's orthodox technic in sparing no money or pains to defend one of her workers who happens to get caught."

"But Léontine knows nothing about this job."

"That makes no difference," said Patricia. "She shall get her share all the same. If we had let her know she would

(Continued on Page 34)

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

ANY man with two eyes and a drop of sporting blood can understand why the Paige "Larchmont II" is the ruling favorite on every fashionable boulevard.

It is a delightfully refreshing sensation to merely look at this smart four seater. But to own it—to drive it—is one of those deep, lasting joys that only sportsmen know.

Under the hood is the exclusive 6-66 power plant that has won one hundred hill climbing records and astonished the engineering world by its power and flexibility. Into its structure are wrought the same stamina and strength that enabled our "Daytona" 6-66 model to travel the Florida beach at the amazing speed of 102.8 miles per hour.

Such are the credentials of the "Larchmont II." No car has a finer heritage or a more firmly established position as master of the American highway.

But you must know this car in action. Take just one ride and compare it with any other car—at any price—and draw your own conclusions. On this basis the "Larchmont" will tell its own story.

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Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 32)

have stopped it. She would not trust Townley alone with the Heming girl."

"*Sapristi!* But I feel the same about it. His hatred for her is a monomania. At this very moment I would not give a hundred dollars for her life."

"I wouldn't give two sous for it," said Patricia indifferently. "To tell the truth, Stephan, it would surprise me very much to learn that either she or her brave Chris was still alive." She began coolly to put on her silk riding shirt. Stephan threw her a frightened glance over his shoulder. "Keep your eyes on the road!" snapped Patricia, and Stephan obeyed with a startled jerk of his head.

"But did you count on that?" he muttered.

"Of course," Patricia answered in her most limpid voice. "I did not actually advise it, because I felt that I could count on Howard's hatred. I don't think I ever knew a better hater. I happen to know something about him that explains it. His father really was an English duke, and his mother a Spanish dancer at the Alhambra. She tried once to poison and once to knife him shortly before Howard's birth. He had promised to marry her. Howard was born, as you might say, with a caul of hatred."

"But I thought he was Australian?"

"When his mother killed herself the duke sent the baby out there with the wife of the superintendent of his sheep station. But to get back to this job, I knew that once Howard was alone with the girl he would not be able to restrain himself."

"But her trying to trap him was natural, since it was to save her brother," Stephan objected.

"But you are stupid, *mon ami*. His hatred was not because she trapped him. It was because he was mad about her and thought that she had fallen a victim to his fascinations. Hell may have no fury like a woman scorned, but there are worse places than hell; cold places between the worlds; and Howard's hatred was something of that sort when he discovered that she had made a silly fool of him. He is a bit like me in that respect.

"Even to-day I can't think of Clamp the peddler without a *vertige*. I doubt if I could keep from killing him should the opportunity offer. In the present case I had counted on this, and don't you see that it is the best thing that could happen? By this time he has probably killed the girl, and Monsieur Chris also; and with these two removed there is nobody who could identify him. The servants were taken by surprise in the dark. That is the reason why I insisted that we keep Léontine in ignorance of our plan."

A shudder seemed to ripple through the man at the wheel. He turned up the corner of his coat. "You are terrible, Patricia," he muttered.

Patricia gave her limpid laugh and proceeded to pack the nurse's costume into the valise. The jewels she stuffed into the pockets of her riding breeches. "I am terribly consistent, *mon ami*. As a disciple of Chu-Chu you must admit as much. Now please don't talk for a while. I am tired and want to snatch a little sleep. Be sure that you do not mistake the road."

"There is no danger. I have memorized every turning."

Patricia disposed her supple body comfortably and drew the fleecy traveling rug over her, for the early morning air was keen.

The car sped on swiftly, and before long the dawn broke, to usher in a day as perfect as that region could produce, which is the last word in perfection. Two hours passed and they began mounting the higher slopes; another hour, when the character of the country changed to steep hills and gorges. Stephan was chilled and hungry, but still Patricia slept on and he dared not waken her to get out the provisions with which they had supplied themselves.

Despite the success of their achievement the man was conscious of a vague oppression, which, however, he ascribed to the increasing altitude. Unlike Patricia and Townley he was an incomplete criminal, lacking not in cruelty or ruthlessness but that cold courage requisite to sustain these qualities. Léontine on the contrary had never been a complete criminal because of certain temperamental elements and a heart that was far from devoid of the quality of mercy. Crime to her had always been a game rather than a profession, and most of her unlawful acts had been inspired by the love of some master of the underworld. She would always have been utterly incapable of working alone as Patricia had done, and it is probable that if she had made such an attempt it would have ended disastrously.

For the successful thief, the complete criminal, must be unhampered by the faintest accent of scruple; must be supremely egotistic, as regardless of any other existence as the shark or crocodile. Unquestionably the thief is the meanest of all living creatures, because he must be devoid of the passion of blind impulse, which to a certain degree is an extenuation of other sins against mankind. He cannot advance insanity or a distorted mental balance as an excuse, for of all evildoers the successful thief must be the sanest, the most logical as well as imaginative. Such supine creatures as steal through impulse or greed or weakness in the face of temptation are quickly suppressed, just as those who, prepared to steal, yet through fear or conscience shirk a sanguinary avenue of escape, are quickly caught. For this reason the armed burglar who enters a house with a motive of theft and prepared to slay the householder or other inmates if detected is deserving of no mercy. Such an act should be a capital offense rather than a prison one.

Stephan was by nature a low-grade thief, more in the class of swindlers and forgers and defaulters. Often he trembled at the merciless traits of those with whom he found himself associated, while yet he extracted a vicarious courage from them. If cornered he would not prove lacking in courage, preferring like these others death to capture, but he could not have brought himself to the planning and execution of such deeds as this at which he was now assisting.

Several times as the car sped along he glanced back at Patricia and wondered how she could sleep so reposefully. The girl's *féerique* face and supple body, relaxed to the swaying of the car, suggested a sprite slumbering on a lily pad rocked in the ripples of a pond. The sun rose higher in the glittering sky and suddenly Patricia awoke, sat up and looked about her.

"We're getting into the mountains," said she. "What a gorgeous day! I'm hungry."

"*Sapristi*, but so am I," said Stephan. "You might get out the lunch basket from under the seat."

Patricia did so, and they made a breakfast of fruit and sandwiches and strong tea from the vacuum bottle. They had passed no cars, for the tourist season was over. A little later as they were approaching a gorge with precipitous sides Stephan looked up, then motioned to the right.

"An airplane," said he.

Patricia followed his gaze. The plane was well up, a mile high perhaps, and another mile to their right, but as they watched its course it seemed to swerve slightly in their direction and drift a little lower.

"I don't like it," said Stephan.

"Nonsense!" said Patricia. "We've seen dozens of them all along our route. Probably a postal service over the pass."

But a moment later her heart began to beat a little faster, for the plane without actually making a *virage* seemed to drift in toward them, as though borne latterly by a draft of high air, while there could be no question of its slanting downward. It seemed to hover directly over the road ahead and at an elevation which had appreciably diminished, then as though straightening its course dropped slightly and disappeared behind a ridge.

The road at this point was fairly wide and very smooth. One either side the slope rose for about a hundred yards in broken masses of rock which mounted to the foot of steep cliffs, much eroded, a sort of diminutive cañon. This ascended in a series of broad titanic steps to an elevation of several hundred feet. Patricia made a swift examination of either side. Ahead was a tangent of about three-quarters of a mile before the next turning.

"I don't like it," Stephan repeated.

"Nor I," said Patricia. "He swung in as if to look us over. Stop the car."

Stephan slowed and came to a halt at the side of the road. "What do you want to do?"

Patricia opened the door and got down. "It looks to me like history repeating itself," said she. "Do you remember how Clamp the peddler put his motor truck across the road?"

"*Ma foi, oui!* And how you hurled into the sea what we thought to be the Sultana."

"Precisely. But there is no sea here. Why should an airplane swing out of its course to have a look at us? What is interesting about a car? Stop your motor and get down." She reached for the valise with its incriminating contents and handed it to Stephan as he alighted.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to climb to the top of this first ledge and put the jewels in a safe place. You take this valise up to the foot of the cliffs and drop it in a fissure and cover it with rocks. Then we can go on, and if this proves to be a false alarm we can come back a little later for the jewels."

"*Sapristi!* But you are right," said Stephan. "There is really no great hurry about the jewels. We can remember the spot by that crude cross in the side of the cliff."

They turned to the left and began to clamber over the loose rocks, Stephan a little awkwardly, Patricia with the surefootedness of a mountain sheep. At the foot of the cliffs Stephan looked up in dismay.

"But you will break your neck," he protested.

"No jolly fear! The face of the cliffs is rough."

"But why not hide them here?" His swarthy face darkened. "Can it be possible that you do not trust me?"

Patricia's wide mouth flickered up in her mocking smile with the characteristic lifting of her left eyebrow. Then suddenly this expression vanished, for the thin air began to vibrate with a low-toned thrumming like the hum of a giant bee. It seemed to permeate the place, to fill their ears from all points of the compass. The blood sucked from Stephan's face, to leave it a ghastly mottled yellow.

"Look!" he croaked, and pointed toward the far end of the gorge.

Against the deep fathomless azure of the sky appeared the airplane, its wings so thin as to be scarcely visible, hanging very low above the crest of the broken rocks and heading straight for the roadway ahead. Patricia's hand fell on Stephan's arm with a grip that brought from him a cry of pain.

"Howard has bungled it," said she. "Quick! Throw that valise into the crevice yonder and cover it with rocks," and she turned to the face of the cliffs.

"But where are you going?"

"Up to hide these jewels. If they find them at all and my clothes, it means the gallows."

And she started to swarm up the eroded façade with the swift sinuous movements of a yellow lizard.

XV

UNDER less tragic circumstances the sheriff would have thoroughly enjoyed the experience of his first flight in the high air, his nature being one to appreciate keenly the rush of new sensations. But in his capacity of observer he scarcely took note of these or, if so, they were of a chaotic unassimilated sort.

From the moment that Chris, swinging on a wide orbit, began to circle the town, the keen eyes of the sheriff were riveted on the yellow ribbons which radiated from the Mile High City, at first like swirling meshes from the center of a spider's web, then, as they increased their scope, growing straighter, and more sharply defined.

The maneuvers of Chris were those of his prototype the hawk circling the meadow with its keen eyes cast downward to follow the runways of its rodent prey. At that hour there were few cars in motion, and flying low the brilliant clearness of the atmosphere enabled the sheriff to eliminate them from his quarry, for there was one peculiarity to this which was now of the greatest value. Its top had been new at starting and was still bright, a rather pale shade of khaki, and—far more important than this not unusual designation—it carried an innovation not yet frequent in the West, this being a green strip of glass about a foot wide on the upper wind shield, an excellent idea to protect the eyes of those in front from the searching glare. Should this be raised it would betray the car from a tremendous height and distance, and as the day was mild and the sun intense the sheriff reasoned that such would be the case.

The fugitives had got more than two hours' start, from which it was not difficult to estimate the approximate length of their

(Continued on Page 37)

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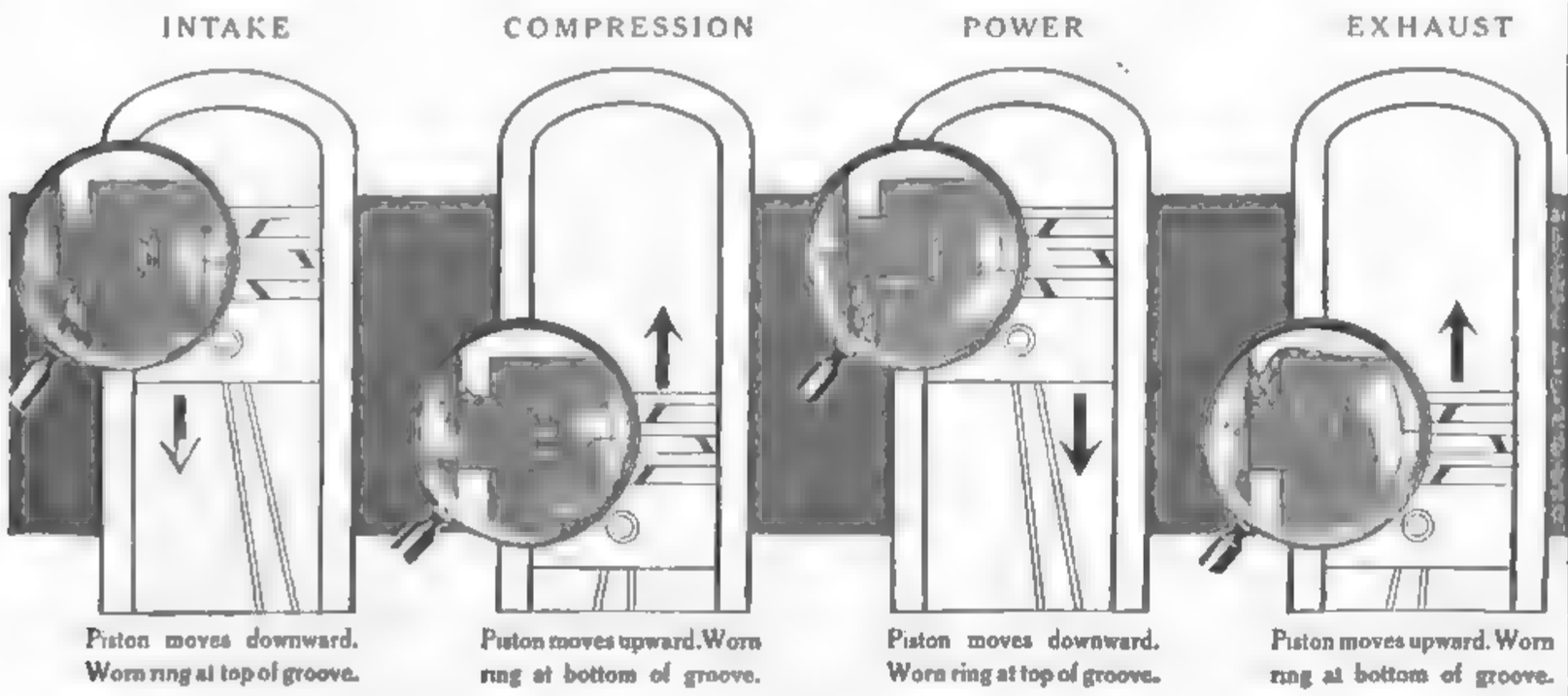

Piston moves downward. Worn ring at top of groove.

Piston moves upward. Worn ring at bottom of groove.

Piston moves downward. Worn ring at top of groove.

Piston moves upward. Worn ring at bottom of groove.

NO

Heavier Oil can never replace metal worn away

YOU are sometimes advised: "As your automobile engine becomes worn use a heavier oil." Heavier oil, some people will tell you, provides a better seal for clearances enlarged through wear.

But first consider these facts:

As your car grows older, metal is worn away by the wear between moving surfaces. Will heavier oil replace this lost metal? NO.

The oiling system of your engine was designed specifically to circulate lubricating oil of a certain body. Will this oiling system—pump, screen, oil pipes, etc.—distribute as effectively a heavier oil? NO.

Any oil, whether heavy or light, when used in worn engines will work past the pistons and piston rings and enter the combustion chambers, forming carbon. The heavier the oil, the more aggravated will usually be the carbon deposit.

What are the wise and only proper measures to take when your engine is badly worn? Obviously, have the bearings adjusted, have new pistons and piston rings fitted, and *always use the correct grade of oil for which your engine and oiling system were designed.*

WORN RINGS

Cause Carbon Deposits

Worn piston rings move perceptibly upward on the down stroke of the piston; the oil accumulates under and behind the rings. Then as the piston moves upward the rings move to the bottom of the recess, forcing the oil by the rings. This is sometimes termed "oil pumping." The oil ultimately reaches the combustion chamber, causing carbon deposit.

This whole subject of engine wear and heavier oils is dealt with in our folder, "Lubrication — Its Relation to Engine Wear." Rather than invite additional repairs and trouble through the use of too heavy oil, it will pay you to write to our nearest Branch for a copy of this paper.

* * *

THE CORRECT OIL for your car—during its entire life—is specified by the Gargoyle Mobiloils Chart of Recommendations.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here, consult the complete Chart at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for all automobiles, tractors and motorcycles.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:
New York (Main Office) Philadelphia Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City, Kan. Boston Pittsburgh Chicago Indianapolis Des Moines Buffalo Dallas

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Anderson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models							A	A	Arc	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" Model 490	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia (Detroit)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dixie Flyer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Elgin	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Federal (Model 5-30)							A	A	A	A
" (Special)							Arc	Arc		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Cam) (Model 12)					A	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
H C S	A	A	A	A						
Hares (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes	A	A	B	A						
Hudson Super-Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel (Springfield)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King 8			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
LaFayette (Indiana)	A	A	A	A						
Lexington (Gas Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A								
Locomobile	A	B	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mongrue Model M-5							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nash	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (Model 671)							A	A		
" (Com.) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (1 ton and 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Page (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com.) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic (1 and 1½ ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps Booth (4 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stewart	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Velie Model 61	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" (Special)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Westcott	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (4 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver Model 1-1A 1B 1F	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buda Model AT BJT BKT BLT BMT BPT BTT XT XTT	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental Model D-12	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Model T							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
G B & S (Model AA)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Herschell-Spillman										
Model 6 (4 & 6 A)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Nelson (4 cyl.) Model 108									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha										
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 34)

radius from the point of their departure taken as a center. But making due allowance for possible delay Chris described his eccentric circles carefully, and as these widened they began to attain such dimensions that the sheriff was troubled with doubts as to whether or not they might be able to keep pace with a car traveling in a direction fairly straight.

For two hours perhaps they described these gradually widening circles. The misgivings of the sheriff had, of course, occurred to Chris, who as an engineer and an able geometrician was trying to make some rough calculation as to the ratio of speed and distance between a car traveling at thirty miles an hour in a fairly straight line from the center and an airplane proceeding in a spiral at four times that rate of speed. As one may see, this was a problem that took some considerable calculation, for it must be remembered that the ratio was an inconstant one, each widening arc of the airplane increasing the advantage to the car.

At the end of three hours it became evident to the sheriff that Chris had decided to abandon these tactics and take a sporting chance on Stephan and Patricia's having staked everything on the success of their stratagem and boldly following the course announced, for Chris headed in a southwesterly direction and held to it in a bee line, to pick up presently the route for the pass, the topographical features of which the sheriff immediately recognized from his knowledge of the region. Keeping a little to the northward of this and about a mile high, they had traveled for about forty minutes when suddenly the strong heart of the plainsman gave a throb which felt to him enough to disturb the balance of the flying fabric. His hand fell on Chris' shoulder.

"There they go!" he shouted. "We got 'em, boy!"

Chris looking down saw what appeared to be a yellow-backed beetle with a bright green eye crawling sluggishly over the slender band of cream-colored road. He did not doubt the assurance of the sheriff, but was for the moment perplexed as to how best he might intercept the course of this venomous insect. Experience told him that though from their elevation the road appeared to wind between low, flat hummocks these might in reality be hills and ridges of considerable height and so broken as to offer no landing place between.

To examine the contour more closely he planed down for about two thousand feet, at the same time edging over toward the highway, which he now discovered by the shadows thrown to wind through a gorge of considerable depth. He dropped a little lower, passing ahead of the car at a height of not over a thousand feet, which cleared the ridge ahead by no very great margin. The road turned sharply northward at this point. So Chris banked and followed it, only to discover that the more deeply it entered the steep broken hills the more difficulty there would be in landing.

Turning the situation quickly in his mind Chris came to a swift decision. In passing the car he had observed that about two miles ahead of its position there was a tangent of the road that appeared to be wide and straight. It would be a delicate task to plane down between the steep cliffs and make his landing on the road itself. But the air was very still, the fabric which he directed beautifully balanced and of quick control, and Chris a skilled and experienced pilot. He determined to make the attempt provided he could get back to this spot before the car reached it, which seemed to him a little doubtful.

So he banked sharply and skimmed back in his aërial tracks. It occurred to him that even if he were to succeed in his attempt to block the road ahead, the car might turn and make off in the other direction. Were this to happen the pursuer and pursued would be in the position of a hawk circling a rabbit in a runway, unable to strike its quarry owing to the nature of the covert, yet preventing its escape. Chris reflected that they would have done better to have taken the sheriff's car for the pursuit, assuming that the fugitives were sufficiently sure of the success of their coup to carry out the plan they had so boldly announced and to depart from which might have placed them open to suspicion.

But a few moments later as he volplaned over the ridge and the straight stretch of highway came in sight his heart gave a throb of exultation, for he saw the car about two miles away and apparently halted. The next few moments were critical ones in which the slightest error of direction might easily precipitate a fatal result, for it was more than vital to land squarely on the road. He must continue to follow its course after landing. The slightest swerve meant destruction not only to the plane but to its occupants. A sudden gust of air, a draft up or down the gorge would have flung them among the broken rocks on either side, there being no direction to the wheels of an airplane, which even on the ground must depend upon its aërial rudder.

Chris was taut as one of the wire stays of his wonderful little fabric. He glided down into the gorge, felt the slight shock of *terra firma* beneath, rolled a little distance, then as they came almost to a stop swerved dangerously and fetched up obliquely across the road and about a quarter of a mile ahead of the car.

They freed themselves from their seats and sprang out, and as they did so the sheriff seized Chris by the arm. His keen hunter's eye, trained to search the face of a rocky wall for mountain sheep or goats, had discovered a drab figure moving up the side of the precipice about fifty feet above its foot.

"Look, Chris! That's Patricia." And he began to tear off his flying clothes. Chris followed his example.

"What's her game?" demanded Chris.

"Search me—unless she wants to hide the jewels and don't trust Brother Stephan. We've got to nail her before she can manage it, otherwise good-by jewels."

They flung off their clothes and started to run down the intervening stretch of road. Before they had reached the car Patricia was halfway up to the first wide shelf. Stephan had disappeared, crouched among the big stones, and as they started to clamber over these a shot rang out and a bullet sang close to the ear of the sheriff. He dropped on his face and began to wriggle forward, pistol in hand. Chris drawing his own weapon deployed to the right, and as he was worming his way to the foot of the cliffs he caught a glimpse of Stephan's head and shoulders as he rose cautiously from behind a stone to shoot again. Chris fired and Stephan seemed to spring forward and upward, sprawling across the flat bowlder that had sheltered him.

"Got him, son!" roared the sheriff, and they both rose and rushed forward.

Stephan's body was twitching convulsively and a stream of blood was trickling over the edge of the rock. Chris, a trained marksman, had shot him through the head at a range of about eighteen yards. He looked up and saw Patricia about fifty feet above him, flattened against the rough surface up which she swarmed, sending down a shower of the crumbling shale. Flinging off his coat Chris started to climb after her.

Here was a crucial test for the efficacy of his cure. He had passed through a fearful night, guided his airplane for hours in a state of constant tension, run a quarter of a mile in an altitude of six or seven thousand feet and now, breathless from this burst of speed, attacked the almost vertical ascent. His ears were thrumming and his breath coming with quick gasps; he was yet well within the limit of his physical force. The brief pause occupied in the stalking of Stephan had restored his breath, and now the training of what had been for years his favorite sport made possible an undertaking which in itself would have given pause to most athletes.

It never occurred to either of the men to fire on Patricia. One may call this chivalry perhaps, though masculinity might be the better word. Aside from all personal feeling the sheriff could not have found it in him to shoot with intent to kill at any fleeing woman, however evil, while in the case of Chris some racial prejudice would have risen to inhibit the act. He might have sent her to the gallows, but to slay her with his own hand never so much as entered his head.

So now with practiced hand and foot he went up the face of the ragged cliff almost as a sailor might have run up the rigging of a ship. The ascent, though dangerous by reason of the loose, crumbling formation, was not difficult to the experienced rock climber. Perhaps also the spot he had chosen was easier than that taken by Patricia, for he gained rapidly. By the time Patricia had flung herself over the rim of rock Chris' hands were clutching at it also.

(Continued on Page 39)

HEINZ
Vinegars

FRESH VEGETABLES and salads! Heinz Vinegars make them taste better. They are the secret of a surprisingly delicious flavor. For Heinz Vinegars bring out the hidden flavor of green things, and add a rich mellowness all their own. The aroma adds keen zest to the appetite. For all table and kitchen uses.

Selected materials, skill in making, and aging in wood for at least a year are responsible for the rare qualities of Heinz Vinegars—three kinds:

Malt Vinegar—made from barley malt
White Vinegar—made from selected grain
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PINTS, QUARTS, HALF-GALLONS
in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

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Olive Oil

is the pure, first pressing of choice olives. Made in the Heinz establishment at Seville, Spain, according to the standards of purity and skill that characterize the "Home of the 57."

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Spaghetti
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ALADDIN *Utensils*

ENAMELED STEEL
CONVEX KETTLE

ALUMINUM
PRESERVING KETTLE

The Right Utensils for Canning

IT'S a real pleasure—this storing away of good things for winter—when you use Aladdin.

These shapely utensils are brimful of little time and temper saving conveniences. You'll find them mighty handy at canning time.

Every Aladdin utensil curves generously at the bottom and has a stout rounded edge at the top—no crevices in which fruit juice might gather.

You can always lift an Aladdin kettle without fear of burning your hand. Notched ears keep the bail away from the steam and heat.

And each utensil has an exact measured capacity—a two-quart kettle holds *exactly* two quarts.

There's an Aladdin utensil for every cooking purpose—either in Enameled Steel with the red Aladdin Label or in Aluminum stamped with the Aladdin Quality Mark.

Convenience Features
1. Actual Capacities by Government Standards
2. Double Lipped Sauce Pans
3. Notched ears that keep bails cool
4. Smooth comfortable handles
5. Round easy-to-clean corners
6. More pleasing & practical shapes

Sold by progressive hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Catalog E 721 describes Aladdin Aluminum and Catalog F 721 tells of Aladdin Enameled Steel. They'll be gladly mailed on request.

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NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves, Ovens, Cabinets, Kerosene Water Heaters
and PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

(Continued from Page 37)

If Patricia had known that he was so near the top she might have seized the opportunity for a fatal attack, flung him downward or, snatching up a jagged rock, hurled it on his head. But her whole thought and effort had been concentrated on flight, less in any hope of ultimate escape than that she might have time to secrete her incriminating plunder in some spot that would defy all hope of its recovery by her pursuers. Her swift and subtle criminal mind told her that without this evidence and that in the valise, which Stephan had already hid, a conviction would be difficult if not impossible. She felt certain now that Townley had killed Nita and most probably been slain himself, as she did not believe that he would submit to capture. In such a case there was nobody who could swear to her identity. But even if she were to be arrested and convicted as a participator in the crime of robbery the jewels would still be there on her release from prison. If on the other hand they were to be taken on her person the least that she could expect would be life imprisonment as accessory in the murder of Nita; and Patricia would have chosen death in preference to this.

After Stephan's first shot Patricia had not once looked backward, but centered all her attention on getting to the top of the cliff. She did not even pause for a downward glance until she had scrambled to her feet and run on fifty yards to the foot of the next ledge, for this side of the gorge rose, as has been said, in a series of giant steps.

So as Chris scrambled up over the rim he saw her standing there scanning the face of the ledge above as though to determine its easiest point of attack. Her back was turned to him and it was not until she heard the scuffle of his feet as he ran toward her, panting heavily, that she discovered his presence.

The expression of Patricia's face at this moment was such as to halt any individual, no matter of how high a courage. But Chris was beyond the limits of fear or reason. He saw before him no more than a treacherous yellow cat of a girl who had lent her evil intelligence to the murder of the woman he so dearly loved. He desired merely to seize and overpower her and drag her back to pay the penalty of her crime in whatever way the justice of the country might ordain. It never entered his head that she might seek to defend herself by force. The deadly sinister atmosphere of her was lost upon him. He did not even stop to consider that she might be armed, which, fortunately for him, she was not.

Slowing to a walk he stepped up to where she stood eying him balefully.

"You are under arrest as accessory in the murder of Juanita Heming," he said.

Patricia did not move. She stared at him for a moment with an expression of mocking contempt, and then before Chris could receive any intuition of her purpose she stepped quietly in front of him and raised slightly her two hands.

"Do you want to iron me?" she asked.

"No," Chris answered. "I could scarcely get you down from here ironed, even if I had the bracelets, which I have not. You may come with me quietly and we will try to find some easier way than the one we came up by." His eyes rested on the bulging pockets of her riding breeches and Patricia did not miss the significance of their expression.

She was standing close to Chris, both arms slightly bent, her eyes staring into his. And then, as he waited for her to move or make some sign of acquiescence, she seemed to sway a little closer—one of her hands flashed up in a motion so quick that his eye could scarcely follow it.

There was a sharp, terrific impact at the angle of his jaw, a sort of explosion in his brain substance, and he sank down gently into oblivion.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Poets' Corner

Identity

ARE all the songs we never sing,
The great deeds left undone,
The words unsaid,
The high hopes dead,
Nowhere accounted anything—
Even the dearest one?

Are they so many chances lost,
So many visions vain?
Must all be entered to our cost?
I count and count:
The debits mount!
Is none of these a gain?

God falls into no such mistake;
He knows—and only He!—
That better than
The deed's the plan:
Our true selves are the selves we make
Too beautiful to be!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Poems

I AM tired of poems of love, the moon,
Of stars and of passion and death;
I am sick of odes upon nature and hope
And spring and its balmy breath.

Must always the lines that poets contrive
Be twisted the same foolish way?
Have none of our poets who babble so much
Got anything new to say?

And yet, what is new? The world is so old!
The universe never began!
Sing, then, little shadows, before you must fade!
Sing, little phantoms called man!

The moon does not care if you think it fair,
A rose is no redder for you,
And the sky does not hear your praises, I fear,
When it is a turquoise blue.

Sing, little phantoms! Forget in your songs,
If you can—you live but to-day—
Forget that your stars and your moons and your springs
Heed not at all what you say.

For your moons and stars and summers and springs
Move on with the long step of time,
And smile with a cruel and pitying smile
Through eternity at rime.

Oh, gather your queer little words and string
Them out from the point of your pen,
And study your meter, and torture your brain,
And give to the phantoms—men—

Wise little, stupid, melodious thoughts,
And the phantoms will shout your name—
But your moon and stars and your summer and spring
Will never hear of your fame.

Ages shall fall like a seamless white pall
And bury your words in a pile—
But the moon and the stars and summer and spring
Smile an inscrutable smile.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Violets

I KNOW, I know where violets grow
Within a beechen wood,
And here am I condemned to die,
As die I must—and should.
I know, I know I struck the blow
In fear and hate and wrath;
A thrush's song lures wild along
That shaded, gladed path.

A topaz blue sifts shining through
The emerald of the leaves,
But now a hush is on the thrush,
And now the wood dove grieves.
Why should his head be splotched with red?
Why should the earth be wet?
Why should he lie with glazing eye
Blue as the violet?

Fresh from the ground and all around
Distills the forest breath,
While on my cell there rests the spell
Of cold and moldered death.
And there a brook, by bend and crook,
Sings low an old refrain,
And laughs and croons its ancient runes
As old—as old as Cain.

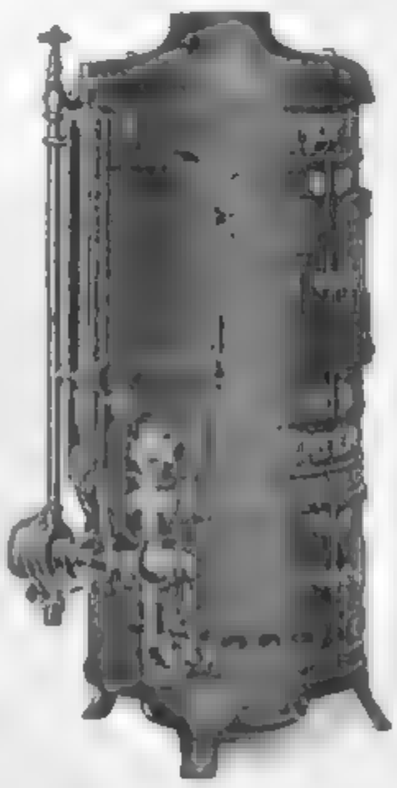
And there, I know, the violets grow
All through that beechen wood,
While here am I condemned to die,
As die I must and should.
I struck him dead, but as I fled
I picked my way with care,
Lest I should put a careless foot
On violets blooming there.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Hot Water! Instantly!

for cottage or mansion at the turn of any faucet

For Every Home Which Has Gas



NO matter how large, no matter how small, your home needs and can have Hoffman hot water. For daily needs or night emergencies it's "right on the dot—water HOT!"

Hot water in unlimited quantities, pure and clear. Water that is heated *but once*, at the time you use it. No mounting charges for gas to heat unused water. No waiting, no annoyances of any kind.

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WASHDAY IRONINGDAY GAINADAY
Two Days' Work in One

Gainaday

Electric Ironer

STRINGER BLOOD

(Continued from Page 13

her superiority and treat her as an equal he could make progress with her, for she made it apparent that she carried a certain admiration for him. This alone had emboldened him to speak to her of his regard; to ask her, for instance, when she left for college, to write to him. She had written, noncommittally, and he had made a sad mess of replying.

The wind increased steadily, and an occasional flurry of driving rain was dashed by it across the windshield as the stage dropped down the cañon. But Mil made good time, handling his deep-lunged old car skillfully and taking the seasoned driver's satisfaction in its power on the grades. At Valley View Summit, just before plunging over into the switchback which let the road down more than a thousand feet in four miles, his eye was caught by the glimmer of light in the old Ten-Mile House windows, long since empty and with their panes broken out. His own lights flashed on the first tangent of the difficult grade, and he threw his clutch into second to aid his brakes and began to descend with his faculties focused on the drive. But once or twice he wondered what storm-bound traveler had chosen that comfortless refuge from the night.

The stage slid into Caliente before twelve o'clock. Sixty miles and more on that road and at night in four hours came close to being good time. Minor's place, ostensibly a soft drink emporium, was still open, and Fortesque, refreshed by his long heavy sleep and relieved at waking to find his dreaded journey behind him, insisted on buying. Mil Stringer was cold and his spirits were low, with all this thinking and mooning over his estate, and he accepted with a syllable. He laid one finger on the bar. Frank Minor, glancing at Fortesque, whom he knew only slightly, and being apparently reassured by his fat, good-humored, sleepy face, reached below and brought up a black bottle, from which he poured two stingy portions. The liquor warmed Sam to garrulity; it restored Mil's flagging spirits, and heedless of Fortesque's monologue he crossed to a flashy counter and pointed out to Minor a long gayly beribboned box of candy.

"I'll take that," the driver said.

"It's four dollars, Mil," the proprietor remarked doubtfully.

"I'll take it," Mil repeated, drawing out his mountaineer's chamois-skin poke.

He slept with the gaudy box under his pillow—slept dreamlessly. But he awoke with an ugly taste in his mouth, and with his spirits at low ebb again.

Gerda Garrison had come from Palo Alto in a sleeping car, arriving at something like three in the morning at Caliente, and she had lain down in the stuffy hotel thereafter without entirely undressing. Yet at seven, when Mil Stringer saw her, she was like a dew-washed rose. She smiled on him, held out a hand.

"Hello there, Milton!" she said. "You're the first home folks I've seen. How's everybody?"

"Fine."

"It's terribly thrilling—your driving the stage. I've thought about it a lot."

"It isn't so thrilling."

"You'd say so. You haven't changed a bit."

"You have."

"Have I really? Do you like the change?"

"I'm not sure."

She pirouetted, her skirts whirling.

"Look me over and tell me," she laughed.

"I like you," he blurted. "But I always would."

"You have changed! You're learning!"

He thought that she was making fun, and he retired into his shell abruptly.

"We don't pull out till two," he said.

"Two? Why is that? We used to leave at nine."

"Yes. They have changed Number Twelve."

"From Los Angeles?"

"Yes. Have to wait for her."

"Don't let me keep you then," she said loftily. "I suppose you're busy."

"I better be going."

He did not want to go—he hated himself for going, but he went. The girl stood at the dusty hotel window to watch him as he crossed the street towards the Peerless Garage. The wind was driving a light rain through the air, but Mil Stringer was heedless of the weather. A little frown of puzzlement that seemed touched with disappointment shadowed the girl's face.

The stage driver gave an hour to his car, going over it carefully, as he always did, no matter how many mechanics had worked on it for the company. He tightened the fan belt and took up the play in a heavy torsion rod. He tested his batteries, carried, as in all those old cars, on the running board in a small weatherproof box; then he wiped his hands on a piece of waste and went into the office.

"Hello, Stringer," young Harvey Renstraw, the superintendent's nephew, said cheerfully. "Number Twelve's an hour late out of Saugus. Washout in the Soledad."

"Three o'clock then?"

"Yes, if nothing else happens. I see Miss Garrison's going up with you."

Mil did not reply.

"Some chicken, ain't she?"

Mil whirled on him.

"Your job is waybills and express!" he snapped, and before the astounded youth beyond the counter could reply he walked out.

He wanted to return to the hotel, present his gift of the candy and make that a formal opening excuse for conversation with this alluring and superior being; but for another hour he wandered about in the squalls of rain and the howling wind, or entered and idled in the pool room, the depot and Minor's place. Before ten he was back in the hotel, but Gerda Garrison was not in sight. By the stove in one corner of the office a man with a pock-marked face and rather flashy clothes sat looking through a newspaper and smoking endless cigarettes. Mil crossed to the fire and turned his back on it. The stranger glanced up two or three times covertly, and finally spoke:

"You're the stage driver, ain't you?"

"One of them."

"You drive up to Mecklinville this afternoon?"

"Prob'bly."

"What time?"

"Time-table is on the wall there."

The man reddened.

"You don't talk any too much, do you?" he snarled.

"I leave that to folks that like it," Mil said.

The man stared at the driver belligerently for a minute; then he gave a short laugh and returned to his paper. Stringer paid no attention to him at all.

A battered old clock with a cracked dial rang five o'clock rustily. Mil glanced up. It should have struck eleven. Then Gerda came in. By chance Mil saw as he turned that a quick light flashed over the face of the pock-marked man, and he grew hot and then cold with anger. But he made no sign.

"You're not so busy now, Mr. Stringer?" the girl asked formally.

"I got through."

There was a momentary pause.

"How's dad?" she asked then.

"Fine, I guess. Your mother had a cold, but she's all right now."

Gerda hid a smile.

"Any other news?"

"Not that I know of. I I—— Want to take a little walk?"

"It's raining."

"That's so."

"But if you'll wait until I get my coat——"

"Sure! It isn't raining hard."

His plan was to get her away from the hotel where they could talk, where he could tell her all the small news and gossip of Mecklinville—when he could perhaps proffer his gaudy-boxed gift. But once outside he relapsed into his maddening taciturnity. He could think of nothing to say, and the walk was a failure. He did not even mention the box of candy—and it was plain to him that Gerda was disappointed in him.

Somehow he got through the next three hours, and then his duties claimed him, and he was able to forget his inhibitions and fatuity. Two officials of the power company, working above Mecklinville on a hydroelectric enterprise, came in on the day train from the north. There was a salesman; there was the pock-marked man and Gerda Garrison. These were his passengers up to the time that Number Twelve was due. It was storming in good earnest now—sleet, rain, hail and occasional reverberations of thunder from the mountains. The north-bound train arrived at 3:30 instead of at three. Mil Stringer, in the stage, was at the depot as it rolled in.

In the express office he receipted for and was handed a shabby black valise, rather heavy. It contained the pay roll for the construction contractor above. Every second month, in order to keep enough money circulating in the mountain country to take care of the ordinary business, the men were paid in currency and silver. Mil did not know how much he carried, but it was something like eight thousand dollars. He took the old valise out and threw it carelessly into the tonneau on the floor. As he turned to climb into the driver's seat he saw the pock-marked stranger who had been in the hotel lobby cross the road behind him and go into Minor's.

"You'd better sift along, Johnny," the driver thought, apostrophizing the man. "I wouldn't wait a short second for a whole load like you!"

But when, after having stopped in the garage long enough to provide a riding place for the contents of the black valise, he drove up to the hotel door the man was there. He was, in fact, the first to come out, and he walked directly to the front seat and started to climb in.

"Your seat's behind," Mil informed him.

The man paused, half in and half out of the car.

"I didn't know they sold reserved seats on these cow-town busses," he said.

"You'll learn," was Mil's rejoinder.

He turned to the hotel to help the proprietor with the baggage of his passengers. They had been joined by a thin-faced woman whose paraphernalia bore the lurid yellow labels of some breakfast food or patent coffee, and who had come in on Number Twelve. But Mil kept one eye on his car, and in a moment two of the garage men came over with young Renstraw and took charge of the loading of the baggage.

"I saved your seat, Gerda," Mil said as the girl came out.

She was puzzled.

"My seat? But there's a man in front—with you."

"That's the seat," he said, and he exulted that she had understood his allusion. He crossed to the stage.

"You'll change to the back here, mister," he said loudly enough so that everyone could hear.

The man looked around to judge of his position, but only the driver and one of the garage men, a truculent and thick-necked youth, were interested in him—and they seemed too much interested. With poor grace he climbed down and finally disposed himself on one of the jump seats immediately behind that in which Mil had put Gerda Garrison. The patent-food demonstrator caused some confusion by insisting that one of her bags had been forgotten; but it was found under others in the boot, and she was content. In a drizzling rain and with a stiff wind behind the stage drew out at a quarter to four.

There was the usual adjustment of positions and fragmentary talk in the back seats. Presently the passengers all settled down for the four or five hour grind. The two power-company men conversed in low tones at times; but mainly they were watching the road—as much of it as they could see for the curtains enshrouding them—or, as such travelers will, the back of the driver as he reached down to advance the silent gears or shifted his gloved hands on the big wheel.

Gerda Garrison cast an occasional side glance at Mil, but he was intent on the road. She changed her position slightly—put a hand to the seat between them. Finally she said, "Is there any other place I could put this package, Mil?"

"No."

She pouted.

"All right. But it's terribly inconvenient in the seat."

"You could hold it in your lap," he suggested shortly.

"I like that!"

He was silent. Curiosity compelled her to lift the box. Then she gave a little cry.

"That's a funny way to send candy without a wrapper——"

"It isn't being sent."

"I don't understand."

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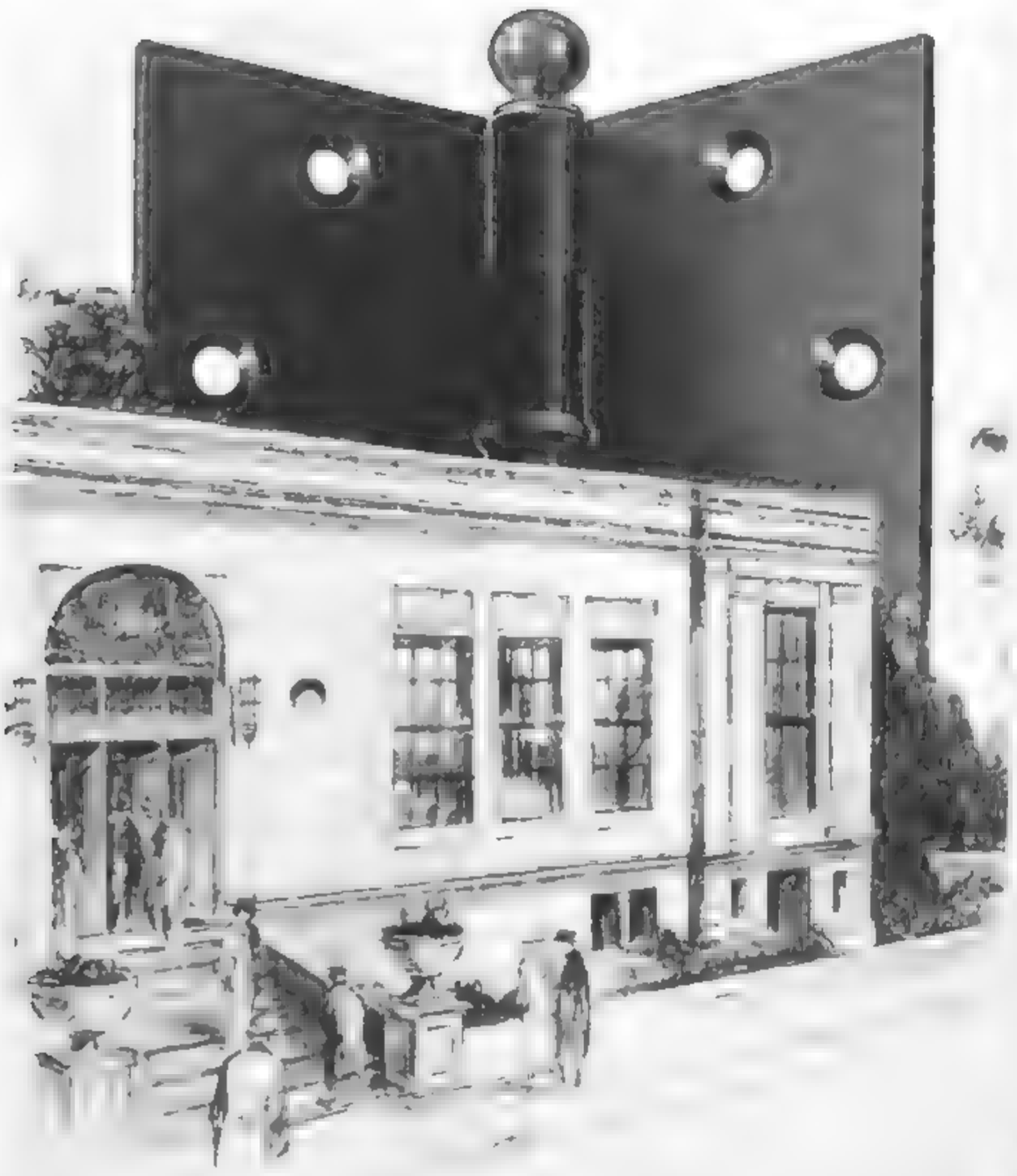

Hinges in the Library

Here with your easy chair for train, steamer or rickshaw, you open wide the portals of travel, history, religion or romance. A thousand paths invite your fancy and on the shelves a thousand characters stand ready to keep it company. Yesterday you were a soldier, today you feel the thrill of the explorer, tomorrow you may live the joys and sorrows of the pioneer or revel in the picturesque romances of the classics. You live your book and dream—in quiet. Contributing to this quiet are doors, made possible by hinges.

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"It's—it's for you," the driver said with difficulty.

"For me? Who from?"

"You can have three guesses."

She studied his face, then looked again at the box.

"I only need one," she said demurely. "It was terribly sweet of you, Mil."

"Like it?" he asked.

The man behind leaned forward so that his face was at their shoulders. Mil turned on him suddenly, gave him a stare. But the wheels struck a ridge in the road and the machine swerved. The man laughed shortly. But he did not lean forward again

Gerda opened the box. Impulsively she turned and offered the other passengers a share. Some of them accepted. This broke the ice once more, and they got a little better acquainted. But Mil took no part in any of it, refused candy for himself brusquely, and presently they were all quiet. Gerda made several efforts to engage Mil in conversation, but he found himself floundering in the old inarticulate bogs. Both felt the tension, and the girl drew back, puzzled and somewhat offended.

The storm began to increase in intensity as they climbed above the floor of the main cañon. When the wind could get at them it tore and shrieked and flapped the patched old curtains menacingly. Rain beat in, and in spite of the fact that they were riding with the blow its cold crept round them. And out of the welter that the headlights now disclosed, just as they reached the Valley View Summit above the four-mile switchback, a man leaped from the underbrush at the side of the road and landed on the running board at Mil Stringer's arm with a gun pushed almost into the driver's face. At the same time the pock-marked man in the jump seat shifted so that he could face the passengers in the tonneau and disclosed a second revolver.

"Put 'em up and keep 'em up!" he cried in a savage bark.

Mil Stringer remembered, all in a flash as he brought the car to a grinding stop, the robbery of his father's stage, the slur on his grandfather's memory, the pay roll he carried, and Gerda Garrison. But strangely enough, he thought of these things as apart from this predicament. He was clear-headed, unafraid, confident somehow that he would find a way out. It did not occur to him to fear the Stringer blood. The phantom that usually rose between him and what he meant to do—wanted to do—was gone. His spirits rose instead of sinking. He rested his elbows on the wheel coolly, his hands upraised, and looked into the eyes of the man who stood on the running board.

"You've got a lot of nerve!" he said in a low tone.

"You shut your trap, kid!" the man commanded, and turning to his partner in the car he asked, "Where is the stuff?"

"In a valise here under my feet."

"All right. What's the matter, anyhow? You're late."

"Yes. Make that damn cub turn around and drive us back."

"A ways, eh?"

"Far enough."

"That's good too." He turned to Mil: "Run her off there and make the turn."

Mil was thinking fast and clear-headedly. He dropped his left hand to the wheel, his right to the gear levers. As he slid into the low he patted Gerda Garrison's knee reassuringly. She gave a little sigh, but no other sign.

"Come on now!" the bandit cried. "Make it snappy! And no tricks!"

"Who's driving?" Mil asked pleasantly enough.

The man on the jump seat behind answered in an angry tone.

"You are, now!" he interpolated. "But you're going to take a hell of a licking before you're through with me!"

"You might have to prove that!" the driver said brazenly.

He ran ahead a rod, backed, faced the down grade again. One of the power officials spoke up.

"It seems like a long trip back—for nothing," he observed rather coolly. In fact, they were all taking it coolly enough. "Can't you let us go on up, men?"

"You shut your face too!" the outside highwayman snapped. "We're running this party!"

Mil, reading the whole story as he recalled seeing the lights in the abandoned road house on the down trip the night before, volunteered a matter-of-fact explanation to his passengers.

He said: "They would have let us go and driven down in a car they've prob'bly got staked out here if we hadn't been late. But they figure I can connect them with a train yet to-night."

"You're talking too much to be healthy!" the man on the running board ejaculated. "But you've got it. And you'll make that nine o'clock train for us or you'll go home with an overdose of lead in your guts!" He spoke to Gerda Garrison: "I'll have to take your seat."

"Sure!" his partner behind him chimed in. "You can sit on my lap, baby."

And before anyone could interfere the pock-marked man had caught Gerda, struggling and scratching, under the armpits and dragged her over the seat to him. Holding her as closely as he could for her squirming, he raised his gun again and eyed the others, while his companion ran around the nose of the stage and climbed into the seat by Mil.

"Let's go!" the second man cried.

Mil faced him.

"I'll have to put on my chains first," he said.

In a burst of anger the man brought his gun barrel down sharply on the driver's head.

"You roll," he cried, "and be quick about it!"

Mil winced from the pain, but his voice was even.

"We'll all roll together," he remarked as he slipped in his gears—"over the edge of the cañon."

It seemed in fact that that was precisely what they were going to do. In spite of her own fright and shame, Gerda Garrison, who knew Mil Stringer's driving, realized that he had either gone all to pieces or was deliberately trying to wreck the car. It gained instant headway. In a moment it was careening downward on the first short tangent. Those in the car seemed to see the light fence marking the hairpin turn ahead when they were almost on it. The brakes bit, the car skidded badly and the front fender caught and ripped up the fence as Mil swung in on the grade again.

"Cut it!" the man on the front seat shouted. "I'll blow your head wide open!"

Mil brought the car under control stopped.

"Listen, sucker!" he said coldly. "If you want to take the car down without chains go ahead. It's all yours."

"You're some driver, ain't you?" the bandit sneered. "You ought to be wheeling a baby carriage."

"Maybe. But I wouldn't wheel a baby carriage down here without chains on. I know this switchback."

"We're losing a lot of time!" the pock-marked man exclaimed. "Let him put 'em on!"

"Move fast, then!"

Mil shut off the engine, opened the door on his side and stepped out. All of them realized suddenly that they were facing the wind. It drove sheets of water in on them on this exposed mountain shoulder, and in the quiet they could hear the crashing reverberations of thunder and the rending of limbs on big trees below. With this roaring elemental background, and considering the tension in the stage, it was almost ludicrous to see the deliberateness with which the young driver proceeded. He hitched up his trousers first, using the wrists of his gauntlets as men do who are accustomed to having their fingers oily and dirty. He jerked his skin cap on more tightly. It did not feel right and he took it off, let the wind blow his hair out of his eyes, then readjusted the cap. He opened the box on the running board.

"What are you up to?" the bandit in the front seat cried impatiently.

"Say, listen!" Mil adjured him, straightening slowly. "If I'm going to make that train for you you'd better lay off me!"

"You'll get yours if we miss it!" the man rejoined menacingly.

"That's another thing," Mil said, and dived into the box.

He slammed down the cover in a moment, saw that it was locked, then opened the car door again and reached in. From the floor boards he took the dirty and oil-smeared chain sack, pulled it out and dropped it to the road. It clanked dully, as chains do. He found a pair of pliers in the door pocket, picked up the bag and passed around the car. The two renegades pushed aside the curtain to watch him Suddenly one of them cried out an oath.

"What is it?" Gerda Garrison asked.

(Continued on Page 45)

The real secret of an old-fashioned cookery flavor

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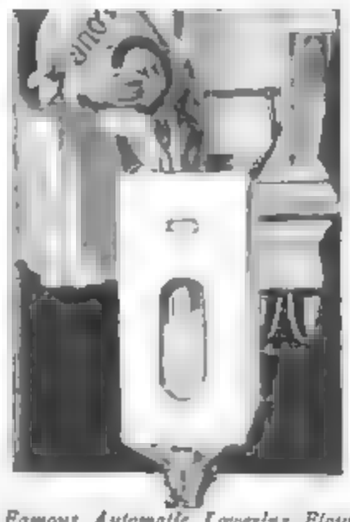

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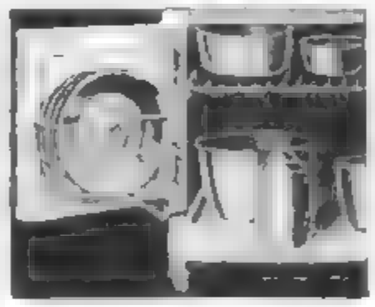

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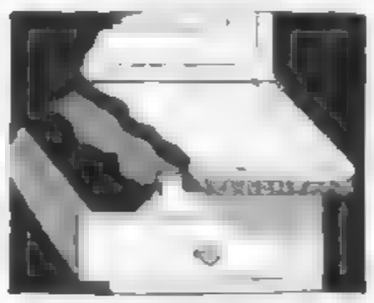

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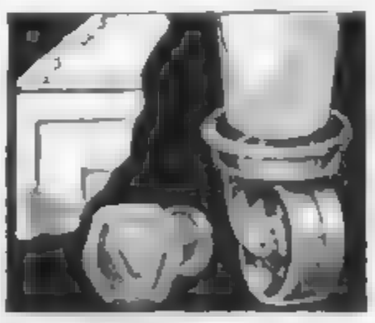

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The CABINET with the 15 FAMOUS FEATURES

(Continued from Page 42)

She had scrambled out of her captor's embrace and was perched on the back of the driver's seat.

"He's gone over the edge!" one of the two cried.

The traveling woman screamed, all the men stood up. Instantly the two highwaymen turned on them in fury.

"Get back there and shut up!" the pock-marked man shouted. "It's good riddance. I'll drive, Doc!"

The other had descended—was craning over the edge of the cliff. Far below he could make out the greenish white line of the raging river in the cañon bottom. He cursed the darkness, the rain and the wind.

"Chains went over with him!" he exclaimed as he returned gloomily to the side of the stage. "The chains're gone too!"

"Let 'em go! I'll drive, I tell you!"

Gerda Garrison was making little piteous sounds in her throat, but not crying. The pock-marked man threw her back into the jump seat as he climbed over to the wheel. She reached for the door catch, but her hand was knocked away by the second bandit as he got in.

"You sit tight, sis!" he snapped at her. "The rest of you too! Nobody's sliding out and raising hell on some telephone till we get where we want to be. Let's go, Dick."

The pock-marked man released the emergency brake and the car started rolling down the switchback, picking up speed immediately on the steep grade. With one hand he touched the magneto button on the dash, kicked the starter. But it did not respond. He leaned forward to study the equipment, but his eyes were jerked back to the road by the increasing speed at which they traveled.

"See if you can turn that starter over!" he called to his companion.

The latter tried various experiments.

"I don't know anything about the damned things!" he cried, and gave it up.

"Something's wrong," the volunteer driver said impatiently. "Don't suppose that squarehead could have put her out of commission, do you?"

"Don't see how he could. Weren't we watching him all the time?"

"Well, anyway, we can coast down if we have to."

All his attention became focused on keeping the machine in the road thereafter. He checked the speed of the car with both brakes—held it to a footpace. The brakes began to whine. Presently the passengers smelled burning fabric. But turn by turn they made the four-mile grade safely. At its foot the driver released all checks and let the car race towards the short pitch up from the Bad Springs Bridge. It shot across the bridge, up the grade part way, slowed down.

"I can't start the engine!" the driver said, kicking and tugging desperately at the task.

In a moment the car came to a stop, began immediately to roll backwards. He applied his brakes, tried the starter again; but it gave him no response. With a savage cursing of the machine, the starter and particularly the young driver, he permitted the stage to glide back to the bridge, where it came to a full and apparently permanent stop. Both the men tried for some minutes to find the difficulty by a savage onslaught on every button, switch, lever and pedal in the car.

"Any of you birds know how to start this thing?" the pock-marked man demanded, wiping his forehead irritably.

They all leaned forward, but no one could give him any assistance. At any rate, no one did. The two climbed out. As though from a second thought, the second stuck his head in through the curtains.

"Anybody in here packing a gun?" he asked peremptorily.

The passengers assured him that they were weaponless.

"It's a good thing for you!" he growled. "We've got to fix this boat or we'll all be left here, forty miles from nowhere. Your job is to sit still and to keep quiet. Get that?"

They were quite willing to be quiet, and told him so. The two began a slow and inexpert examination of the machine. They moved around it, cursing more or less steadily. Finally the pock-marked man called to the other from the nose of the machine, where he had found what he thought was a loose wire connection. They leaned down to examine it.

Mil Stringer's voice came from the darkness beside the road.

"Put 'em up—high, and keep 'em up!" he commanded.

They wheeled, leaped towards the running board, where both had laid their guns. But Mil held those weapons, one in each hand.

Mr. Bainbridge, the power-company executive, and Maxwell, the traveling man, volunteered to be responsible for the two prisoners when they were loaded into the jump seats of the now crowded tonneau. The pock-marked man had offered some resistance to Mil's program, at which the young driver had grinned with happiness, and upon which he had fallen on that ugly citizen and given him a generous sample of a thrashing which both lacerated his branded face and considerably quelled his rebellious spirit. He complained, for example, of a broken nose, but he did it in a whine instead of with curses.

The demonstrating lady and Gerda Garrison shared the front seat with Mil, Gerda in the middle. There was a good deal of talk, mostly high praise of the driver and insistent questions as to how he had contrived to fall over an eight-hundred-foot precipice and survive the experience. Gerda Garrison squeezed his arm, crying very softly but without letting any of them know that she was crying.

"I didn't fall," Mil said shortly. "I rolled a ways."

"But how did you get down here so quickly?" someone demanded.

"Slid—while you were on the switchback." He grinned. "Seems like you fellows sort of needed those chains, didn't you, the way you crawled down?"

The two bandits had no answer. Mil kicked the starter. Then he laughed.

"Oh, I forgot. The old bus won't ramble far with the batteries unhooked."

He climbed out, opened the box on the running board beneath his door and slipped a wire end into an eye, turning down a screw. Then he took his seat once more, kicking aside slightly the bag of chains he had carried with him over the edge and that was now in its place again. He switched on his magneto button, pressed the starter and the engine roared. He began to back off the bridge.

"Where you going?" Mr. Bainbridge exclaimed.

"Going?" Mil asked in surprise. "Mecklinville of course," and he maneuvered the heavy car about and started up the grade. "If I have any luck I ought to make up the time I've lost."

"Aren't you going to put on your chains?" someone inquired curiously.

The imperturbability of the boy impressed them all strangely. Mil laughed.

"I don't use chains much," he answered, "except in the adobe below and up through Walker's Basin."

Gerda Garrison crowed delightedly, although her voice broke a little.

"You were making the car skid up above then, Mil?" she cried. "Just bluffing?"

He nodded. He could talk to her, oddly enough, on an equal footing now. He felt no embarrassment. The phantom that had always stood between him and what he wanted to do or wanted to have was gone—gone, he felt, forever. He looked Gerda Garrison in the eye.

"Sure I was!" he answered composedly.

There was no taint for him in Stringer blood. He smiled to remember what he had thought of it a few hours before. When they reached the top of the grade his release from the old bondage of depression and doubt of himself made him laugh aloud. Gerda Garrison leaned closer, pressed to him, so that he felt her young body warm and pliant against his arm.

"What's so funny, Mil, boy?" she asked in a low singing tone.

He flushed. It was nothing he could tell her—then; so he told her and the others something else.

"I was thinking about those chains," he said. "They're in the back, in the valise—have been all the time. The power company's pay roll is in the chain bag."

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THE OPPRESSOR

(Continued from Page 15)

as paid its weekly bill. And there was another campaign in prospect too—a campaign in which he'd surely be running for something worth while. Another quarter day brought him a curt letter, however, which puzzled him until he had interviewed the trust officer at the bank.

"Possibly we should have foreseen this," admitted that gentleman broadly. "But your father specified that these traction bonds should be trusteed for you, and there seemed to be no sound reason for selling them until this last strike and the simultaneous refusal of the city council to approve the increase in fares. It's unfortunate, of course, that all your eggs were in one basket, but ——"

"Why don't you sell now, then?" Martin smiled as he advanced this happy solution. "Put the money into something that pays dividends."

"Because investors aren't anxious for securities which don't pay interest," explained the banker patiently. "We couldn't possibly justify our action before a court if we sold now. The courts never forgive a trustee for selling at the bottom of the market. They'll overlook a mistake in buying, but ——"

"Well, couldn't I borrow something on them?"

"Hardly! That would be against the law, even if anybody would lend on them. Cheer up; you aren't as hard hit as most of the people who held those bonds. You're young and strong. It's mainly old people who've been harmed by this receivership—people who can't help themselves. It won't hurt you permanently. You can get something to do, and eventually these bonds will regain a good value. The present trouble is merely political. When people come to their senses the road will meet its interest charges easily. Meanwhile if you're hard up"—he eyed Martin's figure with a certain callous absence of sympathy—"why not look up a job?"

The idea had its attractions for Martin. After all, he had always looked upon himself as one of the toiling masses. It would be good experience to find out by practice just what it meant to earn one's living, and while he earned his he wouldn't be oppressed by the knowledge that he was accepting stolen profits at the hands of a vicious monopoly.

"Of course. I was going to do that."

He went out, thinking busily. If he must earn his living it might as well be in some congenial pursuit. His instinct rebelled at the idea of a mere sale of his time and strength for a wage in money. He wanted besides the satisfaction of feeling that his labor was turned to a useful purpose. An idea came to him. He hurried down to see Levine. The Communist Labor Party carried a considerable pay roll, as he knew from repeated contributions toward that very purpose. Why shouldn't he earn his bread by preaching the truth, like Levine and Schnitzler themselves? What could be better than using his full strength for the spread of the social gospel?

"Why, yes, we have a few paid positions in the council," said Levine, lifting his thick brows. "Some of the comrades who give all their time to the work and have no other source of income ——"

Martin explained bluntly that for the present this was his situation. Levine stared at him.

"Didn't you know that your income depended on those traction bonds?"

"Why, yes! But it didn't occur to me that they'd stop paying interest just because the men earned a decent wage. And besides, if I'd sold them I'd only have been robbing somebody else."

"Some other robber, yes." Levine scowled. "You ought to have seen what this would mean. You hadn't any right to lose that money, Blake. The cause needed it. I've been depending on you to finance this coming campaign."

"I'm sorry," said Martin humbly. "But if I can't put up money I can work, and I'd only need a few dollars to pay board. If you can put me on the pay roll ——"

Levine shook his head with decision.

"Paid positions are too scarce for that. We can't pay anybody except our trained workers. You're only an amateur after all, and you've done the cause a bad turn too. We can't do anything for you."

Martin went away, vaguely troubled. Trained workers, eh? The words had a familiar sound. In Levine's doctrine it was the unskilled toiler who would one day come uppermost in the scheme of things, the skilled laborer who had enjoyed a shameful share in the spoils of the capitalistic system. And here in the party's own mechanism the untrained man was the victim of discrimination. He shook his head over it. There was something wrong somewhere.

But his pocket was too nearly empty to permit much consideration of this paradox. He needed a job and needed it now. He examined the employment advertisements in the newspapers and answered several of the most inviting. It was disconcerting to find that in nearly every case experience seemed to be essential. The unskilled toiler always got the worst of it, seemingly, just as Levine had always said. Gradually he ceased to consider the alluring opportunities and to confine his attention to simpler demands. Even excavation work, it appeared, required training. Several foremen glanced at his hands and rejected him with a contemptuous head shake. He had only a little silver left when it occurred to him that he had overlooked his brightest opening. He went around to see Leary and put the case before him. The union leader listened with a patently mounting impatience.

"We can let you into the union all right," he said finally, "and there might be a job for you after while. Right now there's quite a waiting list, though. Traffic's slack in this business depression. A lot of our men are still laid off. But fill out the card and I'll see what I can do."

Martin complied. Leary glanced at his application.

"All right. Fifty bucks now."

"Fifty bucks! What for?"

"Initiation fee, of course," Leary snapped. "Don't think a union runs on hot air, do you?"

"But I'm broke. I haven't got ——"

Leary tore up the card.

"Come around when you're ready to talk business. My time's valuable."

Martin slunk away, appalled at the discovery that his brother workmen refused to let him share their toil except at a price. For the first time he felt a certain want of sympathy for them. He struggled against this, informing himself that they weren't to blame. The capitalistic system had driven them into an imitation of its methods in self-defense. Men toiling in a chain gang would snarl at their mates. That was to be expected. Once the pressure from above was removed, this selfishness and cruelty would quickly disappear. Meanwhile, with less than a dollar in hand and a board bill due to-night, Martin Blake couldn't consider economics broadly and impersonally. He walked home, glowering at the uniformed crews of the street cars which passed him, envying them the effortless transportation they were receiving as an incident in their enviable occupations.

His landlady wagged a wise, unfriendly head at his frank explanations.

"That may all be, but I can't pay my rent with talk, Mr. Blake. I'll need your room for somebody that can pay for it. You can come around for your trunk when you've got the six dollars you owe me."

From this position she could not be budged. Martin found himself on the sidewalk, fingering his silver and contemplating a lugubrious twilight. Old Peter Blake's words came back to him.

"You won't have to sleep in the street when I'm gone."

His father had guessed wrong about that, evidently. Association reminded him that he still owned the cottage on Whitney Street. The key to the front door was on his ring with the rest. He'd always meant to go back there sometime and inspect the house which Peter Blake had never offered for rent after his wife's death. Martin felt a sudden rush of gratitude toward the mother he could barely remember. It was thanks to her that he wouldn't sleep outdoors to-night.

Whitney Street was a long, long walk away. He spent a little of his change for a frugal supper on the way, and reached the house long after dark. He stood for a moment at the gate in the picket fence, recalling the place as it had seemed to him twenty years ago. It had shrunk a good deal since then. Even the alley which separated it from the rear of the grocery had contracted to a mere wheel width from the roomy place where he had played. He unlocked the door with a queer, aching sting in his eyes.

The gas and water had not been turned on, he found, but successive matches revealed the little rooms in solemn order, with the selfsame furniture he could remember with an unexpected clearness. That kitchen table, with that oilcloth cover, had been a bear's cave once, with Peter Blake for a delightfully fearsome tenant. It had been a sore task to climb those cupboard shelves to reach the cooky jar when his mother wasn't looking.

He felt his way to the bedroom and flung himself on the bare, hard mattress, a queer sense of security upon him. It seemed as if here, at least, he was somehow protected against the world and to-morrow.

III

AT FIRST the noise merely stimulated a familiar nightmare in which Martin Blake had been drafted, after all, and hustled overseas to destroy his brother toilers with scientifically murderous devices. Emerging from this revolting hallucination, he identified the sound as the spiteful, stuttering bark and cough of a refractory motor just outside the window.

With a sharp effort he located himself. The old house, the alley which flanked it—that must be the grocer's truck, then. His rooted hatred for the whole class of parasitical middlemen found a definite, individual objective. Starting that racket under the weary ears of a sleeping neighborhood—before dawn too! He shut his eyes tight and tried to duplicate the performance with his ears. But the creaking whir of a spun crank, the infrequent back fire, the hopeful clatter when the motor caught for a few explosions, overcame his resolutions and brought him to the window.

It was still dark, but enough light crept around the angle from the gas lamp on the corner to let him see that it was raining, and a yellow rectangle in the opposite wall silhouetted a vague figure stooping at the stubby snout of a little tin truck. Martin's moment of resentment gave way at once to pity. He forgot the grocer in the background as he watched this oppressed employe slaving in the wet dawn while the world's drones drowsed on deep pillows. A fellow feeling softened his voice.

"What's the trouble, comrade?"

"Oh, nothing. It always hates to start in the wet."

Martin Blake jumped. A girl! A woman, toiling at the crank at five in the morning! He thrust up the sash and clambered out impulsively.

"Here, let me spin her!"

He bent to the handle as she complied, his anger suddenly burning at the social scheme which tolerated such abuses. Even in the murk he could see that she was young and slender. He tugged upward sharply, a mere quarter turn. Instantly the whimsical motor roared into life. The girl touched the quadrant levers and the sound stilled to a humming mutter. He slapped his hands, pleased with himself.

"Thanks." She hesitated. "What were you doing in that house? I'm much obliged for helping, but ——"

"Oh"—he understood her doubt—"I belong there. It's mine. I'm Martin Blake."

There was a silent moment in which he felt a change in the atmospheric tension. Her voice tightened when she spoke again.

"Oh!"

"Used to live here when I was a kid," he added. "Thought I'd come back for a while and see what it would be like."

She nodded curtly and turned away, tapping on the glass of the lighted window. He guessed that she must be some kin to old Dobie—daughter, probably. He seemed to remember a baby creeping about the doorstep when he had played in this same alley years ago. Conrad Dobie, heavily muffled against the weather, came out. He did not notice Martin, seemingly, as he climbed in beside the girl and the little truck snuffled cautiously backward to the street. Martin watched its headlights brighten as the motor raced, saw it turn and disappear. A slumbering antipathy stirred in him. That was all part of it—part of the petty piracy by which the trading classes prospered. Up before daylight,

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working a girl like a beast of burden, not even sparing himself! He frowned as he scrambled back through the window and curled himself on the mattress. He drifted back into sleep, still scowling. These people couldn't see anything in life but their profits. Their preying on the helpless, toiling poor didn't even bring them the common creature comforts.

The thought came back to him when he woke to watch them unload the truck. It was light enough now to see the faces plainly, and he observed the same harried haste in both, as if they were at one in fearing that delay might forfeit some trivial gain. The girl's look confirmed his earlier guess. There was something relentless in the thin-lipped mouth. She was even harder than her father, he thought. He resented the impulse which urged him to offer his help. Even if the baskets and crates were visibly too heavy for her, it served her right to have to carry them. Every vegetable there was nothing but a pretext for extortion. Some workman's wife would pay three prices for it presently. Let them work! He was annoyed at himself for climbing through the window to lend a hand with a crate of eggs which she had barely managed to lower from the tailboard without mishap, and his annoyance deepened when she accepted his help without protest.

"Hello, Martin," Conrad Dobie greeted him hurriedly, busy over the display racks before the store. "Long time since you been back."

Martin nodded, repressing a desire to refer to that eggplant episode. Perhaps Dobie didn't know that he had been the target of that contemptible attack. This was heaping coals of fire anyway. The idea soothed his resentment, so that he insisted on helping with the rest of the load. When they had finished, the girl straightened, smoothing back a strand of wet hair from her forehead.

"Much obliged." She hesitated. "Had your breakfast?"

Martin shook his head, suddenly conscious of hunger.

"Sure, have a bit with us, Martin. Glad to have you."

Dobie's tone was absently cordial as he looked up from an untidy desk at the back of the shop.

"You go on back, Annie. I'll tend store till Joe comes."

Martin hesitated, minded to refuse. But he was extraordinarily hungry, and he reflected that, after all, he had earned his breakfast honestly enough. The silver in his pocket wouldn't go far at the best of it.

"Could I have a wash first?" he asked as he followed the girl into a pleasant kitchen at the rear. "The water isn't turned on over there."

She waved a hand toward an iron sink as she crossed to the stove. He hesitated again before removing his coat and rolling back his sleeves. The sting of the cold water refreshed him. He watched the pleasing transformation of eggs in a spattering skillet, and himself cut clumsy slices from a new loaf at the girl's curt direction. He ate with relish at a red-clothed table, furtively studying the girl opposite him. She might have been pretty, he thought, except for that grimness about the mouth. That made her look hard, somehow—almost cruel. No wonder though. People who prospered by preying on the needs and ignorance of weaker people ought to look like that.

She went out to the shop, and Dobie came back, sniffing hungrily. He helped himself and sat down facing Martin, who had poured his third cup of coffee.

"Gives you an appetite getting up early," he said. "One good thing about the grocery business—there's generally something to eat." He chuckled and buttered a thick slice. "That's why I've stuck to it, I guess."

Martin nodded at the pleasantry. He knew why Dobie had clung to the business well enough. But he was eating Dobie's bread, and a fellow couldn't very well speak the truth under such circumstances.

The meal seemed to soften the grocer. The lines in his thin shrewd face seemed shallower as he pushed back his cup and regarded Martin through half-closed eyes. The look reminded Martin again of that hot afternoon when the melon had been divided into eighths.

"Used to see your father down this way pretty often," he said. "Glad you feel the way he did about the old house, Martin."

Martin's eyes widened interrogatively. He remembered that Peter Blake had occasionally stayed away from home overnight without offering his son any explanations. It came to him with sudden certainty that the old man had spent those nights where he had spent the last one, and a pang of sympathy hurt him in spite of himself.

"Guess your father felt it was home," said the grocer, nodding. "Used to stay there every little while and drop in for breakfast in the morning. Hardly expected you'd take after him in that though."

Martin yielded to an impulse to be frank.

"I didn't have anywhere else to go," he said. "I'd have slept outdoors last night if I hadn't found the key on my ring and remembered where it belonged."

Dobie's brows rose.

"Thought you'd be pretty well fixed, Martin. What's the trouble? Haven't spent it all, have you?"

Martin explained briefly. The old grocer listened attentively. Martin had a queer notion that listening in that fashion required training—that old Conrad Dobie had learned exactly how to hear such stories.

"Too bad." Dobie shook his head and made a clicking sound of sympathy with tongue and teeth. "You aren't the only one that's suffered from that business, Mart. Old Mrs. Regan down the street had all her bit of savings in those bonds the same as you. Worse for her than for you." He shook his head again. "Must be a good many's got hit the way you did."

"Regan?" Martin frowned. "Wasn't Regan the big fellow that threw the switches at the corner? Seems to me I remember ——"

"That's the one. Regan died three-four years back. Left the old lady enough to keep her. Put it in street-car bonds, he did. He always believed in the company as if he owned it. I remember him fighting a fellow that said the road was on the bum."

Martin's scowl deepened. It wasn't right that the widow of a laborer should suffer as he was suffering. Even Levine's fluent philosophy failed to explain away things like this. It was all very well to talk about disregarding individual cases for the good of the mass. That didn't give Mrs. Regan back her savings.

"You're lucky, Mart. You've got your father's build, and you're young. You can earn your own way like he did."

Martin laughed.

"Can I? How? I've been trying to do that for almost a month. I can't get a job. Nobody wants a greenhorn, and I never learned any kind of work but one."

"What?"

Dobie half closed his eyes once more. Martin guessed that he had known all along who had stood on that cart tail and called down the lightning on such as he. The realization angered him into a burst of blunt, defiant speech:

"Serving my brothers! That's the only kind of work I know—the only kind of work that seems worth doing! Ever since I've been independent I've given myself and all I had to it—to helping the other fellow, to making the world a decenter place for people to live in, to helping the weak fight the strong, to ——" He broke off, conscious of the folly of such speech in Conrad Dobie's hearing. "I know it sounds like rot to you. Profits strike you as the only thing that matters. But it's true! I've given up my life to it. I've trained myself for it. It's the only trade I know and the only one I want to know. I can't make my living at it. I've got to do something else or starve, and I think I'd rather starve. I'd rather starve than spend my life grubbing for profits."

"Can't run a business without 'em," said Dobie dryly. "Been tried. And I guess you haven't tried starving yet. Wouldn't like it. Nobody does. Grocery business teaches a fellow that much." He chuckled thinly. Martin's anger flared at the innuendo.

"Oh, I know that! You trade on it—other people's hunger! You ——"

"Bad thing for the business if nobody wanted to eat," said Dobie. "Bad thing for folks if nobody had food for sale, too, maybe. But what I was thinkin' was this: You need a job pretty bad by what you say. We need a husky young fellow right here. Joe's quittin', time Saturday night. Don't like the hours. Kinda long, at that. Point is, if you want to work we can use you. Twelve a week, drive the truck and help around the store. Wednesday afternoons and Sundays off. Want it?"

"Want it?" Martin fumbled for words emphatic enough to express the fervor of his refusal. Before he had found them Annie Dobie spoke from the doorway:

"How about Mrs. Regan, father? She's four weeks behind now, and she wants ——"

"Let her have it—let her have it!" snapped the old man testily.

"But she hasn't got anything. You know ——"

"Let her have it, I said. Guess we can spare a few groceries, if she never pays for 'em. Traded here twenty years!" He turned to Martin: "Well, want to try it?"

Martin gulped. The grocery business! Trading on the helpless need of the weak! He wanted to say no, and yet he couldn't, somehow.

"All right," he said. "I'll try it."

"Thought you would," said Dobie. "Heard people talk about starving before now, but I never saw anybody try it 't could help it. That's what keeps the business goin'. Come along out front and I'll show you where to start."

IV

"WE BEEN out six weeks now, you know." The deep-chested man wagged his head apologetically. Martin Blake nodded, his mood divided. Strikes were the sacred weapon of the oppressed, of course. He was wholly persuaded that they were righteous, and in the end beneficent. And yet ——

"It'd be all right if we didn't have to carry so many of you," he said. "There's twelve of you getting groceries here, and it runs into money."

He glanced at the doorway with a touch of apprehension. The collector for the wholesale house would be along any minute now, and the cash receipts so far hadn't begun to reach the figure he needed to make up the promised payment. A line scored his forehead.

"You fellows do the striking," he added with a sudden sense of injustice, "but it's the grocer that pays the bills. I notice you never go on strike about eating."

"You'll get your money when we go back," said the molder. "We'll make good wages."

"Yes, and out of the twelve we're carrying there'll be three or four that'll move instead of settling up. That's where it gets us. We can't tell which customer's out to sting us."

"I've traded here goin' on three years now ——"

"I know, and you're getting credit, aren't you? I'm only telling you what we're up against."

Again Martin's eye wandered to the doorway. Annie ought to be back pretty soon. Maybe she'd manage to collect something. He wrapped up the molder's flour and sugar absently, and noted the amount on a yellow slip in the patented account system.

There were a lot of these slips now in spite of his efforts to keep their number down. He wondered how old Conrad had managed to do it without forfeiting the goodwill of his trade. Suddenly he missed the old man, found himself wishing that Conrad were alive to help the store through this present crisis. Annie knew a good deal about the business, of course, but she couldn't do everything, and Martin himself wasn't much good except at the heavy work.

"More important to refuse the dead beat than to buy close," Conrad had said. "Every time a beat gets on the books some honest customer has to pay for him."

Martin shook his head. There had been a good many accounts to be turned over to the collection agency since Conrad's death. He did his best, of course, but it was hard to tell the difference.

He went to the doorway to look for Annie. Under the awning the display racks proffered an array of vegetables and fruit. His glance traveled over them shrewdly. Even with Annie's help, the buying wasn't as well done as when Conrad had driven down to the wholesale market. He wondered whether the old man had had some extra sense of quantity which told him how much to buy, and when, and at what price. Martin was always guessing wrong, try as he would.

He leaned over a basket of eggplants, shaking his head. Some of them were pretty far gone already. By to-morrow they'd be unsalable. He remembered his

(Continued on Page 53)

"superior efficiency . . . better cooking and baking"

The picnic lunch for the tour is most appetizing and delicious when prepared on the Universal Combination Range. For the external beauty of this most modern of all ranges truly reflects its superior efficiency. Better cooking and baking result from its correct design and construction. Compact and well proportioned, it is economical of kitchen space. And its smooth porcelain surface is easily kept immaculate.

It is "The Range of Simplicity and Thrift"; famous for its Simplicity, Economy, Beauty and Compactness. So simple, a mere twist of the wrist changes completely from Coal or Wood to Gas. No parts to take out; no dampers to operate; Automatic. Its beauty is enhanced by the durable, unbreakable, Univit Porcelain finish. Peacock Blue or Pearl Grey; Washable, Sanitary. The equipment includes Baking and Roasting Oven, Pastry Oven, Broiler, Warming Closet, Self Starter for Gas, Gas Kindler for Coal.

Keeps kitchen cool in summer, warm in winter. Economical, wastes no fuel. No worry about Gas Shortage. At all good dealers', in plain, nickel or porcelain finish—cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

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UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas *and* Coal or Wood

So faithful to the spirit and traditions of the ancient guilds is the Gruen American workshop that one can almost visualize the worthy masters of old before its quaint timbered doorways

With Symbols *did the* Old Guild Masters *Guard their* Craft

ADEMI-LADY, her arms extended proper, issuing out of the clouds....." so runs the description of an emblem made famous by the craftsmen of an ancient guild.

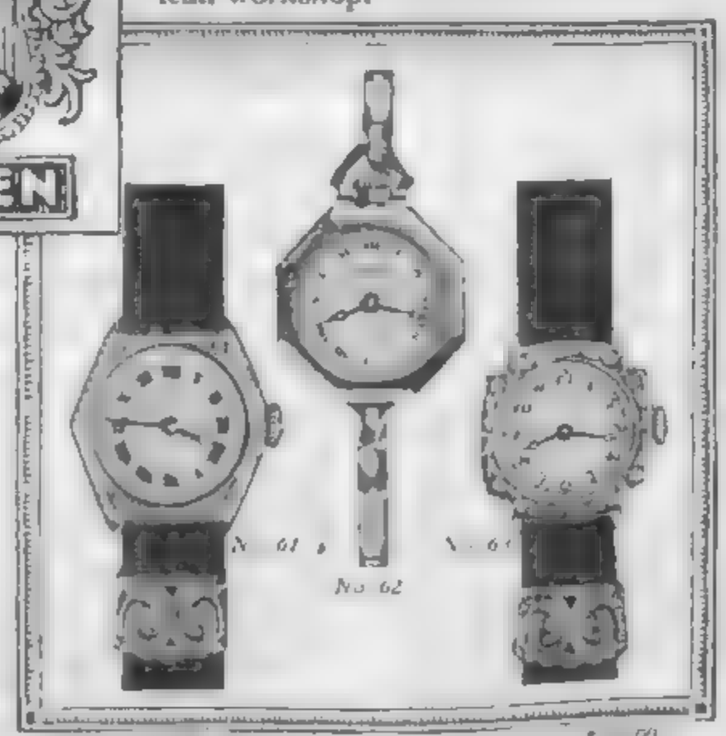
Paneled in guildhall door, this symbol of high artistry portrayed the ideals of the craft. Embossed upon a masterpiece, it identified the worthy craftsman's work, protecting it against the infringement of lesser artisans who ought to copy.

Beneath the proud emblem of their guild, the early watchmakers wrought, ever conscious of the importance of their calling, striving always for perfection in their work.

The modern symbol of high artistry

Symbolic of the same skill and devotion as obtained among the early guildsmen, the emblem of the modern Gruen Guild of Watchmakers stands today as the mark of supreme artistry. Among the Gruen craftsmen—many of whom are descendants of the old guild masters—live the same pride of craftsmanship, the same ideals that flourished in the old guild days.

In the Gruen workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop.



No. 61—14 kt. solid green gold $ 00
14 kt. solid white gold $ 00
No. 62—25 year allied $27.50, $37.50, $40.00, $
14 kt. solid green gold $57.50, $77.50, $
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Prices include war tax

Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them, and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.

See these new models

In the accompanying panel the character of Gruen craftsmanship is well illustrated. Unusual in design, Model 61, in solid green or white gold, is replete with that charm so desired in a dainty wristlet. The graceful simplicity of Model 62, gold filled or in solid green gold, makes it the ideal wristlet for her who prefers a watch unadorned. Model 63, rich with hand-wrought traceries of unsurpassed beauty, may be had in solid green or white gold.

At the sign of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Watches are sold only by chartered agencies, among the best jewelry stores in each locality. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem. There you will find these beautiful Gruen models and other Gruen Guild Watches for men and women.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6000.

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GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
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Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 50)

first acquaintance with eggplants in this condition. It seemed a very long time indeed since he and Levine and Schnitzler had fled before that onslaught. He moved the basket farther out of the sun and shook his head again. There was more in running a grocery store than most people would believe. You had to know an incredible lot of things about every item in your stock. You had to read character, too, by face and speech rather than clothes. You had to plan so that perishable stuff moved out at the same speed with which you brought it in. You had to remember three or four hundred people by name, and know all about them, so that on a minute's notice you could refuse or extend credit. And you had to work, too—he stretched his arms wearily at the memory of his day so far. It was only ten. He wouldn't be done till seven, and he'd already been at work five hours.

His frown came back as he thought of the molder who had just carried away a dollar and ten cents' worth of provisions. Those fellows were striking for a six-hour day! Six hours! When Martin Blake had worked that long by eleven in the morning, six days in the week! And a dollar an hour for pay! The little store couldn't show a profit of more than thirty a week when it was doing its best. Some people didn't know when they were well off.

Annie Dobie came in, walking briskly, her face faintly flushed above the black waist.

"I got twenty-eight dollars, Mart! The Sullivan boys have started working again and the old lady paid up. I was counting on her."

Martin nodded, too tired to be much elated. It was like this every week—barely scraping enough cash together to keep that collector satisfied, never getting far enough ahead of the bills to lean back and take a long breath. This time next week they'd be worrying again, and the week after, and the week after that. And all for precious little more than a bare living too! It was a silly trade, when a man could be a molder and earn more money in a six-hour day without any mental stresses. If they had any sense they'd sell out.

Annie, busy at the desk, called to him quietly. He moved wearily toward her.

"Here's a letter from that business broker, Mart. He says he can sell a small grocery at a fair figure."

Martin glanced at the few lines of typescript.

"Well, why don't you? It's your business, isn't it?"

She hesitated.

"I suppose it's foolish not to. I could earn a better living keeping books for somebody else, and not have to work half as hard. Only ——"

She stopped as their eyes met. He knew that she was thinking about Conrad Dobie, and in a vague fashion shared the thought. Under his practicality the old man had harbored something like a passion for this tiny business. His youth had been traded for its start, his whole life invested in its maintenance. Of course it had no right to exist. Only the survival of the rotten capitalistic system enabled it to live. But Conrad Dobie had talked about it as he waited for that second stroke to finish him as if—almost as if it had been a kind of monument.

"I know," said Martin Blake. "It would seem like going back on him."

She nodded and bent over the accounts. He moved to the counter as a customer came in, a thin pallid woman in rather better clothes than most of Dobie's customers wore. She met his glance apprehensively, and he saw her fingers fumbling with a purse. Experience had already taught him to read these signs accurately. He knew that the purse was empty.

"I—I wanted to ask—to ask whether you could open a small account ——"

Martin could have anticipated the speech word by word. The white-collar class that traded with bigger, more inviting stores till something went wrong, and then transferred the burden to a little grocery. His old hatred of the middle estate woke in him. He would have liked to tell her roughly to ask favors of the merchants who had profited by her prosperity. But he heard his voice saying gently that they'd be glad to oblige.

The story came with a sudden rush. It was queer, he thought, how people seemed to find relief in telling their troubles. The same old story, too—an office man suddenly out of a job. He filled out the account card and took down the order, grinning down at the counter at the naïve instruction to deliver it. Never occurred to these people that delivery meant expense and work. He came back to the desk when she had gone.

"I don't know. Maybe I ought to have refused ——"

"No, that was right." Annie took the card from him. "That's the only way a store like this keeps going. If it weren't for credit and delivery the chain stores would kill us. The only thing we've got to offer that they can't give is service—the personal touch. Father used to say that he didn't sell groceries—he sold service."

"But as soon as the man gets a job they'll trade somewhere else again," he objected.

"Very likely. But we get the business till he does, and ——"

"And maybe never collect."

"Maybe. But you've seen that most people are honest, haven't you? For every beat there are twenty customers who pay up as soon as they can. We take the loss out of our margin."

He nodded carelessly. It was familiar, this philosophy, and he knew that it fitted the facts. He went back to the doorway and observed that the sun had followed that basket of eggplants. He moved it again; and then, frowning, carried it to the back of the store.

"I wish I could learn not to overstock on this perishable stuff, Annie. Half of these eggplants are ready to throw out."

"That's all in the day's work. Even father used to guess wrong now and then. Can't be helped."

Martin wagged his head over the task of sorting out the hopeless from the possible. He wondered suddenly what his father would say if he could see him now; what Levine and Schnitzler and the other people who had known him as a young philanthropist would say.

A man of all work in a two-by-four grocery! That was all he was fit for, was it, once he had been relieved of that inheritance of illicit wealth? It seemed a very remote and unfamiliar Martin Blake who had made those fiery speeches about just such trades as this, who had dreamed so nobly of spending his life in the broad service of humanity.

Service! The word lodged in the channel of his drifting thought. Somebody had called it the most abused word in the language, he remembered, with a sour amusement at the recollection that even old Conrad Dobie had claimed to render it. Perhaps Dobie would say that Martin Blake was rendering it now while he sorted out the mushiest eggplants from the basket.

Suddenly it was closing time. Always the night seemed to swoop down on him before he was ready for it. He carried in the fresh vegetables from the racks with a sense of irritation at the solar system. How could a fellow sell enough to carry the overhead in an afternoon as short as this? Even when you started at five in the morning there weren't hours enough. They ought to keep open in the evenings—say, till nine, anyway. Lots of people must need groceries after six. He suggested the idea to Annie Dobie at supper. She vetoed it quickly.

"We tried it. It doesn't pay. The lights cost money, and it's too hard on us too. You can't work more than fourteen or fifteen hours and stay well. If anybody has to buy something after hours we're right here, aren't we? And I notice that pretty near every night somebody comes around to the back door and gets me to open up."

He did not press the argument. After supper he went across the alley to the cottage where he slept. He was too tired to go at once to bed. It was a mild evening for late October, and he smoked a pipe on the front steps, his mind moving aimlessly. Last year at this time he'd been running for the assembly, making that street-corner campaign—mustn't forget to tighten those brake bands on the truck next Sunday—another gallon of milk soured—no profit in keeping it anyway. Ought to cut out the fresh vegetables too. They meant two hours of extra work every morning, besides the wear and tear on the truck going down to the Elk Street market.

"Say, Martin, you ought to come on down to the corner."

He glanced up, amused at the breathless quality of the voice. Young Micky Flynn had been running. Martin liked Micky. He reminded him, somehow, of that other grubby boy who had helped to eat moribund watermelons in Conrad Dobie's alley. There had been similar episodes this last summer, and sometimes in exchange Micky had ridden on the truck with him and served as striker.

"What's doing, Mick?"

"There's a wagon down there and some guys makin' speeches—one guy with long whiskers. They're knockin' you, Mart, somp'n fierce."

Martin started. Why, it must be almost election time again, and he hadn't even thought of it! The old crowd would be out spreading the truth in the old way—straight home to the people who needed it. And he hadn't opened his mouth!

"Uh-huh; I heard him. He claims all grocers is robbers, Mart. He said you was just a bloodsucker't ought to be hung. Say, Mart, you gonna leave him get by with it?"

Martin stopped at the gate. Micky, waiting, looked up at him with a dawning doubt clearly visible in his shrewdly precocious face. A robber, eh? A bloodsucker?

Martin's weary body straightened suddenly, and he strode across the alley and knocked.

"Just me, Annie," he called in a queer eager voice. "Say, Annie, did you throw out those eggplants?"

America's Greatest Railway Executive

IN this painting of the railway executive, a great artist has blended the features of Harriman, Hill, Fish, Cassatt and Shonts.

The keen eyes look at you through

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For more than half a century it has been the habit of big men to conserve their vision by having their eyes examined regularly by optical specialists and wearing Shur-on Glasses

Keep an eye on *your* eyes. Have them examined regularly. Ask for Shelltex Shur-on Glasses

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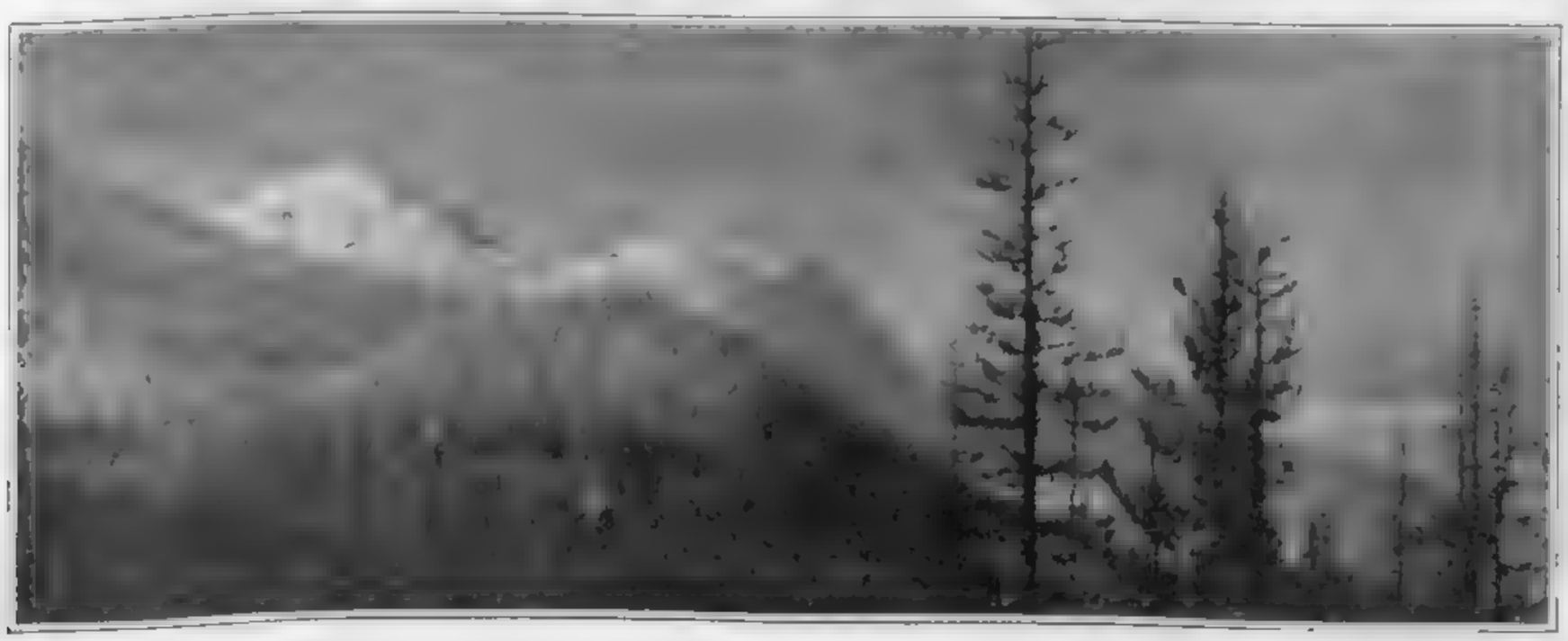


"As brilliant an array of notable journalists and publicists as any single newspaper has ever brought together"

PUBLIC

PHILADELPHIA

THESE are but twelve of several hundred members of the editorial staff of the Public Ledger.

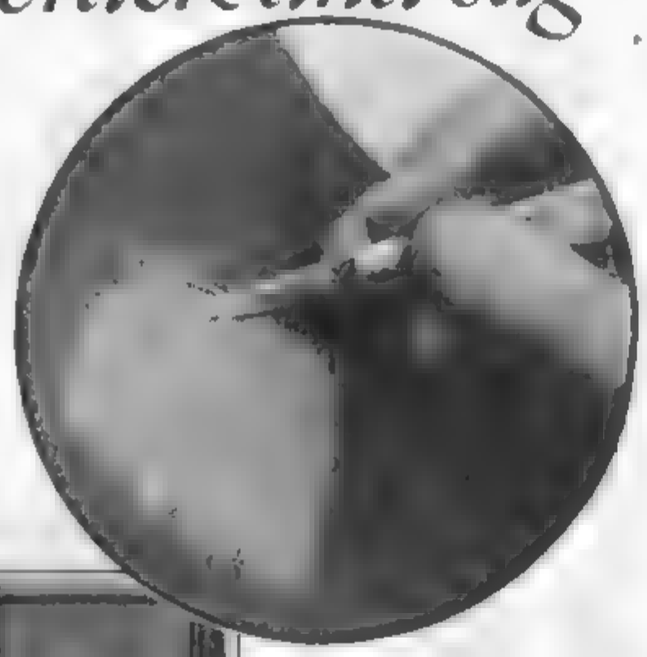
The large amount of regular salaries necessary to maintain such a staff is justified by the results, which are:

1. That the Public Ledger has attained a circulation of more than 240,000 a day, morning and evening—built not by elaborate premium offers or spectacular promotion "stunts," but upon the interest of people who buy it because they want to read it, and who cannot be lured away by all the ingenuity of rival circulation managers.

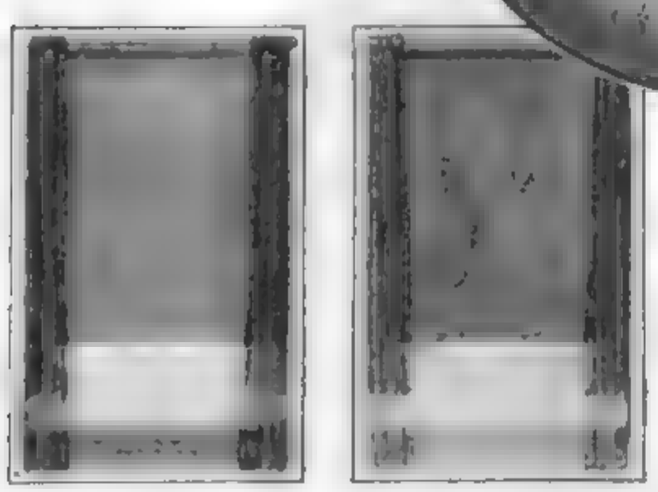
2. That more than 260 other newspapers in the United States and Canada buy through the Ledger Syndicate the rights to publish in their own columns the news dispatches, editorials, illustrations and other features which the Ledger staff produces.

LEDGER
PHILADELPHIA

Hidden!-chalk and clay,-the "filling" that makes shades crack and sag!



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay



(Left) Brenlin shade—made without filling

(Right) Ordinary shade—made with "filling"

Get Brenlin-it has no "filling"

The brittle chalk or clay "filling" in an ordinary window shade is covered up with paint—but it's there!

Snapping and sucking winds, the little strains of everyday wear, cause this "filling" to crumble and fall out. Pinholes, cracks and streaks show up—your shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined.

Ordinary window shade material is so coarse and loosely woven that it must have "filling" to give it body and weight.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

A valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

The Charles W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., and Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

Strand Hotel on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J. shaded with Brenlin by the Currie Company

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

HOT OFF THE PRESS AGENT

(Continued from Page 9)

The old boatman tinkering with a boat and nets whom the policeman cussed into helping him arrest the elephant was the trainer, who, at a signal that the policeman was coming round the point, had cussed the elephant out into the Staten Island waters and then at the proper moment had invited it to come in out of the wet and lie down wearily in the policeman's path. The boatman wasn't nearly so timid about approaching the beast as he pretended. In fact, if that elephant had gummed up his part of the performance at the critical moment the shrunking old boatman would just naturally have taken the elephant across his knee when he had got it alone and spanked long slabs of shaggy bark off it.

No, the press agent didn't blush when telling the truth about the elephant's swim. Press agents can't. And did the New York city editors denounce him? They pinned roses on him! He had batted out a masterpiece. In a slow season he had supplied good pure reading matter. And the morning and evening papers next day gave Luna and its elephant a final total of many columns. One learned on the day following the press agent's confession that the only New York newspaper that never for a moment had taken that swimming story seriously was whatever particular paper one happened to be reading at the moment.

For a number of purely technical reasons the elephant story was a classic of one kind of publicity. The showman press agent in those days almost monopolized the publicity field. Then about a dozen years ago a progressive young man began to develop systematically a new and more dignified sort of publicity, which now has achieved the dignity of a calling that keeps an army of gifted men and women writing hard and thinking harder.

Wall Street Publicity Artists

One result of this initiative and trail-blazing of about a decade ago is that to-day in the Wall Street district of Manhattan alone more press agents are employed than perhaps could have been found in the entire amusement world a score of years ago or less. The newspaper man meets them and is helped by them everywhere. Great banking firms to-day have their press agents. Press agents now are employed by innumerable men and women—especially women—social aspirants. They are employed by the various railroad companies, by many popular novelists, famous artists, manufacturing firms, subway and surface car lines, hotels, candidates for President of the United States, summer resorts, cities, Presidents of the United States, universities and colleges all over the country, by great and small public officials that include some cabinet members.

A soldier home from the World War immediately placed himself, his speeches and his daily doings wholly in the hands of a gifted press agent of the new school of publicity. Quasi-religious cults, great engineering operations, religious and social and economic movements or drives, bond-floating enterprises, philanthropists, scientists, inventors, undertakers, these and fifty-seven hundred other varieties of individuals or organizations now have always an active press agent on their pay rolls. Some famous surgeons—this is among ourselves, remember, and not to be whispered outside our own circle of ten million readers—have perfected and developed a most subtle yet elaborate and tremendously effective brand of personal press agency that reaches straight into the inner sanctums of city, small-town and country newspapers scattered over a wide stretch of the country.

Frequently the press agent in the social, scientific, artistic or political world is thinly disguised by calling him a confidential adviser, social secretary, business manager or something of the sort that is designed to take the gent out of press agent and make him genteel. Whatever his official title, however, the aim and end of the old-style press agent representing Mooney's Mammoth Monkey Circus and the modern sort employed to boost the fame of returning war generals, social queens or statesmen are the same. The new sort of press agent depends more upon his typewriter and truth and less upon his imagination than Mooney's advance man did. The modern publicity man differs further from the one-ring-wagon-show days in that he refuses to wear a sun-struck plug hat and molting fur-lined overcoat during business hours. Also he is usually a college man. One, for instance, took his degree at Princeton before he began to direct the publicity work of railroads, coal operators and other interests, and so gave first impetus to the publicity of to-day.

Hiring a press agent rarely implies these days a wide streak of vanity, at least not vanity unalloyed. It pays to advertise, that is all—a seemingly obvious phenomenon which is steadily being more clearly understood. A generation ago there was, for instance, a proprietary liniment on the market which through years of advertising publicity had become as well known as the justly celebrated Atlantic Ocean. Druggists therefore annually sold rivers of it. Then, on a day when the necessity of continued publicity was not understood as it is now, the owner of the liniment said in effect to one of his staff: "The advertising and general publicity which you have put over for years has made my liniment a household word. Why continue to spend a fortune on hammering home a name already universally known? You're fired."

The liniment publicity was stopped. Also liniment sales stopped. The business did not merely decrease. In a moment it had crashed to absolute oblivion.

For Roosevelt Methods

You may not be able on the instant to recall who ran for Vice President on any ticket five years ago—perhaps you've forgotten who ran for Vice President against Mr. Coolidge last fall; but you everlastingly know who ran for Vice President with McKinley in 1900. And it is not so much that Roosevelt later became a world figure under dramatic circumstances as the fact that in addition to his many other remarkable gifts of mind Roosevelt was as masterful as his own press agent as Barnum was. The Roosevelt methods were in keeping with his dignified achievements; but in personal publicity matters the end sought by Roosevelt, Barnum, the Kaiser in the old days, the late Oscar Hammerstein, Mary Garden, George Bernard Shaw, Whistler and others among the famous who are or were noted for keeping themselves in the public eye always has been the same.

In publicity matters Roosevelt was, as usual, generally several jumps ahead of his rivals. You, a layman in press-agent affairs, may not have noticed that Roosevelt whenever possible issued his important statements or did or said interesting or picturesque things on Saturdays and Sundays. He knew that the courts, stock markets and a large share of human activities knocked off work between Saturday noon and Monday morning. Lots of room, therefore, in the Sunday and Monday issues of the papers for columns of news which during crowded midweek days might be buried in an inside paragraph or entirely ignored.

What Roosevelt had discovered for himself is now taken advantage of by the whole tribe of publicity promoters, the old-time theatrical press agents as well as the new school; so much so that in all metropolitan newspaper offices these days it is the practice to assign one or two reporters weekly to the Saturday and Sunday rewrite—to run through the bales of communications from New York's press agents which almost always are sent to the papers at the end of the week, or if sent in earlier are labeled, "To be released Sunday."

As the rewrite man sits down to his typewriter he observes from the bulky communication on top of the pile that the Reverend Mr. Sylvanus Sapp, acting as his own press agent, has followed his weekly custom of sending to the papers an advance copy of the sermon he is to deliver on Sunday. Mechanically the rewrite man, following a fast glance through the pages, demonstrates with a crunch and a toss that Newton was right. The entire sermon drops straight to the floor with a crash as of solid ivory, thus uncovering the next press agent's contribution. The second communication fearlessly tells the world, or hopes to in next morning's paper, that the

(Continued on Page 59

Comet
Uncoated White Rice
WHITE!
Part of the secret is the *package* the tightly sealed package that keeps out all dust and impurities—you don't even have to *wash* Comet Rice before cooking.
The rest of the secret is the *rice itself*—so big-grained, so unbroken, so clean, and so WHITE!
Just you start serving your family Comet Rice—cooked the Comet way (directions on package)—each big snowy grain separate and unbroken—and *watch!* See if they don't *all* take a sudden new hankering for rice.
Get a package today—Be sure it's Comet Rice.
N B.—*Interested in new recipes? Send for our free Booklet of original Rice Dishes.*
Seaboard Rice-Milling Company
Galveston and New York
?
WHOLE Rice—ever taste it? Very nutritious. The natural bran coating is kept on. Physicians recommend it. Ask for Comet Natural Brown Rice.
Comet
Uncoated White Rice
SEABOARD RICE MILLING CO.

Self-Shavers—Get This

Don't blame the razor if it pulls or nicks your chin. Blame yourself. You can prevent the blade from going bad between shaves.

A microscope will tell you that your razor is really a saw with teeth finer than human eyes can see. Lather and moisture stay between those tiny teeth. Ordinary wiping can't get them out. Rust forms, dulling the edge. Put a drop of 3-in-One on thumb and finger and draw the blade between. Do this before and after shaving. That puts the moisture out of business—prevents the rust—and, oh, boy! what a difference next time you shave!

3-in-One Oil

A few drops rubbed into your strop occasionally keeps it soft and makes it take hold of the razor better.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE. To try before you buy. Write for generous sample and special Razor Saver circular. Use postal card or coupon at left.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 S. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

D213

3 IN ONE

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 S. Bdwy., N. Y.
Please send sample and special Razor Saver circular.
Name. _____
Street Address or R. R. _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 56)

celebrated Miss Mae Mush, star of the Saratoga Chips Burlesquers, aims at some indefinite date to climb the face of the Palisades to decide a bet.

"Well," growls the rewrite man wearily as Mae joins the Reverend Mr. Sapp on the floor, "I hope Mae catches on a sharp rock and loses her bet and everything."

But the next instant the rewrite man is clearing decks for action. He has noted that the third communication is from the secretary—press agent—of the Reverend Doctor Zipp. Now young Doctor Zipp may be no more saintly or learned in theology than the venerable Pastor Sapp, but Doctor Zipp sure is a whiz at putting his stuff over the pulpit. The Reverend Mr. Sapp therefore is unknown outside his humble parish. The Reverend Doctor Zipp is not only rector of a famous church, but he always occupies a front-row stage chair at mass meetings and a tonneau seat in the forefront of that section of parades labeled "Prominent Citizens in Automobiles."

No solemn sermon comes from the Reverend Doctor Zipp's press agent. Just a brief paragraph or two to the effect that on Sunday night the reverend doctor intends to bust loose and raise at least two or three kinds of hell in the form of a brutally frank recital of liquor-law infractions and worse degradations as observed by the Zipp Committee along the fastest currents of night life. Names will be named! One gathers that after hearing Doctor Zipp, lovers of peppy sensation will wallop the first passing welkin until it rings and rings and rings.

Breaking Into Fame

"That's in," chortles the rewrite man, and expands it to at least a quarter of a column advance notice for Sunday's paper. On Sunday night many reporters attend church services for the first time since the President spent a Sunday in town. On Monday morning Doctor Zipp's picture is nesting prominently on a thick cushion of snappy reading matter. By midweek he has even Arthur Brisbane's stuff crowded into a corner and bleating for breathing room. When the Zipp Extraordinary Grand Jury meets, the best poor old Pastor Sapp gets is a seat on the window sill outside looking in. The Reverend Mr. Sapp will never get anywhere, especially in Manhattan, until he fires himself and hires a professional.

The Sapps, unfortunately for their publicity aspirations, fail to ask themselves the question with which the late Henry James summed up all the pother about the technic of fiction writing: "Is it interesting?" Handmade fame has been concocted almost between clock ticks merely by filling a bath tub with anything not water and jumping in or by delivering one sentence of half truth in an after-dinner speech.

Take the case of a great medical internist. For a generation he had been doing the most marvelous work in diagnostics the world had ever known. Nevertheless, except to his scientific colleagues and his students in Philadelphia and Baltimore, the wonders of his work were unknown. It is fair to say that Broadway never had heard his name. So far as popular acclaim was concerned, his life of unparalleled achievement had left him just where he had been in his top-spinning days. Then one night during the late years of his life a toastmaster called upon him for a few cheery little remarks. At the end of his frothy little semihumorous address he was internationally famous.

"Doctor Osler Says Chloroform Men at Sixty," shrieked the headlines from the Atlantic to the Pacific next day.

Incidentally Doctor Osler had said nothing of the sort. He had stressed the great work done by men of forty and under and had added that so far as the sum of most workers' contributions were concerned civilization would have lost little if they had been chloroformed at sixty.

No matter; he was said to have said something of vast interest to the human race. For the first time in his life the newspapers were telling the public who and what this great Osler person was. Cops and cabinet officers were arguing about Osler—and mistakenly calling him Oss-ler. Stage comedians were interpolating the killingest jests about this Doc Oss-ler, and Broadway song writers were riming his name with hostler and officer. Paragraphers, cartoonists and Sunday editors were in ecstasy. The verbs "to osler" and "oslerize" became a part of the language. In short, Doctor Osler, in the public mind for the first time in his long life, had done something worth talking about. The crowd in a day admitted him to a niche beside Doctor Munyon.

Wallop the ball hard enough on the nose to be interesting and you'll break into newspaper fame whether you be an elephant, a lady or Babe Ruth. But you must be interesting—exceptionally interesting, if you or your press agent is connected with the amusement world. With the entire journalistic profession always ready to discredit the theatrical press agent before he even commences, the showman perforce learned long ago that necessity is the mother of imagination. Therefore it is that in the showman field of publicity one finds the most interesting and amusing press-agent ten-strikes, among them being the great publicity classic of all time.

It had all the elements of genius except dignity—and dignity was unnecessary. It was the most artfully planted and best developed of all publicity stunts. It was the most effective, because literally within a few hours of a single day it made an absolutely unknown foreign performer but recently arrived in America, unable then to speak English and with nothing to her professional credit except one appearance in a two-a-day music hall somewhere to the west of Broadway—within hours, I say, it made her a national celebrity, as musical-comedy fame goes. Immediately she was made a Broadway star, had a Broadway theater and play, made a fortune.

On the morning of the day the young woman attained hand-picked fame two bored reporters, one of whom represented a news association covering virtually all the papers in Manhattan, lolled in an insignificant city court dealing in petty civil suits. There was no promise of even a paragraph of news in the day's judicial grind. And then in the course of the petty litigation along came a rawboned man of rustic tinge who complained to His Honor—through an unknown police-court lawyer, who did all the talking—that he was unable to collect a bill for milk delivered to a business man living in the Tenderloin section of Broadway.

A Great Story Turned Loose

The two reporters listened perfunctorily. One of them finally strolled out—probably across the street to Gus' to freshen up the monotony, and I don't blame him; but the lawyer cared not, because he knew the reporter who had remained represented the local news association. And already the lawyer had taken the first step in the biggest plant in press-agent history.

Casually the little lawyer mentioned—for the reporter's benefit—that the man said to owe the milk bill was a theatrical producer. In a small way—small in those days—the man was. Here was a paragraph of news, anyway. The lawyer named as the man's home address a well-known hotel. The address was a few more vitamines to the growing paragraph. And now with one throw of the bones the lawyer shot his whole roll. He remarked sonorously that any man who had something in the neighborhood of one hundred gallons of purest Grade A milk delivered in his elaborate little hotel suite every morning should be made to pay for his extravagances.

That was all. It was enough. The reporter for the local news association hurriedly telephoned his office. Within the hour reporters were converging toward that hotel to try to learn how in thunder a slim young business man, living in a hotel well supplied with milk, could drink the hotel dry of milk and tuck away an extra hundred gallons or so daily.

The young man was at home to the reporters. For days he did nothing but be at home to reporters. And when first interviewed he seemed embarrassed, distressed. Really he did not see why the public should invade the privacy of his beautiful young wife's daily bath!

Her bath? In milk? Certainly, gentlemen! His wife in that dear Paris of hers had learned from complexion specialists that there was no skin beautifier like the daily milk bath.

The item that both the man and his wife were connected with the theater naturally aroused the suspicions of the reporters. Some of them brutally expressed their doubts about that milk bath to the husband. The reporters were snapping at the bait in precisely the way the press agent had hoped they would.

"Oh, very well," sighed the husband sadly. "If you insist you may all come up to my suite and see the most beautiful young lady in America take her morning bath, gentlemen."

Let me say in all loyalty to the profession of journalism that a reporter, especially a lusty young red-blooded reporter in his early twenties, will go anywhere for news. So far as I have been able to learn after painstaking investigation and study, here was the only situation in the entire history of American *belles-lettres* where there was not a single reporter willing to say, "Some of you birds go on upstairs and get all the dope about this bath stuff and meet the rest of us afterward at the bar."

When the Limelight Goes Out

"Kom een!" The lady, responding to the knock of the bathroom door, invited the entire herd—with just that hint of modest hesitancy which will creep into a young woman's voice when a bunch of the fellows drop in to pass the time of day with her while she is in her tub. She had exhausted her English with that "kom een," but an interview was unnecessary. In fact, for several too-short moments in that bathroom speech was physically impossible, even to reporters.

Fwhoofff! White tiling, white tubful of white milk, white shoulders and neck rising out of the milk, cheeks of peach blossom and cream, blackest black pompadour set off with a red, red rose and the largest dark eyes New York had seen outside of the elk range at the zoo. As I was saying only an instant ago, fwhoofff! And I don't think it ever had occurred before to a reporter present that plain cow's milk was so impenetrable to the human eye, so dog-gone impenetrable.

When, some time later, out in the street, a semblance of speech had returned to those impressionable reporters it took the form of incoherent jibberings. The pastime of dropping in at any hour of the day to see a lady sit in her bathtub of milk became the chief indoor sport in newspaper circles for a considerable spell. Ancient desk men in Manhattan newspaper offices whose last journalistic leg work had to do with the story of the draft riots of the Civil War borrowed cub reporters' police cards and hurried up toward Forty-second Street. How many hours in all the lady was compelled to submerge and sit in the milk that week I do not know. I do know that if at the end of the week a bad thunderstorm had come up the lady certainly would have clabbered.

But never for an instant did her press agent permit the milk bath publicity—daily columns and entire Sunday-supplement pages by the vanload, printed in papers from ocean to ocean—so much as slightly to curdle while it was humanly possible to keep it sweet.

The milk-bath star in private life was a most estimable woman, and when she died not long ago many a chorus girl broke down with real grief when telling of the star's helpfulness, big-heartedness, gentleness, goodness.

The press agent knows what the business man who lost his old liniment business never had learned—that, although it pays to advertise, the paying stops when the publicity stops.

Quick! What's happened to Jack Johnson, the eminent John Jamison, Jim Jeffries, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, the Messrs. Haig and Haig, Coal Oil Johnny, Mary MacLane, Gordon Gin, Richmond Pearson Hobson, the ex-senator from your state, Bushmill's, Johnny Walker, anything or anybody that has been dropped from the advertising columns or the pure reading matter? Bourbon, Scotch, rye or hootch—yes, you know all about the present status of these generic phenomena, because they are still getting considerable advertising by word of mouth as well as in print. But your favorite brand of the old day? Gone! Forgotten! Scotch, rye, hootch, anything with a kick will do you now. Names already mean nothing.

Only this morning, while I killed time out on our Brielle bridge settling several international questions with Gene Longstreet, the draw tender, and watching the rest of our folks beating all the rugs on our lawn far down the Manasquan—only this morning I said thoughtfully to Gene, "Wonder, Gene, what Wilson's doing now?"

"Wilson?" says Gene. "What Wilson? Never knowed no Wilson along these here watters."

Emery

Collar Shirts—
The Crest of Style

Separate collar to match;
or, collar—attached

CORRECT for business or lounge wear, as well as for sport.

Not to be overdone, though—nothing extreme. Neat stripes or subdued solid colors.

Favored fabrics include pongee, printed and woven madras, oxford cheviot and silk mixed fabrics.

Wearing *any* Emery Collar Shirt (collar-attached or separate soft collar to match) you'll be in thorough good taste.

Emery Shirts are acknowledged equal to custom-made. Roomy, generous fit—no skimpiness anywhere—collars and neckbands remain true to size.

It surely pays to look for Emery when you buy shirts.

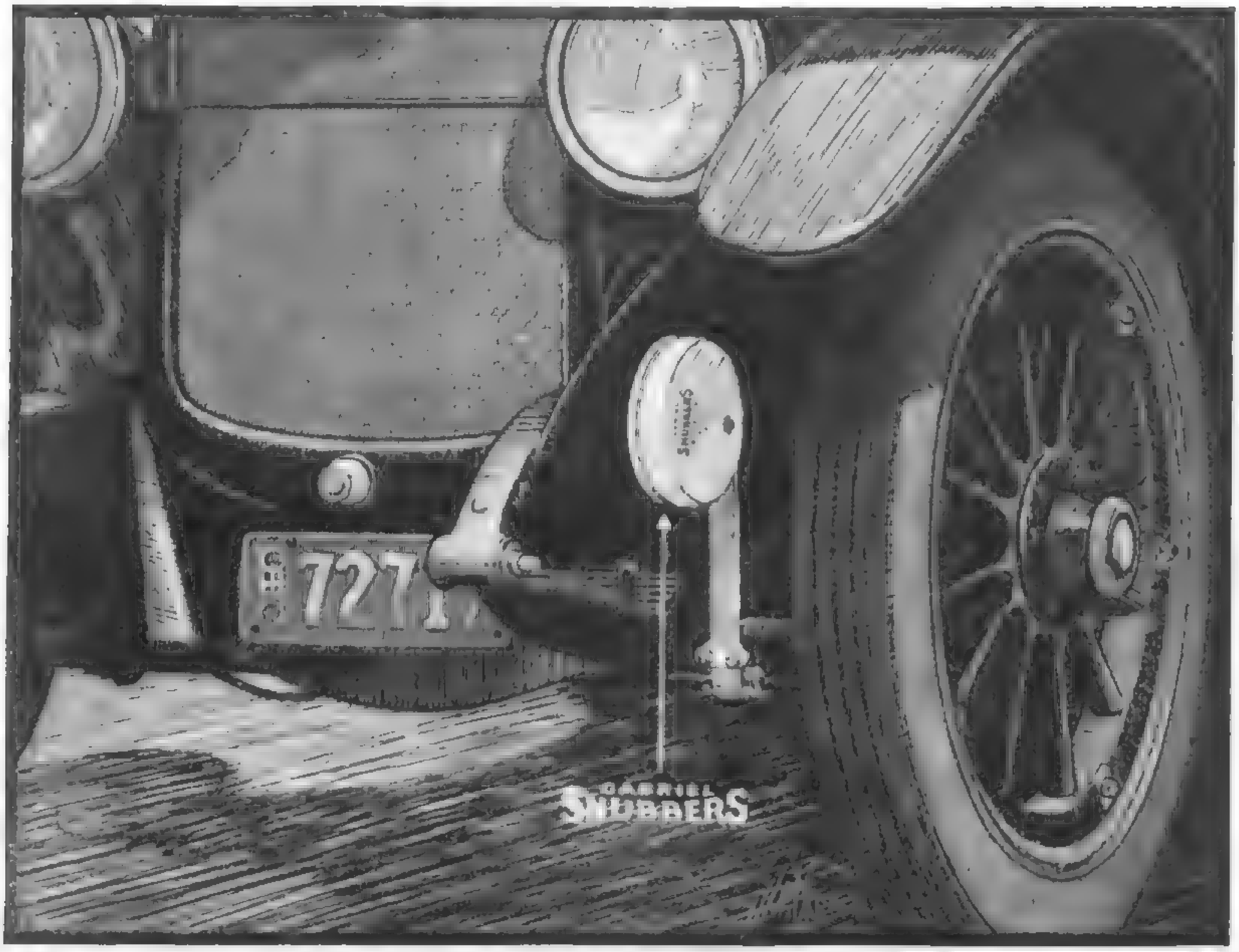
Shirts with collar,
$2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up.

At better-class shops.

Emery Shirts

If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct and we will see that you are served.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia



Col. J. G. Vincent

E. H. Belden

Fred N. Zeder

Harry C. Stutz

Edgar Apperson

Frank N. Nutt

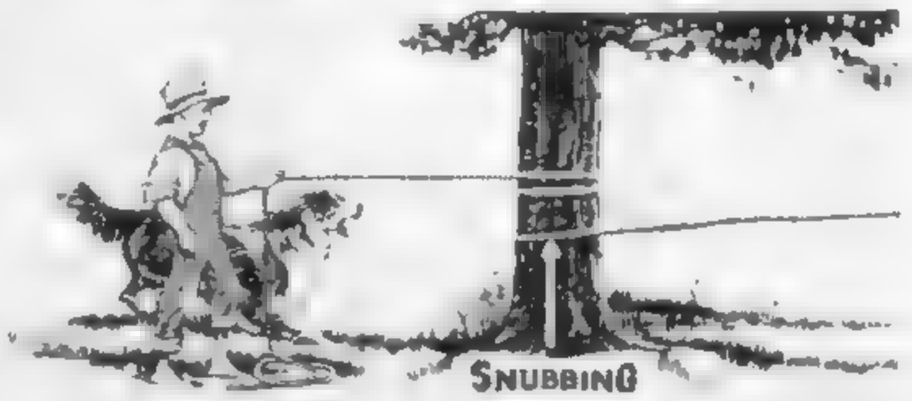
A. C. Hamilton

L. M. Stellman

H. Clark

R. K. Jack

GABRIEL SNUBBERS



Endorsed by Automotive Engineers

C. H. Foster
Inventor

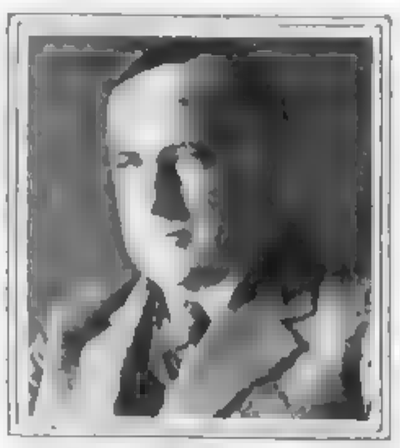
FIFTY-FIVE well known makes of cars are either standard equipped with Gabriel Snubbers or have their frames drilled for them. Thirty-five of these are equipped—the remainder are drilled. The endorsement of ENGINEERS is proof that they should be on every car.

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING CO.,

1408 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

E. A. DeWaters

W. R. Strickland



Guy P Henry

J. V. Whitbeck

D M'Call White

Chas. L. Sheppy

James M. Howe

Russel J. Begg

E. Wooler

Chas. S. Crawford

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Outdoors and the Skin

The keen exhilaration of the great outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine, free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness and the natural beauty of the skin to wind and sun.

The complement to the exercise of The Sports Woman is the constant use of Resinol Soap. The blemishes on the delicate skin, the outward and visible signs of thoughtless neglect, will be mitigated and the complexion improved, as you commence its beneficial use.

Whatever blotches may appear as the result of the sun's influence on the hidden pigments of the skin, Resinol Soap will act as a stimulant and serve to hasten your new pleasure in a beautiful skin.

The constituents of Resinol Soap tend to prevent the spread of facial flaws, to preserve the bloom of the fairest skin, and to present to the world of The Sports Woman (in whatever sphere) the delight of life so enhanced by purity of color and of feature.

Buy a cake today from any druggist or toilet goods dealer, then persevere in regular, daily treatments and watch your complexion improve.

Upon request we will send you a sample of Resinol Soap, accompanied by a booklet on "Resinol Soap and how to use it." Address, Dept. 9-E, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

EXIT THE HAPPY WARRIOR

(Continued from Page 4)

I picture it as it was disposed when it went into action. In depth it extended about seven miles. The complete depth back to the corps artillery is eleven and a quarter miles. It is six miles from the strong point shown on the front line back to division headquarters. In this area there were about 30,000 men; 7000 draft animals; 150 cannon, some mobile and some fixed; several hundred motor trucks and cars; ration dumps; engineer-supply dumps; ammunition dumps—all connected with one another and with corps headquarters and army headquarters by a complicated, delicate and intricate system of communication by telephone, by telegraph and by wireless.

In the machine-gun nests and in reserve were 224 heavy machine guns and 768 automatic rifles. They had an effective range of 2200 yards and threw 550 to 600 steel-jacketed bullets per gun per minute. That is to say, an enemy who stood in the clear more than a mile in front of these machine-gun nests had 550 perfectly good chances of being hit every minute he was exposed while a gun was in action. He didn't have to be hit 550 times. Once was enough. In the next war there will probably be three times as many of these machine guns and automatic rifles.

The divisional artillery consisted normally of forty-eight of the French 75's, throwing a projectile weighing sixteen pounds 12,000 yards, and each gun firing ten shots per minute; twenty-four of the 155 millimeter howitzers, throwing a ninety-five pound shell 12,000 yards at the rate of two a minute from each gun. Then there were seventy-two 155's discharging a 111-pound projectile. It is not believed that a much greater rate of gunfire will be achieved in the future, although the volume is expected to increase through greater concentration.

This increased concentration has been the significant phenomenon of big-gun fire as wars have increased in severity and as improved methods of killing by wholesale have been discovered. For example, during the whole four years of the Civil War the Union armies expended only 5,000,000 rounds of artillery ammunition. Compare this with the monthly average of the French and British in 1918, when they discharged every thirty days 12,710,000 rounds. The artillerymen promise to increase this average when the next war comes along.

Preparation for Operations

But I have been diverted temporarily from my point. You have seen how a division is disposed and how its elements are dispersed and scattered over a wide area of countryside. You might walk through the area though it was crammed with men, and not see above a hundred or so. The groups and elements are out of sight of one another. Because of their disposition in depth a soldier in the line may be actually five or six miles from the front line. That sort of thing makes it possible for a soldier to go through a battle as a combatant and never see an enemy. I remember a case in point.

One of the first casualties in the Seventy-seventh, the New York City draft division, occurred soon after the division landed in Northern France. A brigade was sent for training to occupy the so-called headquarters line behind Arras. I should say it was a matter of eight or ten miles behind the actual front line, yet it was actually in the line. Soon after the brigade came up three of the men went one day into an old barn or farm building set down in a broad field. The Germans were always desultorily shelling the area and chanced on that day and at that moment to drop a 5.9 on that barn. The man it killed had never seen a German or a trench or anything of war, yet he was actually killed on the battlefield in action. Scores of men in France fought Germans and killed them and were in turn themselves killed without even seeing an enemy.

The picture and the analogy that I want you to draw in your own mind from these incidents and descriptions is that an army in the field is like nothing so much as the widely scattered parts and units of a great industrial organization and that it must function as a whole, that all its separated parts must coördinate perfectly, or it will fail in its purpose. Every one of these skilled trade workers and professional specialists has got a certain specific job to do in action, and it must be done in relation to what all the others are doing.

The most minute orders and directions have to be given for even the smallest operations. When the British Navy raided Zeebrugge and Ostend to attempt to make those two ports uninhabitable for German submarines, it required six months of careful preparation and planning. The actual operation required only a few hours one night. When the Germans were preparing for their 1918 offensive their divisions received intensive instruction and training in mobile warfare, with "unceasing drill from morning until late at night." By February fifty-eight divisions had completed a four weeks' course. Complete final rehearsals were held, in which tanks, contact airplanes and smoke bombs were used. The raid on Xivray, in June, 1918, was secretly rehearsed in the rear for five days, the last rehearsal being concealed behind a screen of smoke.

Elaborate Plans of Attack

I have before me at this moment the divisional orders for a comparatively unimportant operation. It comprises twenty-three large typewritten pages, and it is not written in narrative form but in the most compact, succinct military jargon. It sets forth the general object of the offensive, the objectives of neighboring units, the mission of the division, its zone of action sharply and clearly defined, detailed orders for units of the division, their mission, objectives, zone of action and axis of advance. There are minute instructions for the disposition of the brigade reserve, military police, artillery, machine guns, airplanes, tanks, for liaison and combat liaison.

Other pages are devoted to an elaborate engineer plan, what they shall do and how they shall do it, and when. There are detailed instructions for using and policing the roads, which roads for infantry, which for artillery and wheeled traffic, one-way roads and two-way roads. Another part of the orders tells where prisoners are to be sent when captured and where the wounded will be cared for. Where water and food and ammunition can be found are set down in precise detail. Several pages are devoted to communications by wireless, by phone, by telegraph and by signals between the infantry and the airplanes. And much more.

Now you see that to devise even a simple and routine plan of battle requires an equipment of technical knowledge and training. To be competent to be a general of division in the next war a man must have put in virtually the whole of his working life in preparation and education. So huge will be the forces employed, so great will be their dispersal, so deadly will be the weapons in use and so large the area of destruction of life and property that only a qualified, technically educated and trained specialist can set an army in motion, or stop and reassemble it once it starts in motion.

Because of airplane observation it will be possible to move troops only by night. By day they will lie hidden. Even a present-day battlefield is to all appearances an uninhabited tract. Masses of men will show themselves at instant peril of their lives. In the World War the average depth of the line of battle was about seven miles. All the strategists and professional soldiers seem agreed that in the next war the line may be twenty miles in depth or even greater. The units will be more widely dispersed. It will require correspondingly greater skill to coördinate and function the larger groups, divisions and the like. To handle and fight a division will be a technical performance as difficult as building a modern steel bridge or skyscraper. No amateur will be able to do it.

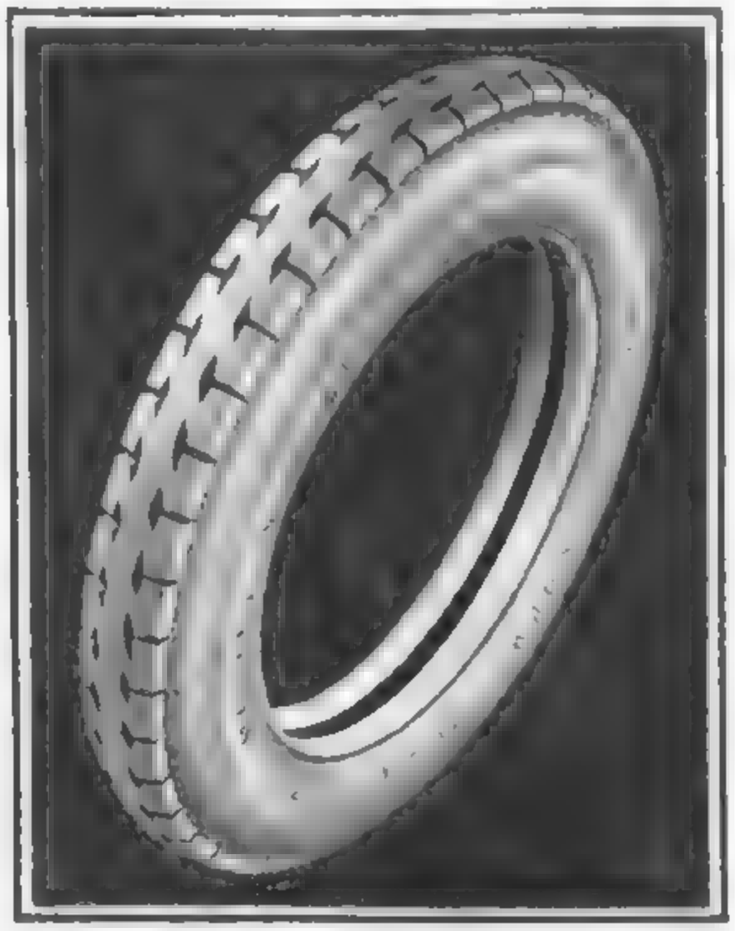
Now what about weapons? What will be the new engines of destruction? One of our chief professional fighting men tells me:

"Taking first only what we absolutely know that the new weapons can do, it is easy to see a good deal of what future warfare will be like. This is particularly true if we project the present weapons a bit ahead in development that can easily be realized. For example, there can be no doubt that in a future great war all present weapons

(Continued on Page 65)

At last!

A perfected Cord Tire for Light Cars



Michelin Announces a 30x3½ Oversize Cord

The new 30x3½ Michelin Cord embodies the following important advantages in tire equipment for light cars:

1st. It reduces tire expense by greatly increasing mileage.
2nd. It increases riding comfort owing to superior resiliency.
3rd. It gives the owner all the advantages of oversize tire equipment.

There has been some doubt in the tire trade as to the possibility of making a completely satisfactory cord tire for plain clincher rims, which are used on many light cars; but this tire definitely removes that doubt.

Owners of Ford, Chevrolet, Overland, Maxwell, Dort, Briscoe and other light cars with clincher rims will find it profitable to have the nearest Michelin dealer show them the new 30x3½ Michelin Cord. Just test one of these new tires for yourself and be convinced.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

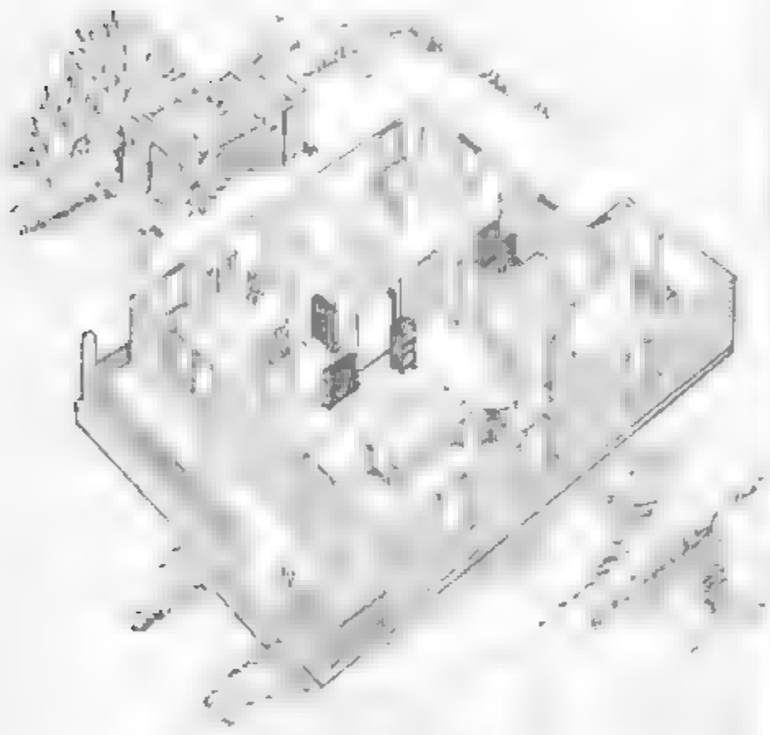
Other Factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy. Dealers everywhere

31-5

Ideal-ARCOLA Heating Outfits

Be sure to find out today, all about this—the greatest of heating bargains!

Write for catalog, showing open views of ARCOLA Heating Outfits in 4, 5, 6 and 7 room cottages, bungalows, flats, schools, stores and small buildings. The cut away plan below shows how simple it is to heat a 5-room cellarless house with an ARCOLA. Can also be put in cellar and will heat second-story rooms.



"The Comfort Fairy Gave Them a Warm Home"

NO tales are told where homes are cold. The story hour is always assured in the ARCOLA hot-water-heated home. The health of the home circle is safe-guarded from the dangers of cold, chill and dampness. Every nook and corner is cozy. ARCOLA heat is the greatest aid to mother's watchfulness. It is the comfort fairy of the home.

Reduced in Size and Cost

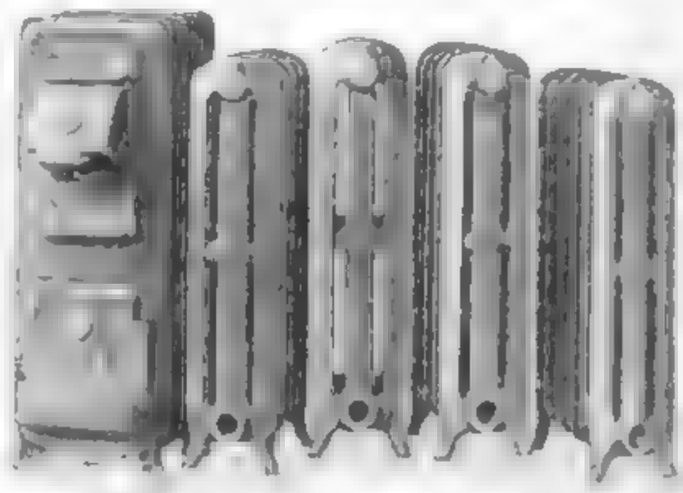
The ARCOLA is made on the same principle and with the same guarantee as our larger IDEAL Heating Plants. The only difference is in the smaller size and lower price of the outfit. ARCOLAS are especially designed for small homes, new or old, with or without cellars, one or two stories. Thousands of owners enjoy this low-cost heating which meets the demand of mild or severe winter climate from Florida to Minnesota, and from California to Maine.

Most Heat at Lowest Cost

ARCOLA fills every room in the small home with luxurious, healthful hot-water heat at less than it usually costs to heat just one or two rooms with stoves. No fire risk; children cannot burn themselves.

Burns hard or soft coal, coke or wood. Also may be used with gas or oil.

Complete outfits, consisting of ARCOLA, several AMERICAN Radiators, Expansion Tank and Drain Valve, are sold in sizes to fit any small building.



Easily Put in Any Building at Any Time

See the ARCOLA in heating contractors' stores and in our showrooms. Decide NOW and be ready for winter!

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 57, 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Sales Branches and Showrooms in all large cities

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

(Continued from Page 62)

will be very rapidly developed in power and effectiveness. Undoubtedly tanks will be built that will have great motive power and carry such heavy protection as to enable them to make attacks that the tanks used in the world war could not accomplish. Undoubtedly there will be tanks having a very considerable speed so that their mobility will save them from any except very effective artillery fire. We now have tanks that can make twenty miles an hour.

"Of course it goes without saying that a tank can be built of any practicable size. I have even heard discussions of tanks weighing a thousand tons. It was explained that these could walk across any reasonable obstacle and across any kind of earth without bringing much more pressure to the square inch than there now is under a man's foot.

"Planes are already in existence that can carry six thousand pounds of bombs and have a very considerable radius of action. Bombs are being experimented with that weigh a ton and carry about fifteen hundred pounds of high explosives. Experiments are being carried out daily to develop the accuracy of target practice with bombing planes, and it is claimed that about 40 per cent of hits can be made on a target representing a ship's deck and an area around the ship's deck of fifty or sixty feet, around which bombs would explode like depth charges in the water and injure the vessel."

Mastery of the Air

"If bombs of this size would not accomplish what was required on either land or sea, there would be no difficulty in building bigger bombs and bigger planes to carry them. In all probability bombs of such great size would not be used in land warfare, because the targets are so large and so numerous that it is numbers of planes and numbers of bombs that would be required for destroying either junctions, dumps or enemy troops. But on the sea the bomb must be large enough to do the work intended. In my opinion a bomb weighing a ton, dropped on the deck of any battleship now in existence or designed, would certainly put the ship out of action as a military weapon and would be very likely to destroy her.

"I think we may say right now that any military operations in the future, either on land or on sea, that are carried out by a force which has complete command of the air will be successful, because if there is one thing that is more certain than any other it is that there is no means of defense against airplane attack except a superior air force. I am assuming, of course, that airplanes can be successfully operated from airplane carriers. It is therefore perfectly clear to me that the most powerful weapon of offense, both on land and on sea, in the future will be the air force, and that no nation can consider itself safe on land or sea unless it has a greater air force, not than its possible enemy but than its possible enemy can bring to bear upon it. To state a specific case, the combined air forces of Europe could not do the United States any damage as long as the United States had a greater air force than the European nations could bring over on vessels from which they could be operated.

"Of course, this does not apply to European nations that lie close to each other. And the danger is that any one powerful nation that makes up its mind to make serious war against another is not going to make preparations exclusively in the old style—that is, by building battleships that everybody can see, by training all the elements of an army that cannot be concealed, but by quietly building the elements of a great air force, which, when completed, can be assembled and put into operation within a short time. This is another reason why I believe an air force is the most dangerous weapon of the future.

"Nothing that I have said above should be taken to imply that a country can win a war by an air force alone, but only that if they have a superior air force it will enable the other elements of an army to overwhelm the enemy, as the enemy will not be very effective after the commanding air force has finished with it and its lines of communication and supply depots.

"Now consider the most dangerous weapon of all, which is gas dropped from the air. This, of course, like the bombs, can be made effective against an enemy only in case the attacker has command of the air; but having command of the air the use of gas will defeat any other means of warfare whatever, and this for the simple reason that it will make the existence of the personnel wholly impossible. You may wonder why gas was not used from the air during the last war. I believe it was because the air forces were too nearly balanced. Neither of them had at any time, except by local concentration, general superiority in the air, and I believe that both sides feared to start the destructive work. You can guess what gas bombs in London would have meant. The British understood it and so did the Germans, and they also understood what it would have meant in Berlin and the cities on the Rhine.

"However, I think that the nation that goes into a war in the future with the distinct command of the air will use gas and have the war over within a very short time."

The chief new agencies of destruction that the World War developed were gas, airplanes and tanks. Of these, poison gas and airplanes are far the most deadly and dangerous and susceptible of further uses. Poison gases include not only those which kill by inhalation, those which penetrate the skin and go to the brain centers, but those which remove soldiers from active participation in a battle by causing sneezing, vomiting or temporary irritation to the eyes. Smoke has its use in permitting infantry to advance over open places; tanks to get into contact with infantry through the cover of the smoke screen; the concealment of flanks; the blinding of the enemy posts of observation; the blinding of machine-gun nests; deceiving feints to cause the enemy to expect attacks in various other localities than where the main advance is to be made; the concealment of military construction work such as the building of pontoon bridges, the erection of intrenchments, and all that sort of thing. Incendiary material will cause fires among the enemy's military stores and supplies.

Chemical warfare as used by the Germans against the Americans from July to November, 1918, caused 30 per cent of the American casualties with about 10 per cent expenditure of ammunition. Of these casualties 1 per cent were fatal and, so far as known at present, scarcely 1 per cent of the remainder suffered any permanent consequences from being gassed.

With such a weapon at hand, and the evident impossibility of limiting its development in peacetime, it is unreasonable to suppose that any nation in a new world war will abandon the use of gas warfare when that nation's very existence depends upon the success of the conflict.

Chemical Munitions

Chemical munitions are delivered upon the enemy by artillery, aviation, special gas troops and by infantry. The artillery gas shell is lighter than the high-explosive shell. The range of artillery and rapidity of firing have almost doubled since the days of 1914. These factors make possible the delivering of large quantities of gas upon the enemy front lines, upon the lines of communication and upon the troop concentrations, railroad terminals and supply depots far in the rear. Whereas an artillery high-explosive shell detonates and its effect is lost two seconds later, an artillery gas shell leaves its effect from fifteen minutes to eight days.

The consternation caused among troops upon the arrival of gas at night is greater than that produced upon their morale by even a high detonation of large-caliber artillery shells. In the next war one may expect to see billets, road crossings, rest areas, transportation centers and roads of communication constantly and thoroughly covered with deadly or harassing warfare gases.

The airplane now carries and drops bombs of one-ton size. In place of imagining a squadron of eighteen planes, conceive of a fleet of two or three hundred planes delivering the same number of tons of gas upon the enemy. The very protection this enemy must adopt against this gas will hamper his movements, will decrease his efficiency, and by his decreased offensive powers an increased gain of defensive protection is to be had by the side which delivers this attack. The quickest ending of a modern war is caused by the destruction of a nation's production facilities. The flight of the future airplane will cover geographical areas which include the heart of any nation's industrial plants. If by the use of warfare gas these plants may be put out of action and the war brought to a sudden end, it seems assured that aviation will be called upon to deliver large quantities of gas on industrial centers.

The present carrying capacity of planes will probably be multiplied many times within the next ten years; in fact the limit to their size will be fixed by the considerations which stop the development of the dreadnought and the ocean greyhound. In place of planes carrying one ton of gas one hears prophecies of planes carrying twenty tons, and with a squadron of one hundred planes it is easy to see the drenching a large area might be given. Gas may not only be dropped in these large tank bombs from planes, but these same tanks may release the gas by the method of spraying, and the gas itself fall as a vapor or as raindrops. Greater dispersion can be had by this method and therefore large areas may be gassed efficiently.

Coast fortifications may expect to be drenched by gases both from naval attacks and from aviation. In return the bombarding ship will receive armor-piercing gas-filled projectiles. The gas will be driven through the ship by the forced draft necessary for the ventilation of naval vessels. Here a type of gas will be used against which the crews of ships will have to be protected by heavy clothing impregnated with certain chemicals, protective gloves, masks and headgear. The reduction of efficiency in the fighting value of a naval vessel compelled to adopt such methods becomes a matter of serious moment. Aviation smoke bombs will not only blind the movements of a fleet but permit the planes themselves to fly low enough to deliver their rain of bombs with a certainty of success.

Special Gas Troops

Weapons used by the special gas troops have had their weight cut in half by post-war developments, their ranges doubled and the quantity of gas to be delivered trebled. This means the drenching of the entire front areas to a depth of at least three miles by a constant rain of various gases. It means armies will have to be taken out of gassed areas to eat, that animals if used will have to be given the same protection given the men, and that at no time during night or day may the man put aside his protective equipment. The very metal of his fighting weapons will be corroded and made useless by the action of the gases. Nervous reaction is bound to occur. The side putting over the greatest offensive will find the weak places in the line.

Certain warfare gases are placed in containers under high pressure. When these containers are opened the liquid gas turns to a vapor and rushes forth, to be carried by the wind fifteen or twenty miles from the point of emission. This has already occurred. Its efficiency is increased by the volume released and the rapidity with which this volume can be brought to the place of release. The British used motor lorries with gas cylinders toward the end of the war. Probably five-ton tank trucks will replace these and tons of gas will be brought from the rear to favorable points at the front with the speed of the modern high-powered motor truck.

Gas must penetrate ordinary clothing, must require special protection in the canister of the gas mask, and will also require specially impregnated uniforms to protect soldier and civilian worker from the gas clouds of the future. Knowledge of this type of gas by one nation and ignorance of its action by another mean victory for the nation which has prepared, and victory in a very short period of time, before proper defensive steps can be taken.

Congress has been told by the Chemical Warfare Service of the Army that its chemists have discovered a liquid three drops of which, when applied to any part of the skin, will cause death. Much smaller amounts than this, or even vapors from the liquid, cause slow-healing burns.

The experience of the World War proved it is possible for an airplane to fly within a hundred feet of enemy troops and machine-gun them with practical impunity. If, instead of carrying machine guns, attacking planes were equipped to carry a tank of this liquid for discharge from nozzles similar to the ordinary street sprinkler, so that it would fall like rain, killing everything in its path, then you would have a weapon that would absolutely destroy troops, noncombatants, or cities, unless they were protected by a superior air navy.

One plane carrying two tons of the liquid could cover an area a hundred feet wide

(Continued on Page 68)

In Every Household

Sandpaper is as necessary an item in the home tool kit as a hammer or a saw.

For the average household the best form in which to buy sandpaper is to purchase a "3M" Utility Package. They cost only a dime and contain twenty sheets, graded fine to coarse. The five best grits for household use. 4½x5 inches in size, easy to handle and no waste.

Buy sandpaper when you buy paint or varnish.

On sale at all paint and hardware stores.

Made by

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Saint Paul, Minnesota

"Prepare the Surface" with

3-M SAND PAPER

IN HANDY 10¢ PACKAGES *for* HOUSEHOLD USE

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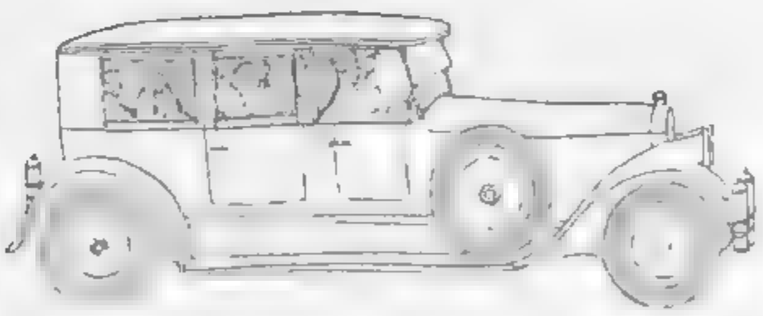
LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY STAND AT YOUR DEALERS

—goes a long way to make friends



THE GEN

There's a New Idea in Tires

Wherever Akron people go, on business or pleasure, they are very apt to be asked for inside information on the tire situation. Coming from the center of the rubber world, the subject of every conversation naturally turns to tires just as the Detroit man finally gets down to the subject of motor cars or the Pittsburgh man to steel.

"What tire do Akron people use?"
"Who are the strongest Akron companies?"
"What's the most notable tire success?"

Questions like these are showered at the average Akron traveler. He cannot help but notice the new way that car owners are regarding their tire purchases. They are apparently going to dig down under the surface until they are sure that their tires are made by the right people.

Akron itself is of course always in a state of continual buzzing on tire talk. With the world's leading rubber companies here, producing seventy-six per cent of the world's tires, it is only natural that Akron people should be thoroughly acquainted with tire values.

Watch the next Akron man you meet. Wait for him to name the most successful tires. See if he does not mention The General every time. It is remarkable how often the first honors have gone to General when this test has been applied.

This new idea in tire buying has a lesson for every American car owner. Tire values can change overnight. An apparently slight alteration in a tire-making process may add twenty-five per cent to the life of the product, and each Akron factory is continually striving for that extra quality.

The growth of The General can be accounted for only by the improvements it has introduced into tire making.

The first successful molded cord was a General Tire.

The first over-size fabric tire for Fords—the Jumbo—came out of The General factory.

Another recent General Tire achievement was the development of *the Successful Cord for Fords.* It is an outstanding success in the 30 x 3½ car field.

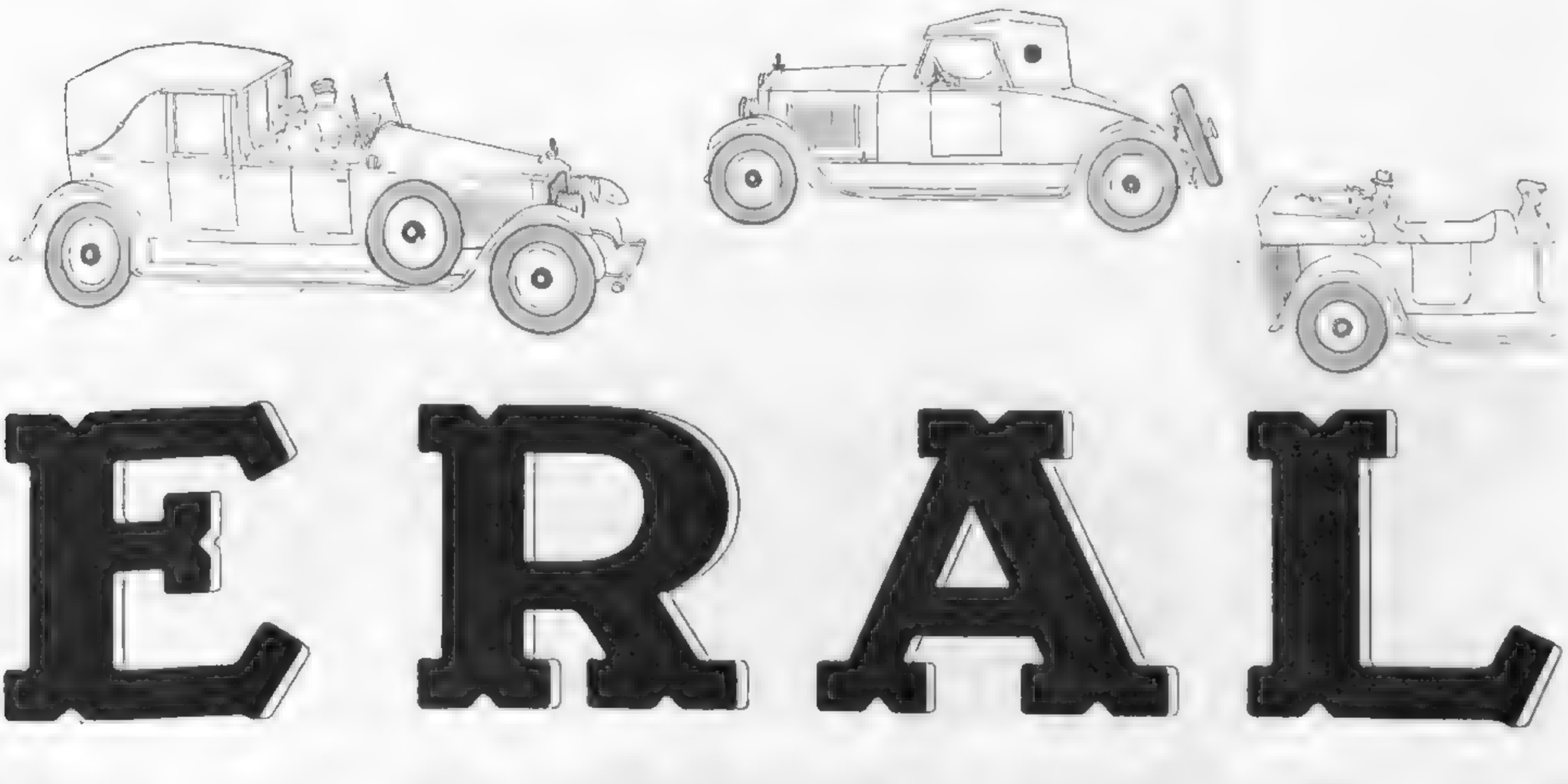
In the commercial truck field The General Cord has always been recognized in the rubber industry as a leading producer, and The General factory was the only company to produce a specially built tube with a patented base construction for large cord truck tires.

No wonder that Akron people are the best salesmen for this great line of tires. Their praise is based on intimate inside knowledge of the facts.

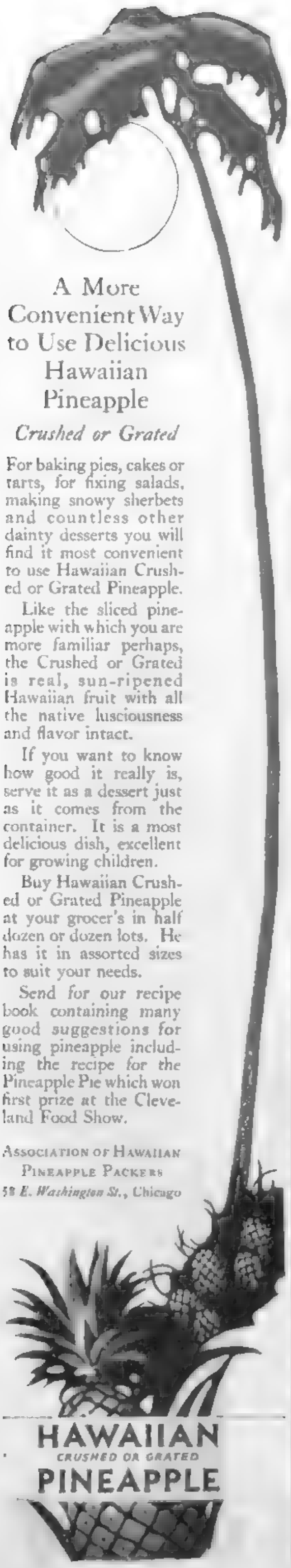
There's a new idea in tire buying.

Ask Akron!

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.



GENERAL



A More Convenient Way to Use Delicious Hawaiian Pineapple

Crushed or Grated

For baking pies, cakes or tarts, for fixing salads, making snowy sherbets and countless other dainty desserts you will find it most convenient to use Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple.

Like the sliced pineapple with which you are more familiar perhaps, the Crushed or Grated is real, sun-ripened Hawaiian fruit with all the native lusciousness and flavor intact.

If you want to know how good it really is, serve it as a dessert just as it comes from the container. It is a most delicious dish, excellent for growing children.

Buy Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple at your grocer's in half dozen or dozen lots. He has it in assorted sizes to suit your needs.

Send for our recipe book containing many good suggestions for using pineapple including the recipe for the Pineapple Pie which won first prize at the Cleveland Food Show.

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS
58 E. Washington St., Chicago

HAWAIIAN
CRUSHED OR GRATED
PINEAPPLE

(Continued from Page 65)

and seven miles long in one trip, and could deposit enough material to kill every man in that area by action on his skin. If the men were not protected by gas masks, which would be the case if the attack were made on a city, the fatal area would be several times as great.

There is a possibility that a protective clothing can be developed that will entirely cover the wearer and be impervious to this liquid, still allowing water vapor to pass through. Work along this line is being pushed by the Chemical Warfare Service, but the problem is an extremely difficult one, and it is probable that several years will be required to develop such a material, if it is possible to do so at all.

During the Argonne offensive in the past war the entire first American Army of 1,250,000 men occupied an area approximately forty kilometers long by twenty kilometers wide. If Germany had had 4000 tons of this material and 300 or 400 planes equipped in this way for its distribution, the entire first army would have been annihilated in ten to twelve hours.

The Germans opened the war using projectiles seventeen inches in diameter. They closed it using projectiles one hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. And the latter were more effective than the former. As the dimensions were reduced from molar to molecular the battle became more intense. For when the Big Bertha had shot its bolt that was the end of it. Whomever it hit was hurt, but after that the steel fragments of the shell lay on the ground harmless and inert. The men in the dugouts could hear the shells whistle overhead without alarm. But the poison gas could penetrate where the rifle ball could not. The malignant molecules seemed to search out their victims. They crept through the crevices of the subterranean shelters. They hunted for the pinholes in the face masks. They lay in wait for days in the trenches for the soldiers' return as a cat watches at the hole of a mouse The cannon ball could be seen and heard. The poison gas was invisible and inaudible, and sometimes even the chemical sense which Nature has given man for his protection, the sense of smell, failed to give warning of the approach of the foe.

The Airplanes of the Future

The projectile is thrown from the gun by the expansive force of the gases released from the powder, and when it reaches its destination it is blown to pieces by the same force. This is the end of it if it is a shell of the old-fashioned sort, for the gases of combustion mingle harmlessly with the air, of which they are normal constituents. But if it is a poison gas shell each molecule as it is released goes off straight into the air with a speed twice that of the cannon ball, and carries death with it. A man may be hit with a heavy piece of lead or iron and still survive, but an unweighable amount of lethal gas may be fatal to him.

That is the sort of thing they have in mind when they talk about fighting with fumes. They are seeking every day for that odorless, colorless and tasteless gas that will not betray its presence until it has blinded or impaired or instantly killed everybody who comes within its field. Sooner or later they are almost sure to find it. And when they do—that will be Armageddon, or the millennium.

There is no limit except in the imagination to what airplanes will do in the war of the future The essential thing in war is the speed with which destructive forces can be moved to any place where they can be used effectively against the enemy. No speedier carrier of destructive forces has ever been devised by man than the modern airplane It is virtually immune from attack from the land It can be attacked and repulsed only by a superior air force Day by day planes are being built larger and faster and capable of carrying a greater weight of high explosives or poisonous gases. It has taken only a generation to advance from the ironclad Monitor and Merrimac to the present-day superdreadnoughts. An equivalent advance in airship construction has been made in ten years, and the possibilities of the air vessel are just beginning to reveal themselves Brigadier-General Mitchel, assistant chief of the Army Air Service is one of the most sanguine and enthusiastic believers in the future of the airplane Hear him briefly

"During the war the Air Service was developed essentially for fighting over the land, as the Allies held the sea to a greater extent than any great combination ever has before. To begin with, aviation was used entirely for observation purposes—that is, for reconnaissance, for the adjustment and regulation of artillery fire, and for keeping contact with the troops so as to report their position. At the end of the campaign the aviation was 80 per cent offensive and only about 20 per cent observation. The moment that airplane attacked airplane the principal mission of the air force was to whip the hostile air force so as to enable the airplanes to observe, to drop bombs or attack troops; So that today the principal mission of an air force is to destroy the hostile air service, just as the mission of an army, is to destroy a hostile army.

"Offensive aviation has developed along three lines. Pursuit aviation was the first offensive aviation developed as a separate branch—that is, the aviation which pursues hostile aircraft and shoots them out of the air. Pursuit aviation at the end of the campaign in Europe constituted more than 60 per cent of all offensive aviation."

The Destruction of Reserves

"The next branch of aviation which was developed was that which carried missiles and dropped them—bombardment aviation it is called. This started with bombs weighing twenty-five pounds; at the close of hostilities some were using bombs weighing up to a ton. To-day we can carry more. In connection with bombardment this war has demonstrated the efficiency of high explosives as distinguished from fragmentation. We can explode high explosives on the outside of an object and obtain very great results from that alone. As an example of that I might cite the explosion at Halifax. The results of experience show that air projectiles are the most efficient from the standpoint of explosives of any we ever have had. A one-ton cannon projectile has only fifty-five pounds of explosive in it. The air projectile weighing that same amount will have from 1000 to 1400 pounds of high explosive in it. This is because it is not necessary to give it great weight to have it go straight and insure a good trajectory. Bombardment aviation can use gas projectiles also.

"The third branch of aviation developed was for the attack of the armies on the ground, which we call attack aviation. This branch used airplanes equipped with a number of machine guns, and we now have planes which carry both machine guns and a cannon, and are armored to cover the personnel and engines. We shot a 2.95 howitzer from an airplane the other day. That is practically a three-inch gun, and I am convinced that we can fire a six-inch gun from the air. That 2.95 howitzer was fired from a Martin bomber.

"The whole problem between two armies is not so much a question of whipping the troops on the front line as it is a question of destroying the reserves. If by any means you could gain control of the air to a sufficient extent to allow you to surprise the enemy, and the enemy did not know anything about it—as the Germans did in their March, 1918, attacks on the Western Front, when they practically surprised the Fifth British Army, because they made their principal movements at night—you have a tremendous advantage. But if you have an air force comparatively equal to that of the enemy, as was the case on the Western Front, you cannot give him any surprise; at least not very much of a surprise, because both air forces neutralize each other. At Château-Thierry, because the Allied observation aviation worked at night the German attack was not a surprise at all.

"Reserves can be attacked from the air in two ways. You can hit them with attack aviation when they come up on the roads, the infantry and the artillery in column moving up toward the front lines; also their motor and railway trains. Aviation can also interrupt communication at the various centers where many roads and railways meet. We believe that in the next war gas might be used by a barbarous foe on the centers of communication We know just how much gas has to be put down on those centers to interrupt communication.

"For instance, take New York and consider an area in the vicinity of New York ten miles by ten miles, or an area of 100 square miles. If two tons of crying gas are dropped by airplanes or airships there once in eight days it will make everybody wear gas masks and goggles. If we want to keep that place covered with mustard gas we can put down seventy tons once in eight days, and everybody will have to protect himself against mustard gas in that area. If we want to kill everybody in that area and use phosgene we have to put down 200 tons of phosgene once in eight days, and it will keep that area covered. All you have to do is to go over that area once every eight days and keep it inundated with gas. The only protection against such a procedure is protection in the air.

"As to the columns moving up, they will all move at night and our attack aviation is designed to attack these columns. Attack airplanes are armored; they have three-eighths armor all over their vulnerable parts. They carry a thirty-seven millimeter cannon and eight machine guns. They are almost developed. We have one type of these ships which we can put into production now. We are still developing them. So much for the use of airplanes over the land or in conjunction with an army.

"Next, we may consider their use over the water. An army fights on land, a navy on the water, but an air force over both. To begin with, we can tell you definitely now that we can either destroy or sink any ship in existence to-day.

"We have a complete project, involving the use of smoke, the use of gas and attack aviation, to neutralize the antiaircraft attack and to destroy the ship. There are two things about attacking shipping. There is no trouble about destroying any unarmored ship. There was one small bomb which was exploded in the water some distance away from the torpedo-boat destroyer Smith. The destroyer began to sink and was towed away. All unarmored vessels can be sunk without any trouble at all. The Indiana was made to begin to sink by one bomb with only 214 pounds of explosive, placed about sixty feet below the water and thirty feet away from her stern. It damaged the stern of the ship, bent the rudder post and propeller shaft. They towed her ashore and let her sink. The thickest deck we have to pierce is about three inches thick, and the maximum amount of any ship we know of is about seven. There is a three-inch ballistic deck about four decks down. If you hit that in any way we are convinced it will put a ship out of action, not only from the shock but from the fumes, the gas and the general concussion. We are ready to demonstrate that at any time."

A Test of Endurance

Have I made a clear picture? Do you see the armies of the future, hooded, masked, wearing indistinguishable garments of some neutral material as nearly as possible impervious to gas, creeping forward at night to their widely dispersed position and subject day and night to attacks from poisonous vapors, liquid gas that will eat and burn, smoke, flame, bombardment from airplanes and big guns, tanks and armored motor cars, machine guns, bombs and hand and rifle grenades, automatic rifles, and mines that explode and change the face of a countryside? It will be like that. Do you apprehend the intelligence, the skill, the special technical education that will be required to control, to direct and to command these forces, the immense preliminary preparation that will have to be made before such forces can be let loose?

But in the end, at the very last, no matter what the weapons and what the control and direction, the decision will be made by the common soldier man in the ranks, the foot-slogging soldier, what the British used to call the P. B. I—the poor bloody infantry He always has and always will make the final decision. When he gets fed up with the war the war stops.

Gas, flame, airplane bombardment, none of the new inventions of the World War bothered the soldier so long as he thought he was sending over as much destruction as he was receiving. It is only when he comes to believe that he hasn't got a Chinaman's chance that he stops. Therefore all the talk, and all the efforts to preserve morale. Whatever new deviltries are invented, war will remain a test of endurance between man and man, as it will also remain at minus zero among all the activities and pursuits that keep a man out in the open air.

The war that will end war is yet to be fought. That will be the only possible saving virtue of the war of the future.

59 Years of Manufacturing Experience Back of BlueBird

FIFTY nine years of doing things better—of building the integrity of honest ideals into a manufactured product, are the guarantee that is back of the improved Davis-Made BlueBird Clothes Washer and Wringer.

Davis Sewing Machines built half a century ago are still giving satisfactory service to their owners.

Davis-Made Bicycles are the standard of quality wherever bicycles are known and used.

And now the improved Davis-Made BlueBird is carrying a new spirit of helpfulness and happiness into tens of thousands of American homes.

The Blue Bird is taking away the drudgery and discomfort of washday—making it one of the happiest days of the week instead of the most dreaded.

And it is doing the washing quicker and better and more economically than ever it was done before.

Davis quality and character and integrity have been built into the Improved BlueBird—The Davis guarantee is back of it.

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ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

BlueBird will wash equally well a few delicate things or a whole tubful of heavy clothes. The snappy "teeter-totter" movement of the large copper tub gives a double cleansing action and forces the sudsy water through the clothes again and again, cleansing them quickly and thoroughly. BlueBird *does* wash cleaner.

The all-steel wringer is a masterpiece of strength and beauty. It is electrically driven; started, stopped and reversed by one small lever. It adjusts itself to light or heavy garments. It swings and locks in three convenient positions.

BlueBird moving parts are supported in a steel frame built like a bridge and covered with white enameled panels that give absolute safety, and that make it, we believe, the most beautiful as well as the most efficient washing machine in the world.

The BlueBird Book will be sent you gladly if you write

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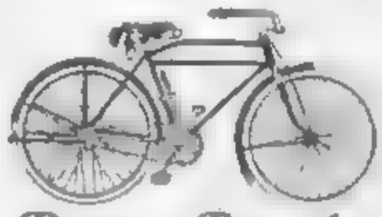

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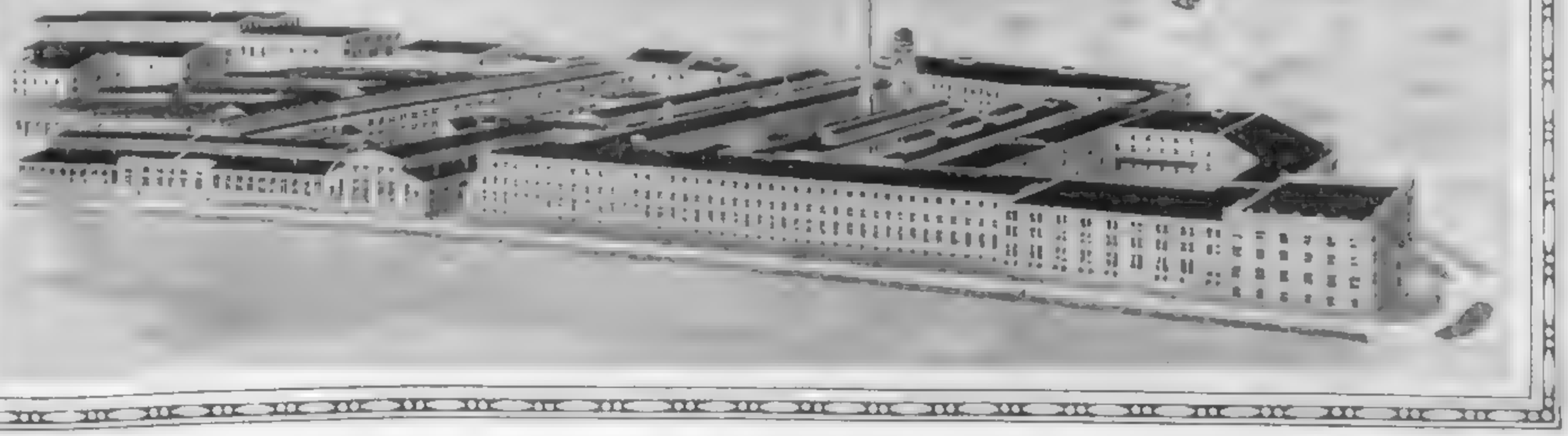
Write today for the new book, "How to choose a Bicycle," and Dayton Catalog No. 47. Every boy ought to have them.



A N N O U N C I N G

The Lark

Leading Style Vogue for Next Year;
Smart Sport Car with Ansted Engine

Lark means: "To sport; to frolic; a merry adventure!"

This high-spirited car is the opposite to everything dull, sluggish, cumbersome, and commonplace!

Instead of auctioning off *old* merchandise, Lexington introduces a *new* value—an improved, advanced, and better motor car. It is an extraordinarily fine car of newest body lines and a variety of striking color combinations. Each car looks like a *special* one. It has the famous Ansted Engine, the same "miracle motor" that won both first and second places for Lexington in the Pike's Peak Hill Climb.

At the wheel of *The Lark* you fear no rival. To drive it is to feel youth, to exult in motion; indeed, to experience a "merry adventure." See the Lexington dealer or write us now!

Lexington
MINUTE MAN SIX

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.
Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

YOUNG, RICH AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 7)

precious little blonde most preciously appareled—and Dell suspected that he was on display.

They had a merry time—that is to say, the girls did. For one thing they had a host of catch phrases. When the waitress said, for instance, "Cream or lemon?" Helen gave her friend a glance of youthful amusement. "Beatrice! Did you hear that?" she said. Together they bubbled over with merriment, like two young wells of joy.

"I wonder if 'cream or lemon' means me?" Dell darkly asked himself. "Kittens like cream, of course, but what's the meaning of lemon?" Suspicion feeding upon suspicion, he even more darkly wondered if he himself was the meaning of lemon. He felt warm, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

At first he decided to be dignified, but after a minute or two of that he saw that he was on the wrong track.

"No use acting like a gloom," he thought. "They'll think I'm old."

And pulling himself together with an effort, he tried to enter into their youthful spirit. He found it hard work, and if some of the girls whose pictures were in his bottom drawer had been there to see him—some of the girls who in their time had tried so hard to please him—they might have glanced at each other with satisfaction at the revenge which Time was beginning to visit on Master Dell.

"I guess it's their age that makes them this way," he thought. "You can't expect a young girl to act old." Young—rich—and beautiful. After all, he couldn't very well quarrel with his own formula.

The girls walked home—Helen and Beatrice lived next door to each other—and Dell went with them. He had hoped that Helen would invite him in, but she didn't, and when at last he left her with a graceful bow, after making an engagement to call the following evening, he was guessing just as hard as ever; and also discovering that guessing is hard on the disposition, and makes a man feel foolish when he ought to be at ease.

For the next two weeks Dell called at the Crysties' at every opportunity. In two weeks much may happen. Peaceful nations may go to war; fortunes may be made or lost; fires and floods may come and go; but at the end of the two weeks in question the only additional information that Dell had acquired about Helen was the name of her favorite candy store and that roses were her favorite flowers.

If he had been philosophical—which is of course asking too much from any man in his frame of mind—it might have occurred to him that after all he was only now taking the same medicine which he had once given to those whose pictures dwelt in darkness in his bottom bureau drawer. The fits of abstraction—these had probably once been theirs—as also the fears, the hopes, the doubts, the expectation of letters that didn't come, the reconstruction of scenes, the magnification of trivial words until they assumed proportions of the first importance, the reveries which sometimes fell upon him at unexpected times—when he was eating, or riding in the Subway, or even sitting at his desk in the office—reveries from which he would awake with a start, and look around with a sheepish glance to see if anyone had been noticing him.

"At any other time," he thought, "it wouldn't be so bad. If I was married to Helen, of course the firm would take my note for the whole amount—with a father-in-law worth five millions and no one but Helen to leave it to. Hang it all, I've simply got to win, because if Mr. Dyckman ever finds that I've been blowing my money in as fast as I've earned it I don't believe he'd ever take any more interest in me. Darn it all, if I had been married twenty years ago and had saved my money as I ought to have done I'd have that twenty-five thousand easily—and perhaps as much more besides."

He suddenly became aware that one of the office boys was speaking to him.

"—— or what shall I do?" concluded the boy.

"I don't know," said Dell irritably, ashamed at being caught dreaming again. "Ask somebody else."

Later in the day, waking with another start, he said to Peter, "What was it you said to me just now about the gum on the envelopes?"

Peter stared at him with his eyes like two round *o*'s in horror.

"Gum? Envelopes?" he incredulously repeated. "Why, I never mentioned gum—or envelopes either! I've been sitting here for the last ten minutes working on this prospectus, and I haven't said a word!"

From her desk in the corner the stenographer looked up.

"I think it was Joe who spoke to you about the gum on the envelopes, Mr. Potter," she said. "It doesn't stick, and when I came back from lunch I heard him asking you what he should do about it."

"Yes, yes. I remember now," said Dell quickly.

Peter stared at him, and although Dell pretended not to notice it, he noticed it, all right.

"I've caught quite a few people staring at me like that lately," he uneasily told himself. "I wonder if I'm beginning to look old—or what it is?"

A man can nearly always find what he looks for, and after dinner that evening, attentively examining himself in the mirror in his room, it seemed to Dell that dark puffy marks were appearing under his eyes; and when he held his head down and turned up his glance as a duck will sometimes do when it thunders, it seemed to him that on the crown of his head a mournful moon was beginning to show through a scattering cloud of hair. He was still regarding this when a knock sounded on his door.

"A note from Helen?" he eagerly wondered.

With one hand he straightened the mirror on his dresser, while with the other he smoothed down his hair.

"Come!" he cried.

The door opened and, half defiantly, half smilingly, Reina Hayes entered his room.

IX

REINA had not appeared at dinner; and thinking it over afterward Dell guessed that she had spent the hour upstairs, making herself ready to call upon him. She was dressed in a silk of robin's-egg blue that he had never seen before, and had evidently been at some pains with her hair, which was coiled low at the nape of her neck, as schoolgirls sometimes arrange their hair when they first do it up. Indeed, as she stood by the door, beyond the direct rays of the light, she looked curiously like a plump high-school girl—which was partly due, perhaps, to the color of her dress and partly to the shortness of her skirt, which was cut in the prevailing mode. But when, leaving the door a few inches open, she advanced into the room and the light fell on her face, the illusion vanished. Her full cheeks had that droop to them which no art can conceal, the bloom of youth had left her, and underneath her eyes Dell thought he saw a hint of those same signs that he had just been observing under his own.

"I know I shouldn't have come," she said, "but I think it's all right with the door open."

Hurrying on before he could answer she added, "Anyhow, I'm in trouble, Dell, and I don't know who else to go to for advice. Do you mind?"

He saw then that she had an envelope in her hand, tied around with red tape—such an envelope as banks gave away to buyers of Liberty Bonds.

"It's about my investments," she said. "When father was alive he looked after everything and it was generally all right. But lately I've been wondering whether some of my bonds are safe. Perhaps I ought to sell some and buy others. What do you think?"

Dell looked down at the envelope again, a frown of growing perplexity showing on his forehead.

"I can't very well advise you," he said, "till I see what you've got."

Accepting this as an invitation she seated herself and made a table of her lap, Dell drawing up another chair and sitting opposite her.

"Of course I've spent quite a lot," she said, untying the string, "and I've had to sell some of the bonds. But just a moment; I'll show you"

She shook out the contents of the envelope and arranged them into three piles. The first consisted of a number of savings-bank books, the second of bonds, and the third of stock certificates.

"I've had to have nearly all the money," said Reina, "but there's a little left in each bank yet."

Originally the books had shown deposits aggregating about a thousand dollars each, but they had all been flattened down nearly to zero. One had a balance of $2.76; another, $4.82.

"Not much here," said Dell.

"No; not now," she answered; and yet, for all that, there was a note of pride in her voice, as though the thought in her mind, if completed aloud, would have been "Not now—but there was once!" It was evident that she attached at least some degree of importance to the exhausted bank books, if only as documents of historical interest.

"And these are the bonds—those that are left," she continued. "Do you think I ought to change them for others, Dell? Or what shall I do?"

There were four of them—bonds of a past generation, some of which had grown weaker with age.

"If they were mine I'd sell these three," said Dell, "though I'm afraid you won't get much for them. This one is all right; I'd keep that."

"There!" said Reina. "How glad I am that I came to you. Aren't they pretty, though—some of these bonds! Look at the train of cars on this one—and the Indians—and the buffalo. Steel engravings too. Rub your fingers over them and you'll see. There's one here somewhere with a lot of little children playing around a big cornucopia. There! Isn't that cute?"

If you had been there then she might have reminded you vaguely of one who was showing her wares—the best she had in her shop—and working fast for fear that her customer would walk out on her.

"And these," she said, "are the stocks."

Most of the certificates were gems of the lithographer's art, but it didn't take Dell long to see that nearly all of them were of that nondescript character generally known as cats and dogs. Gold-mining companies, oil companies, rubber-plantation companies, copper companies—all, all were there, the old familiar faces.

"Of course they didn't cost father a fortune," confessed Reina, "but he always said there was a chance that one might prove to be a winner. This is the one he liked the best—the Cassiopeia Copper Company. See? Ten thousand shares! Suppose it only goes to ten dollars a share some day. Wouldn't that be a prize?"

The note of pride in her voice had grown, and yet at times there was a plaintive tremor in it, too, which might have reminded you of the juggler of Notre Dame who could only do some pitiful little tricks before the altar by way of devotion. After Dell had glanced at the last certificate he looked at Reina and saw that her lips were trembling slightly as she gazed down into the envelope to make sure it was empty.

"Have you ever received any dividends from these, Reina?" he asked in a gentler voice than he had used before.

"No."

"No; and I'm afraid you never will. Did you have them appraised when your father died?"

"Y-yes."

"What did they say?"

"They said the stocks were of no value"

"That's just what they're worth to-day."

"But they may be valuable sometime," she eagerly insisted.

"Oh, anything may happen sometime," he replied. "I'll find out what these bonds are worth and let you know to-morrow."

He made a note of the issues and Reina replaced the securities in their envelope.

"Well," she said, suddenly rising and holding out her hand, "good night, Dell; and thanks ever so much."

She went out humming, and a few moments later he heard her moving about in the next room.

"I guess she's spending somewhere around two thousand a year," he thought, returning to the mirror and carefully brushing his hair. "At that rate she'll be broke in less than two years. I wonder what she expects to do then. Must have been good-looking once too—when she was younger. A pity she didn't get married."

(Continued on Page 74)

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KEEPING BOOKS with pencil or pen and adding long columns "by hand" were well enough in the days when merchants had no better means to do the work. But nowadays, the man who is using the old hand methods finds it harder and harder to "get by" in competing with modern business men—men who are using figuring machines and mechanical aids in bookkeeping to save time, to reduce overhead and to insure accurate records.

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It is the spirit of hospitality translated into silver, and it is made so well by Wallace silver craftsmen that it is guaranteed without time limit. This exquisite design is made in flatware and hollow ware—the complete dinner service.

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SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835

(Continued from Page 71)

And picturing her as she had sat opposite him, he thought of how her lips had trembled—those lips which once he had likened to cherries.

"Been kissed too much," he wisely repeated as he put on his hat and coat. "Funny how it shows on them after a while."

The thought aroused another; and in a dim flash he saw himself in the same light as that in which he had just seen Reina.

"And I I've kissed too many," he thought with the breathless feeling which insight sometimes brings. "I—I wonder if Helen can begin to see it showing on me!"

For nearly a minute he stared at his troubled reflection in the mirror, and although his following remark was obscure, perhaps you can follow it. "I wonder if things like that do fall back on a man after a while?" he uneasily asked himself. "They've certainly come home to roost on Reina." His next thought was more in the nature of a classic, and was probably voiced by the Emperor Tcheou-Kong, three thousand years ago, he who measured the obliquity of the earth's ecliptic to the width of an astronomical hair, and may be voiced again by one of Tcheou-Kong's successors, three thousand years in the future, when he reads that the races who ruled the world in 1921 killed each other by the tens of millions, yet always proudly referred to themselves as being civilized.

"The older you grow, the more you see it," he breathed; "life's a funny, funny thing."

x

HELEN had never looked more attractive than when Dell called later in the evening. Perhaps as a flower blooms best in the sunshine, so a girl blooms best when being courted. And whatever you may think of Master Dellwyn Potter's pursuit of Helen Crystie, he certainly felt his heart beating faster every time he looked at her that night.

Peter was there, as young and as earnest as ever; and Beatrice was there, the precious little blonde whom you have already met; and aunty, of course. If you had been there and had watched them a while you would have presently seen that they were playing one of those crisscross affairs which have furrowed the brows of the human race since the beginning of history—that is to say, Beatrice wanted Peter, and Peter wanted Helen, and Dell wanted Helen, and no one wanted aunty.

As for Helen, it was hard to tell. Perhaps it was only romance that she wanted—the spirit of the thing—and she didn't mean to commit herself to any mortal man until she felt that divine fire which makes a girl turn cherry red at times—even in the dead of night—when she thinks of a certain big hand that has touched her own, or of a certain bass voice that shimmies a little every time it speaks to her.

It was getting late when Helen suddenly cried "Oh!" And turning to aunty she added, "I forgot to mail my letter to dad, and I wanted it to go particularly tonight."

Peter started to speak, but Dell was quicker.

"Let me run out and mail it for you," he said.

"No," she replied. "There's a box on the corner and it will only take me a minute. The air will do me good."

"At least you'll let me go with you," said Dell, rising. As he put on his coat he realized that this would be the first time that he had been out alone with Helen at night, and judging the future from the past—as all wise men should do—he also realized that it might be a long time before he would be out alone with her again.

"My chance has come," he said to himself, and the knowledge made his breath come faster, as though he had just run up a flight of stairs.

He didn't say much as they walked to the corner—a gambler approaching the tables at Monte Carlo for the first time is probably rather quiet—but Helen chattered enough to make up for both of them. She had slipped on a fur coat, but hadn't buttoned it, and in the light of the street lamps her neck gleamed like creamy ivory. She was wearing a la vallière on her breast—a ruby in a frame of diamonds—and as Dell opened the drop of the letter box for her the ruby seemed to wink at him.

Going back to the house he was quieter than before, but his heart was beating Boom! Boom! Boom! They had left the outside door slightly open, and as they stepped into the vestibule and closed the outer door behind them Dell suddenly put his arms around Helen and stooped to kiss her.

"No!" she said, struggling.

"I love you," he told her.

It was his moment of perihelion—that moment which comes to every created thing but once in its life. If his easiness with compliments had not warned Helen against him; if his divine fire had only burned with the glow which had once been bright enough to fill one end of his bottom bureau drawer with pictures of girls who had loved him; even, perhaps, if he had only seized and held her with less skill—this story might have had a different ending. But instinctively feeling all the more clearly with every frightened beat of her pulse that her first impression of Dell had been the right one, Helen continued to struggle, her face averted, until at last she voiced a sharp little cry of pain.

"You—you've hurt me," she sobbed.

With a sigh Dell released her. In the struggle the sharp edge of her la vallière had turned and had deeply scratched her.

"Oh, I am sorry!" said Dell, and at least she didn't doubt his sincerity then.

It was nearly a minute later before she could compose herself sufficiently to go into the house, and then she ran upstairs for a scarf, which she arranged in such a manner as to hide the mischief the pendant had done.

"I felt cold outside," she said, rejoining the others. "I should have buttoned my coat."

Aunty gave her a quiet look and presently she gave Sir Dellwyn another of the same. Aunty didn't say anything—she was old and clever but she looked as though she knew how many beans made five.

The next afternoon when Dell called—anxious to tell Helen again how sorry he felt—the maid said "Not at home."

"Shopping, I suppose," he thought. "I guess it didn't hurt her much."

He left his card, and when he called again in the evening—"just to make sure that Miss Crystie didn't catch cold last night," he had promised himself to tell aunty—the maid repeated her information in a somewhat louder voice, "Not at home!"

The next night it was raining, but he called again, looking very thoughtful.

"Not at home!" said the maid in a voice like a female herald's.

Dell turned without a word and went slowly down the steps—all the spring suddenly gone out of his knees. The soldier had marched to the wars just once too often. The pitcher had made its fateful journey to the well.

xi

IT WAS late when Dell reached home, and he himself couldn't have told you where he had been. It was later—much later—when he finally fell asleep, but he hadn't been asleep long when he awoke to find that his enemy had got him again between the shoulders, and was racking him with pain as though to make up for lost time. A draft was blowing through the window.

"I must shut that," thought Dell. "It's blowing right on me."

But when he tried to get up, Old Scrooge gave him such a twist that the perspiration stood out on his forehead and he groaned again, crescendo, lente and con espressione.

In the next room he heard Reina moving, and a few minutes later a quiet tap sounded on his door.

"Come in," he moaned.

In the darkness he heard someone entering and closing the door. Then the light was switched on and he saw Reina in a dressing gown, her hair in two long braids brought forward over her shoulders.

"What is it, Dell?" she asked, hurrying to the side of his bed. "Aren't you well, dear?"

He tried to tell her, stopping now and then to say "Arh!" which was in the nature of a side remark to his invisible enemy.

"I had it once before," he concluded, "and I'm afraid the darned thing's going to keep coming on."

"I know," said Reina, nodding in sympathetic understanding. "Dad used to have it, and sometimes mother was up nearly all night with him." As she moved to the window to shut it she caught sight of his wet clothes on the back of a chair. "You must have caught cold," she said. "Wait a bit; I've got something."

(Continued on Page 77)

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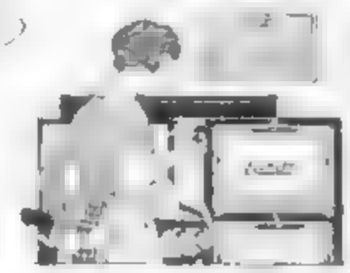

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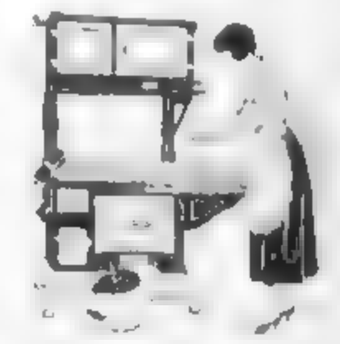

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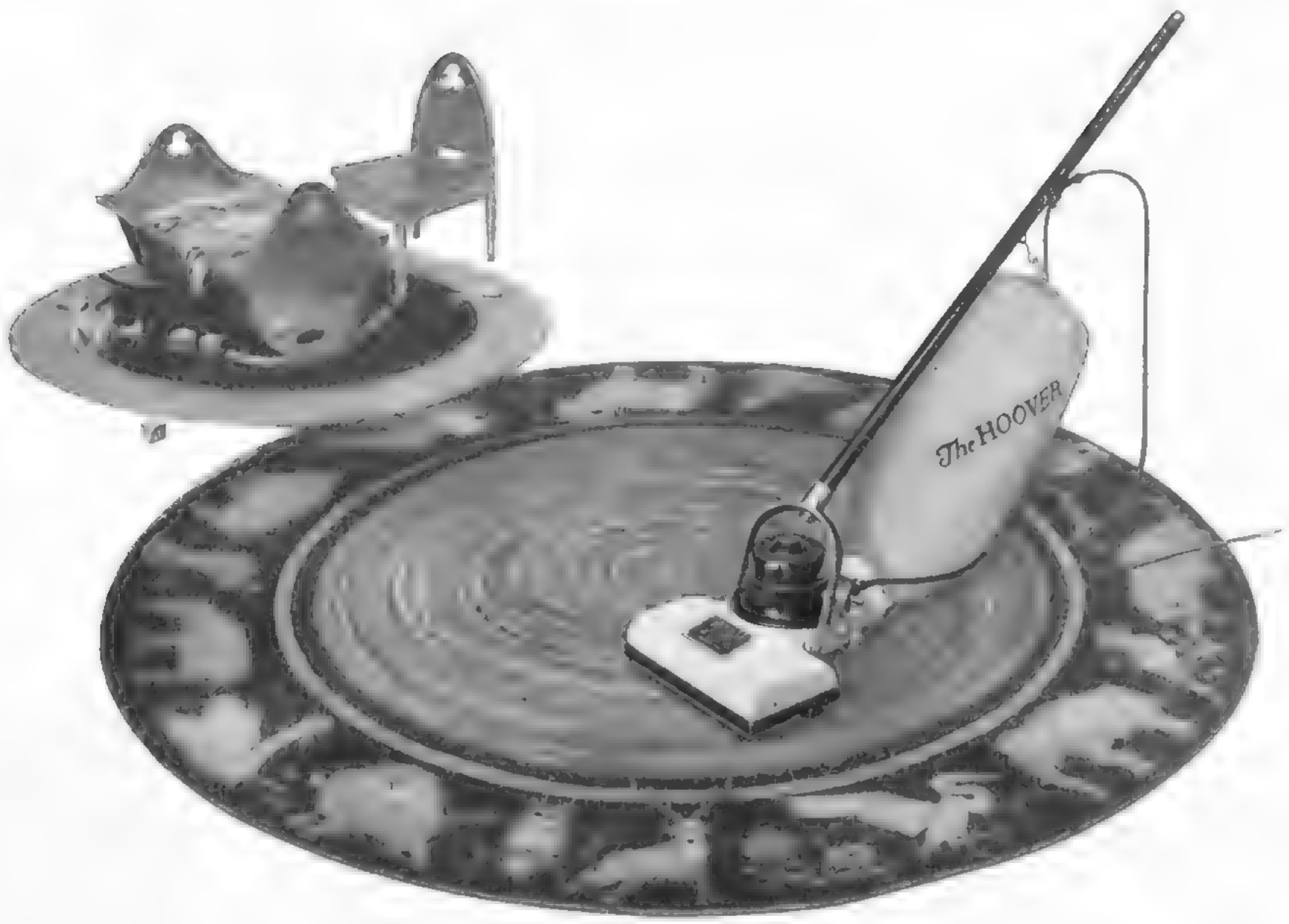

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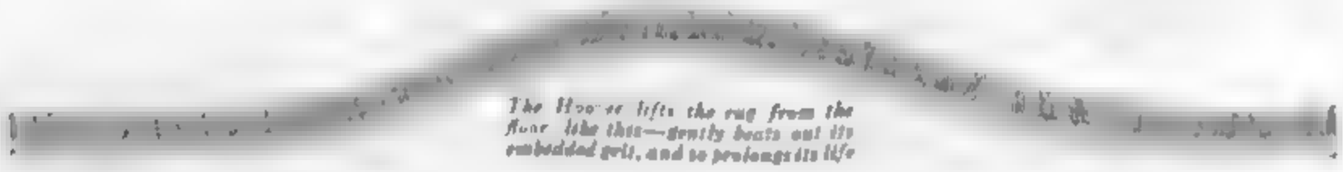

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

(Continued from Page 74)

She hurried to her room and returned with a bottle and a glass.

"You mustn't think I'm a tippler," she said. "I only keep it for colds and things like that."

She poured out a stiff dose, and Dell caught a whiff of ginger.

"Now drink this quickly," she said. "Gulp it right down and it will warm you."

"I—I can't sit up," he said.

Working gently she placed her right arm around his shoulders and raised him high enough to drink his medicine.

"You poor boy!" she said in a low voice, and then she let him gently down again until his head was on the pillow.

"How's that?" she smiled.

"Good," he said as a warm glow began to radiate inside him.

"Just a moment now," she said; "I'll get my warming pad."

In less than a minute she was back again, and had attached the pad to one of the electric-light sockets.

"Now I shall have to raise you once more," she said, "and slip the pad beneath your shoulders where the pain is. You've no idea how the heat will soothe it."

Again her arm cradled around him, and lifting him as gently as before, she slipped the pad down so that his shoulders would rest upon it.

"You poor dear boy!" she repeated, mothering him with her glance, her voice. "I feel so sorry—so sorry."

Tears arose to Dell's eyes. Probably never before in his life had he felt such need for sympathy as he felt just then. Bending over him a little further Reina kissed him and pressed her cheek against his.

"Never mind, dear," she said, her arm still around him. "You'll soon be better. And don't you worry about it coming on again. I'm going to take care of you after this."

XII

THE next morning, his pain much better, Dell smiled to himself rather grimly as he dressed.

"I'll tell Mr. Dyckman to-day," he thought, "and get it over. I don't think he'll throw me out of the office, quite—particularly when he hears that I'm going to get married."

At that he laughed gently to himself, although there was as much ruefulness as mirth in the sound.

"Still," he thought, "Reina will make a good wife. Took care of her father for years, she says, and knows how to cook and keep house. Lucky she kept the furniture in storage; I couldn't buy much. All the same," he thoughtfully added, "I'll bet she'll have me saving money in less than a month."

He looked more thoughtful then.

"Guess I'd better put her picture back in the frame," he said; "and the rest of those—I'll take them out and lose them before she sees them."

Opening his bottom bureau drawer he took out the collection of photographs and looked them over. No longer, however, did he smile with triumph, as a Roman general might have smiled when turning to look at the sad-eyed captives at his chariot wheels; but as Dell looked at the girls who once had loved him—at their fresh young faces, which one by one returned his gaze with glances so intent that they had something breathless in them—you might have thought that it was he who was the vanquished and they who had won the victory.

"What a fool I've been!" he breathed to himself at last. "And all the time I thought I was being smart!"

From the doorway of the next room came Reina's voice:

"Oh, Dell; will you please look here a moment?"

It was the tone of authority, and Dell smiled later when he realized how quickly he answered it.

Returning a minute later he hastily proceeded to pack the pictures in an empty collar box.

"The sooner you girls are out of the way the better," said he. "There's a new boss around here!"

Sense and Nonsense

The Bearer of Sad Tidings

NOT long ago two colored battlers, known respectively as Kid Norfolk and the Jamaica Kid, fought before a big crowd at Madison Square Garden in New York. There was a large attendance of spectators of their own race, who were divided into two camps, one group, mainly made up of West Indian negroes, being enthusiastic champions of the Jamaica Kid, while the other group as heartily championed the cause of old Virginia's chocolate-tinted representative.

For a while honors between the pair were even. All of a sudden Kid Norfolk dealt the islander a terrific wallop in the stomach. As the victim staggered back a shocked silence fell upon his adherents. The hush was broken by a shrill Afro-American voice from the other camp crying out:

"I'll tek de sad message home!"

And then as Kid Norfolk delivered a finishing blow square and solid upon the point of his staggering opponent's jaw the same voice added:

"'Twon't be no trouble—I go right n-past his house."

The Rarest Species Yet

TO GET the point of this story one should understand something of the peculiarities of the South Carolina coast negro's manner of speech. To him there is but one gender, the masculine, and he shortens words beginning with "th" in a fashion which makes his language puzzling even to members of his own race from up-country.

A visiting Englishman was taken for a deer hunt on one of the sea islands off Charleston. He had never shot any larger game than pheasant or grouse, and so when the hounds were cast loose his hosts put him upon the best stand along the favorite deer run. He was cautioned to spare all hornless animals, as only bucks were to be shot.

However, when a flitting brown-tan shape bounded past him he forgot, in his excitement, all about the injunction touching on antlers and let go with two barrels at the fleeing mark. Stricken, his target staggered on for fifty yards and tumbled over in a thicket.

Out of the bushes from the next stand came one of the negro guides and ran to where the animal had dropped.

"Have I killed something?" called out the Britisher.

"Yar, sar," answered the darky, "he a doe dough."

At that moment one of the white members of the party heaved into view, coming from an opposite direction.

"What did you get, old man?" he asked. "A big fellow, I hope."

"Well, I fired at what I fancied must be one of your native deer," said the Englishman. "But your blackamoor yonder tells me it was a male dodo. I count myself really fortunate. I didn't know the dodo had ever existed in the wilds of America, and besides I rather had been led to believe that it was practically an extinct species. Lucky, I call it."

With Colors to Match

TWO South Carolina negroes serving with the A. E. F. in the southern part of France were astonished to find among the French populace a liberality touching on the drawing of the color line of so broad a character that it practically meant drawing no color line at all. The idea especially appealed to one of the pair. Lounging on the dock at Brest one fine day, he expounded his views to his friend.

"Yas, suh," he said, "I thinks dis yere war is sho' gwine mek things diff'unt at home f'um whut dey wuz in de pas'. So des ez soon ez I gits back to old Spartanburg I aims to buy me a suit of w'ite clothes—all w'ite fum haid to foot—and go walkin' down de street wid a w'ite pusson, bound fur de soda fountain. Whut you aims to do w'en you gits back?"

"Me?" said his friend. "Well, I aims to buy me a suit of black clothes—all black f'm haid to foot—and go walkin' down de street behine you bound fur de cemetery."

He gazed off into space a moment.

"Me, I don't 'speck to find things so ver' diff'unt w'en I gits home," he added.

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WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 20)

Well, he give me a slow, amused smile at that and answered in the slow, soft way these roughnecks have.

"Say, marm," he says, "we long ago learned to know that clothes don't make the rider. A guide in charge of one of these parties don't fall for that mistake but once."

Well, the fatal hour had struck, and with, I confess, a beating heart I walked over to Napoleon, a sickly smile of greeting on my face. But all the brute give me was a glassy stare. He didn't even bow—I didn't get even a smile of recognition out of him, or anything. Anybody would of thought we was meeting for the first time. But there was nothing for it except to risk his temperament, because the folks was already riding out of the corral and I at least done honor to my pants by getting onto Nap alone. No sooner had I done so than I was on my way. I hadn't touched the reins nor made a single remark to that animal beyond good morning, but off he went.

"Leave the reins loose! Don't try to guide your mules!" shouted Slim. "Leave them alone! They will bring you down safe! Leave them do it all!"

Behind me, as we trotted out, I could hear Lady Bridget complaining.

"But I must have a sidesaddle!" she was insisting. "I don't wish to ride astride. I'm perfectly accustomed to an English sidesaddle!"

Can you beat it?

"No sidesaddles, marm," says Slim firmly. "This here mule wouldn't know what to make of it. Can't you ride?"

"Of course I can ride!" says Lady Bridget. "I have ridden every kind of creature all my life—including camels. But I always use a sidesaddle. It is the correct way to ride."

Well, I don't know what Slim answered when he was told how to ride, for by now we was trotting ruthlessly to our fate, the narrow top of that trail getting nearer and nearer, and I quickly realized there would be no use trying to persuade Nap to stop or even to hesitate. Where the other mules went, there he was going, too, and I was in the middle of the bunch. Nap was a social animal. He liked to keep up with the crowd. Indeed, sometimes he liked to try and pass them on a curve, which certainly shows nerve at any rate. Also, it takes nerve on his rider's part.

Closer and more fatally we come to the beginnings of the Bright Angel, and never, believe me, did the canyon look as deep or the walls as steep or the rim so good as at the moment when the mule ahead of me just naturally vanished around the first turn and mine followed without hesitation.

"Oh, why did I ever leave the church?" I thought as I plunged to my death over the edge of that two-foot-wide trail. Only of course I didn't plunge to it at all, but rounded the corner alive and still moving. Then we rounded another corner, with Nap's head sticking out over the edge of about five thousand feet of nothingness, his hoofs slipping and his differential sort of loose-sounding. I hung onto the pummel and shut my eyes, leaving go of the reins entirely, and now I lay me down to sleep, my country 'tis of thee flashing through my brain. And then I opened up again, and saw that we had stopped to get our photograph taken for the home folks to remember us by; and we stopped just in time, as far as I was concerned, because Napoleon had parked himself with his head and one front leg hanging over the cliff. And there I sat with nothing between me and my Maker but a mule, and no wonder I looked like I did in the still the photographer took, and it's the first time I ever had one that I wasn't unwilling should be retouched.

Well, this photographer, which it seems to me he took quite a risk for the money, coming down the face of the cliff to get us, pulled a line of humorous talk about how we must remember we was the first party ever went down and so forth, but I was in no frame of mind to see humor in anything.

And when the guide, who took the whole thing with the most amazing calm, says "Yup!" and the mules yupped along again, I don't know did I feel relieved or not.

For one thing Napoleon's wheel base was so long that a part of him always hung out over the cliff on a turn, and the more he done so the less I got used to it. Also, he had some private quarrel with the widow's mule which was just ahead, and kept biting it on the knees. Of course, under any other circumstances I would of been glad, but as it was, for all our sakes I wished he would lay off until they got home to the barn.

The widow kind of liked it, though she kept giving little professional squeals of fright and appealing to the great strong men to help her. Help her, my eye! A mule couldn't scare that female. But he could me. Especially when we rested and Napoleon would lean deliberately way over the edge to see was there any pills on the quinine bushes that grew almost out of his reach.

After a few turns, Lady Bridget, the camel rider, give a shriek.

"I've got to get off and walk!" she says. "I must get off and walk!"

"Ho!" says Slim, and we hoed while he helped her down.

"The mule won't guide," says Lady Bridget. "And I'm not afraid—it's all this miserable saddle. I'd be all right on an English saddle."

"Don't try to guide your mule!" says Slim as patient as a kindergarten teacher. "I told you not to try to guide him. Just let the reins lie loose. You've been holding up the whole party by keeping your reins tight—well, all right, walk then!"

And we commenced going along down slowly, Lady Bridget ahead of the party and prolonging the agony for all the rest of us, but not giving a darn so long as she had her own way.

"Say, Slim," I yelled as Nap for the third time tried to brush me off on a convenient bush, showing no gratitude for past favors—like most bribe takers—"say Slim, how much further to the halfway house?"

"About three miles!" he yells back. "Getting scared?"

"Oh, no, I am happy as a bird!" I says, and just to show how brave I was I commenced singing that well-known and appropriate ballad:

There's a long, long trail a-winding
I'm going to see it in my dreams!

"I want to get back on my mule!" called Lady Bridget. And we got her back—somehow—no easy job it was, either. And she pulled the reins up tight again.

"Don't do that!" yelled Slim.

"It's the proper way to ride!" retorted Lady Bridget firmly. "Young man, I have ridden all my life and I ought to know!"

"Well, do you see that heap of stones?" says Slim grimly pointing to one the trail menders had left. "Well, that's where we buried a cow-puncher that tried to guide a mule."

"My word!" said Lady Bridget, impressed for the moment. "Why didn't you bring the poor fellow out and bury him properly in the cemetery?"

"Oh, we never pack 'em out when they die down here," says Slim carelessly. "We just bury 'em where they fall!"

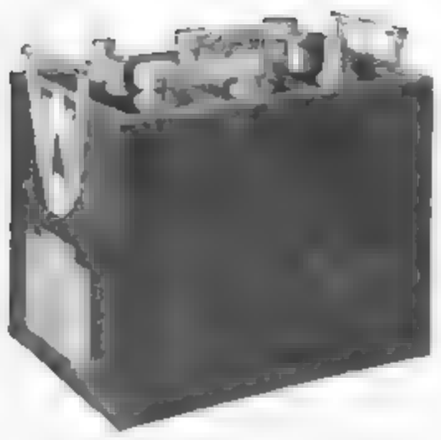
"Tut, tut!" says Her Ladyship over and over again, full of concern. But I noticed she left her mule be after that.

Well, Just as I had found out how to stick onto Nap, which was by holding the pummel tight with both hands, they made us get off and walk. Then I seen why the mules slipped so. In fact I also slipped, and there was nothing to hang on to. Then we got mounted again, and I suppose we went through a lot of handsome scenery, but believe me, the finest part of it to me was a couple of brass beds out in the yard at the halfway house. Also a beautiful bubbling spring down there and a handsome dipper to get cold drinking water out of it with.

Well, after a few minutes of personal liberty that heartless cuss Slim herded us onto the mules again and cut us a new lot of switches. Although why in heaven's name them guides give you switches for them mules when brakes is what you most desire is more than I can say. And when we was back in the saddle, which by now felt exactly the way a new shoe does when you put it on again in the morning after the first blister has broke, we set off over the misleading plateau, all unsuspecting the Devil's Corkscrew that lay ahead, Jim and Tom actually enjoying it, and I and Alma in silent misery.

(Continued on Page 81)

Foundations for Faith



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(Continued from Page 78)

From now on the party was only delayed now and then to pick up the camera fiend, who's camera would get out of control and stop to take a picture, or to let Lady Bridget walk, or demonstrate the way to ride sidesaddle, because she was that kind of a nature. She had started out to ride side, and believe me, she actually ended by doing it!

And after we had gone down to the river over a absolutely impassable place that you couldn't go over without losing your life but did, why we forded three clear-as-crystal streams to the muddy Colorado River, and at length had a chance to admire the grandeur of the scenery and also the grand box luncheon.

There is no use talking, you can't beat the Grand Canyon. It is the only seventh wonder of the world that is absolutely sure to be better than represented. To me, sitting there on the fine white sand of the river's edge and aching all over, it still seemed the gigantic symbol of our national spirit—a perfect monument to our national ideals, and I got an endure-forever feeling out of it that neither I or the dictionary have words to express, but that must be in the heart of every native son that sees the place, and that like understanding can be mutually felt without having to be put down in black and white.

Well, anyways, going up the Bright Angel a person is not so much scared any more, and can look at the views. Also you are slanting forward instead of slanting backward in your saddle. We was all more peaceable going up, and sort of drawn close by our mutual dangerous experience, and real friendly, although previously perfect strangers, and this went even for the camera fiend. But tired? I'll tell the world! Near the top Jim, who was riding behind me, leaned over real kind and tender.

"How does the top look to you, old dear?" he says.

"Well," says I, "I always expected to go to heaven, but I never thought I'd do it on a mule."

Pa and Ma Peterkin had come a timid ways down the trail to meet us, but when we actually got on the rim again I didn't stop to brag or for any conversation either. I had several personal things to attend to, not having ridden before in some months, and up in our room at the hotel Jim and I had a swell time comparing our wounds.

I personally myself felt like I had been hung over a picket fence and walloped with a tent pole. You see, during the ride you hold onto your pummel and after the ride the impulse is to hold onto your seating capacity. But in spite of mere passing bodily ailments, my soul felt well exercised and strong, and I thought with a big sensation of pride and superiority of the poor boobs that would fall for that ride tomorrow.

"I don't care if I am a little sore—it was great!" says Jim from the depths of a warm bath. "I wouldn't of missed the Bright Angel Trail for anything, would you?"

"I would not!" I says truthfully. "Because, believe me, if I had missed it ever so slightly, kid, I wouldn't be here now!"

XVI

A COUPLE of years ago Jim and I was resting, and one night when we didn't have anything else to do we went to see a opera called Le Propheteer. It was sung in some foreign language, but we could tell what it was about, all right, because a fat man with nothing on but a shirt come out and put up a awful holler, and judging by the hand he got for it it was a complaint about how the Propheteer had taken everything but the shirt away from him, and the audience was in thorough sympathy. And if that was not a true understanding of the peice, why then it took its name from the price of the seats.

Well, anyways, what I am driving at is that this opera had one set in it that looked a whole lot like the country we commenced to get into shortly after we left the Grand Canyon—big, square, canvas-covered-looking mountains and barren rocky plains. In other words, the kind of place the stage manager thinks locusts and wild honey grows in. And I'll say I had an awful fluttery feeling in my middle, because the desert, which had been more or less hanging over us the whole trip like an investigation over a Tammany administration or a sword over a Damocles, whatever it was, had now come to be a reality instead.

A night in a tiny little town on the beginnings of the real rough country, but with private tiled baths as per usual, and a dead robber lying where the sheriff had shot him down, which was luckily at the undertaker's shop, where he had been caught in the act of breaking in, did nothing to calm my fears; the more so as we had a blow-out and got into town at midnight, which is a spooky hour, anyways. But Jim says don't be a fool, his ghost can't walk yet, because this is where you turn back your watch one hour and it is only eleven in this burg.

Well, I want to say one thing about this town we was in and all these other little railroad towns out in the far places, and that is I wish Trotzky, Lenine and our parlor pinks could see just once the way our poor downtrodden railroad workers live in them, with private baths in a waterless country where it has to be brought for hundreds of miles, and food at ten to fifty cents a portion that is too good to set before a king and almost suitable for a chorus girl's supper! And how these poor toilers own their own homes along the line—a house and three or four acres and often a share in a ranch, too, with real-estate values going up every month.

Everybody out in these parts is at one and the same time a worker, a capitalist and a bourgeoisie—literally everybody. Why, even most of the Mexis that work on the roads is landholders! It does seem strange to me that when the newspaper editors and the highbrows start talking about the workers of America no mention is ever made of the fact that so much of the country lives under circumstances as per see above. I just don't understand the omission. You would think that they would first of all mention these remarkable truths; but no, they love to wring agony out of some exception that they take as proving a standard instead of proving the rule. But leave me go on record as stating the true fact that if modern plumbing is, as I believe it to be, a fair gauge of industrial health, this country is from coast to coast in a remarkably sanitary condition. City papers please copy.

Well, anyways—oh, boy, wasn't it warm when we come over the naked mountains to Peach Springs, and Lord knows why they call it that when there is neither a peach or a spring in sight and water for your radiator is twenty-five cents! And then through a burning land where the sun is busy fusing the rocks under the barren earth into gold and silver, to Kingman.

Of course I like to look decent and all that, and I had washed the night before, and only wore my waist two days, but when I got the first breath of the old desert, believe me, I just resigned all pretending to keep my make-up on, and when a woman which is accustomed to wearing it in all weather leaves her face run around undressed, without even a kimono of powder on it, you may know conditions is unusual, and that I had by now become a thorough tourist. At least I thought I had until I saw the four flivvers.

We was coming over a bed of volcano cinders, Tom driving and I and Jim busily and openly rubbing our sunburned noses with cold cream to keep them from getting any worse, although we felt that worse was really impossible, because we now knew how a lobster feels when he is boiled alive. And we was also feeling that now we was completely demoralized and to hell with appearances we must have our comfort and that we had descended to the lowest depths of personal carelessness, when, as I say, we saw the four flivvers ahead, and learned that no matter how low a Colby-Droit outfit could sink, the inhabitants of flivvers could go them one better, and again I had to in a way envy them because of this.

You see, the further out in the West you get the longer the stretches are between places, and so a sort of mutual-aid society springs up among the camping tourists. They get to traveling together in groups of two to even six or eight cars, so that if anything happens to one bus, why the others all get out and help. Which is a fine thing, especially fifty miles from the nearest garage.

Well, these four flivvers ahead of us was such a mutual-benefit volunteer society, and just as we come over the ridge the first one got stuck in the sand. Right away I learned what comfort and back to Nature was, because in another moment there was a nightgown party in full swing in the middle of the public road. From every car boiled out two or three women in nightgowns carrying axes or hatchets and men in undershirts and pants and nothing else,

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except also a weapon. I'll tell the world it was some sight, and at first we thought a private war had been declared, but the brush was all that they attacked, and did it with a right good will, with the thermometer at—no kidding—one hundred and ten above zero.

"Well," says Jim as we passed them, "there is advantages in being unknown to fame! Gee, I'd like to wear pajamas!"

"Ain't it strange to see people acting natural?" I says. And the bunch having refused any help from us, we went on our way, and by noon, at one hundred and fifteen above in the shade, we come into Kingman, a big mining town on the far edge of Arizona, and I want to make a few remarks about it. I don't know did anything or any place give me a stronger sense of how closely linked up this vast country really is, for all it is spread over such a lot of ground.

We come into it out of valleys where the heat haze floated like a veil between the bleak mountains—country that looked like it had nothing in it. But, say, it has gold and silver and copper and even diamonds in it! Only you would never guess it from the outside, and believe me, the man who ate the first lobster had nothing on the bravery of the first prospectors who thought there might be something worth having in those mountains, and went out and looked and found they was right. And you also got to hand it to the fellows who are out there right now working those mines. I don't care how many modern machines and so forth they have, they are a brave and strong-hearted race. It takes a he man to do a job out there yet.

When you leave Kingman you get into even more desert country. But Kingman itself is in hourly touch with Wall Street, New York. Why, when I went into the big cool cavern of the hotel there I had forgotten there was a Wall Street! Never having done any gambling in it, but always buying outright and preferably Liberty Bonds, at that, why, I'll say I was never so interested in that well-known street as I was while in the Kingman hotel.

There in the lobby was a big blackboard with a feller reading a ticker and chalking up prices, and a bunch of others hanging around watching just like a New York broker's office. The only thing different was that in Kingman they had a long counter with generous specimens of the actual ore out of the actual mines, whereas in New York, well, you know, it's like chosing a candidate because you heard he was a blond. Still it gave me a thrill and a real we-are-together feeling to get that actual touch of the big town way out here on the desert. And it sure seemed strange, too, to think that all this had to be done before we could have money for the banks. A person walking into a big Fifth Avenue bank and asking the bird in the gilded cage for some kale, and getting it in fresh green bank notes don't often think of the boys that dig out the actual gold. No, nor do the ones who buy a vanity or cigarette case, either. All they think of is to kick about the price. I, however, for one, will never forget that brave little city of people who were wresting riches out of the jealous earth. Nor will I ever forget the perfect apple pie I had at luncheon there, either, which was good in itself, but when I had them a-la-mode it, oh, boy!

Well, I got one thing against that town, however, and that was the short cut which a garage guardian told us to take by way of Oatman, where not oatmeal but gold ore comes from, and Goldroad, where believe me the roads may be made of gold, but if so it is still in the rough—in other words nine-tenths is of worthless rock of no value except to the tire and spring manufacturers. Heaven is also advertised as being paved with gold, but if it is paved with gold in the same way as Goldroad, Arizona, believe me, I would rather go to the other place and ride over good intentions. However, in a way it was interesting. The towns looked exactly like they had been put up for a set and then just left to the wind and weather to pose in after the picture was made. I had to keep my mind tight onto the fact that these strange, bleak mountains were full of kale and berries to keep from being depressed by the fact that there was no other growth on them, because this part of the country is more interesting than beautiful while you are in among it.

But when we ferried the Colorado River and come in towards Needles, past Indian hogans, and I suppose they make the Indians live in them as a just punishment for having started the bead-necklace epidemic—well, anyways after we crossed the Colorado River and looked back at those black mountains, behold in the sunset the gold was shining clear through them! They were no longer dark and threatening, but bright, burnished yellow, alluring, dazzling and showing for a few moments the full measure of their promise. Even the bowl of Oraibi Valley was not so golden as those towering peaks in the sunset, and I thought by heaven ain't that strange, here the very minute we set wheel base on California soil, or rather sand, the world turns golden, just like the ordinarily unreliable real-estaters say. And beautiful oasis that Needles turned out to be, with palm trees and green grass and buganvilla and everything. I could not look at it while the light was on those mountains. I felt truly what the old poet in the Bible meant when he talked about lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength. Only in this case it was not only a spiritual beauty that a person could get out of the hills, but something mighty substantial as well, which is true of a lot of American scenery.

Well, at the commencement of this trip I had got a pretty fair picture in my mind of what the desert—the well-known Moe Harvey—was going to be like. I may not of started out in life with a whole lot of education, but I got a little rubbed off onto me in Public School Number Six, and some of it come off the geography book. So I knew that the Prohibitionist aymbol was a product of the desert, the same as the Republican was the product of Africa and the Democratic the product of their own state of mind. Not that I seriously expected to see many camels on the Moe Harvey, because I supposed they was probably mostly killed off by now the same as the buffalo. But I did think I might see one or two maybe, on the distant sand dunes.

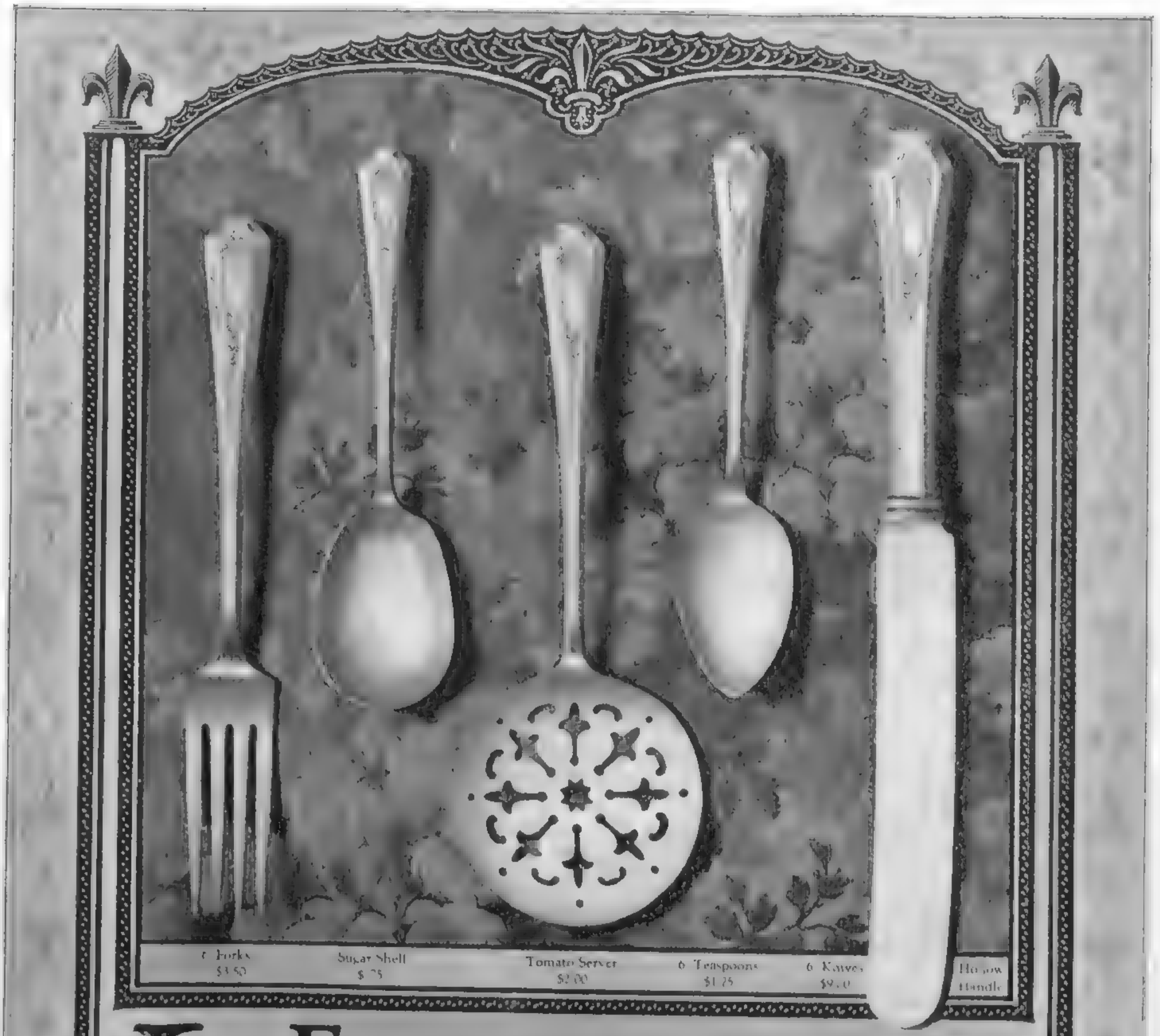
Also I expected sand. I don't mean bushes—sage and mesquite and Russian thistle and cactus, but regular sand like the beach, only more so, and how the underslung, four-thousand-lb. Colby was going through it I didn't know. When the Peterkins come into town shortly after dark I envied them their bus, even though they had to put it in the hospital directly and then commence a several days' wait hanging around to find out the result of the operation. When they would again be ready to go on they would have a cinch, while with us—well, all I could hope was that some friendly prospector would come prospecting along and brighten our prospects with a little water before we died of thirst up to our hubs in the burning knife cleaner.

When I first left home I also expected maybe we would see a few American Arabs and maybe see a real original shimmy in the cool shade of some grove of palm-leaf fans on a oasis. I expected I would see skeletons both human and animal scattered along the toilsome way, little knowing at the time that the only skeletons we would spot was skeletons of canned peaches and the empty, dying bodies of pop bottles. As for the Arabs and shimmies—well, we had to hit the coast for that, and by "coast" I mean Barbary, San Francisco, and the old town isn't as dead as they let on. I afterward spent long minutes watching just that stuff. California minutes are longer than Eastern minutes, you know—bigger minutes—watch 'em grow!

Well, anyways, these are a few of the terrors and pleasures which I had fully expected to find on Moe's reservation, and when we started out from Needles next day after saying to the Peterkins good-by we will see you in Los Angeles, I hope your carburetor is better soon, why of course we expected to have in plain Esperanto a hellova time, and for a few miles out our fears come true. And after that there was a paved road.

Just give a look at that sentence, will you, and leave it digest! And when it has sunk in thoroughly I will admit that the road had also sunk in in spots, or rather not so much sunk in as been sanded over by sand storms. Don't get away with the idea that the going was perfect, because it was not. Every now and then, but more often now, the sand would be well blown over by the wind, and getting the car through this was like digging little Arthur out from under the nice sand castle that has fallen on him, and doing it with a hairpin. But the big thing to remember is that across that vast desert, which is a real genuine

(Continued on Page 85)



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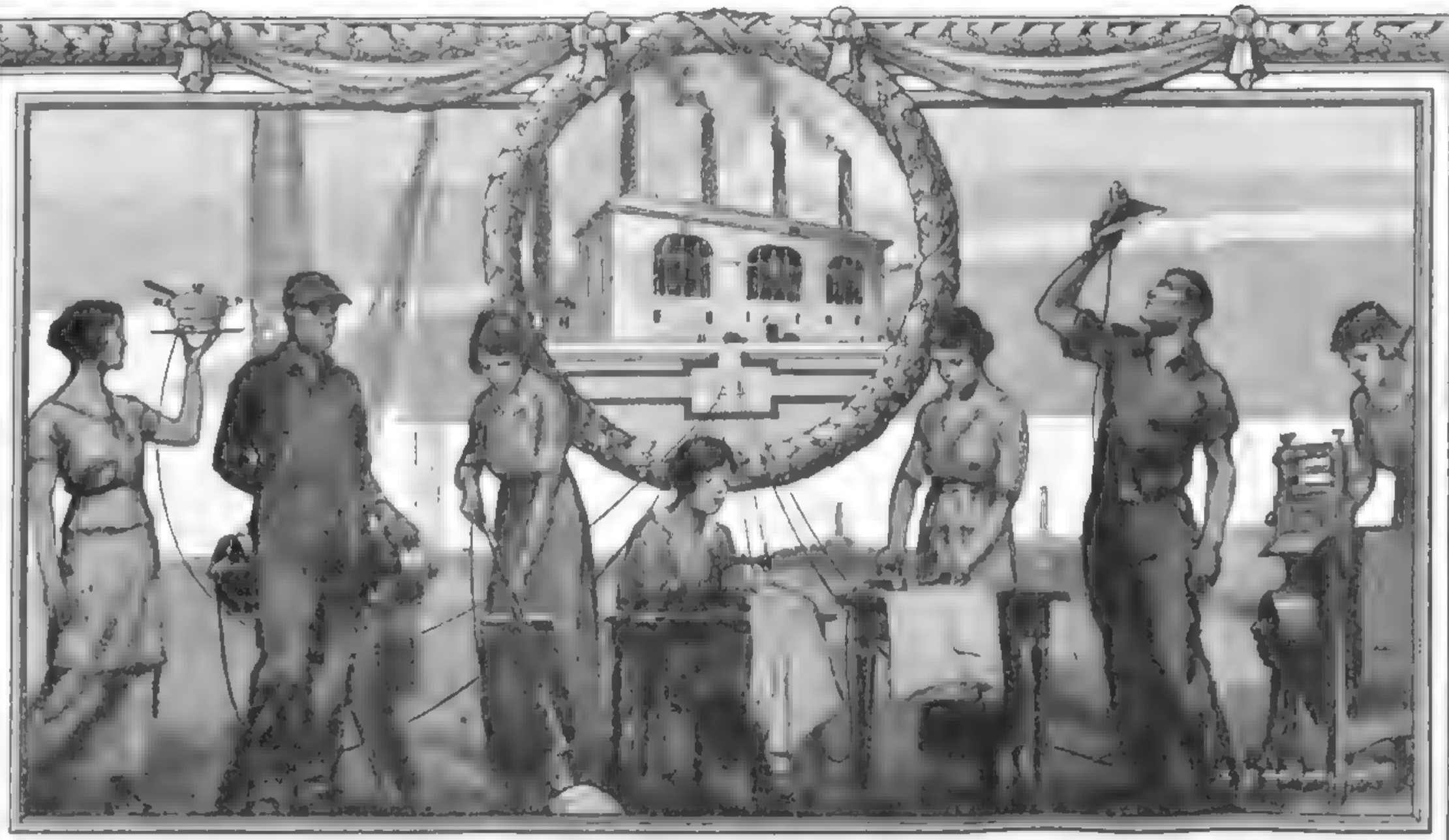

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(Continued from Page 82)

desert all right, even if there are no camels on it and it has stuff growing over most of it, the big thing is that there should be a road of any kind, much less a paved one! We were in California now, and I guess the Southern California Automobile Club meant we should know it. And we sure did. They tried to work a miracle, and they have pretty near done it.

But outside of this streak of civilization the desert was as deserted as you please Even the prairie dogs laid down on the job. Time hangs waiting over this desert like a veil that may some day be lifted. I personally myself hope not. That is, not all of it. I got to hand it to the dry farmers who are blossoming it like the rose. But, oh, I want a lot of it left barren and untouched except for a good road, just the way it is! I want those mountains on either hand to go on in an eternal demonstration of how they were since the flood receded, so that people, including myself, can go there and drink in the air of big untamed spaces and grow strong-hearted doing it. I want to keep untouched the long valleys filled with faint colors and the living ghosts of dead ages, where nothing built by man stands to remind a person of how very little man knows, and where the soul can go out through the eyes and grow big wandering down this wide corner of the virgin world. And a lot of queer things like that -that may be slush but are true and important.

There are two kinds of people who cross the desert. The ones who immediately fall for it and never recover, and the ones who never fall for it and want to get off of it immediately. And these two classes hold each other in equal contempt.

As was to be expected in man and wife, we took sides, I and Jim, just naturally falling under these two heads, he on the con and I on the pro side. To say he hated that desert is to put it into the only language fit for a lady to use, and I'll tell the world he did not let it go at any such mild expression.

"Jim Smith, I don't see how you can feel that way about it!" I says as we skimmed along the edge of a brown mesa with a violet valley stretching out below. "Why, you got no sensitiveness at all! Now when I get home I am going to be lonesome for this desert."

"Sensitive?" says Jim, pointing at a huge old volcano crater as black as ink with also inklike bowlders laying all around it for miles. "Sensitive? Lonesome for that? Say, listen, kid, when I get lonesome for the Moe Harvey desert at home I'm gonner put on my smoked glasses, go down in the cellar and get the furnace man to shake me around on the cinder shaker while I throw lumps of coal around and holler 'Ah, Moe Harvey!'"

Which is all the vision some people have got!

Tom didn't say much, but I got a feeling he sort of sided with Jim. I suppose it kind of reminded Tom of the lower East Side, it was so different. But I felt never mind whether he likes it or not, he is seeing it, and the mere size of it will register in his mind if nothing else does, along with the other eyefuls of U. S. A. units that he has now been for weeks going across, and it will impress him, whether he knows it or not. And just while I was thinking this in the late afternoon, and we still on the desert east of Barstow, my mind all at ease and yet feeling a little sad, because with any kind of luck to-morrow would be our last day, and then we would be in California and I got by now a sort of feeling like I could go on driving in the Colby forever with no amen. The sort of feeling you get when you have been driving a car for hours and hours. You get a kind of second wind. Your hands are glued to the wheel, your feet are frozen to the pedals with fatigue; you feel like you had grown to the seat; and yet you get a strange sort of second strength that makes you want to keep on and on and then some.

Well, I was having this same sensation about our journey, only more in my brain than in my body, when all at once I looked back and saw a red car almost a mile away, but traveling fast and gaining on us every minute. Now I had just naturally got to have a hateful, suspicious feeling towards every red car that come into sight, but also I had come to realize that as a rule it was a false alarm, and so when this far-distant one crawled over the edge of the pass and started down the trail toward us I says to myself, now don't be a fool. It is probably only two old maids from Oshkosh or a bride and groom from Florida touring out here where it is cooler. Tom was driving and I sitting next to him, with Jim and Welcome in back.

Ahead of us lay, if not camels, at least a long rolling series of camel's-hump hills with deep washes and sandy going in between. Not a building of any kind or even another tourist had been in sight for over an hour when I spotted that red bus. But instead of mentioning it I just turned my head back.

"Tom," I says, "if you don't step on her a little I expect we are going to sleep in the open."

"And if I step on her too much on this stretch we are going to be mere canyon fodder," says Tom.

"It's a good joke—I was always fond of it," I says. "But I'd like to get to Barstow to-night just the same."

I don't just know what I hoped for out of Barstow, but I had a feeling we might be safer there. I had a uneasy hunch that the bus might prove our finish this time. And don't tell me woman's intuition is always pure nervous imagination, because in another minute Jim, who had been dozing but was woke up by our talk, stirred around to change his position among the uneasy bags and curse because the golf clubs had hit him a wallop, and in doing so took a slant through the place where the back window in the top had been before the lainglass fell out.

"Beat it!" he yells. "There are those cops!"

"Are you sure?" I says.

"Oy, gevalt!" says Tom, very low-voiced, but from his heart.

"Sure I'm sure!" says Jim, watching still. "And believe me, they are getting nearer every second! Step on her, Tom, you poor fish, step on her!"

"What's the use?" says Tom, but stepping on her just the same, and at that minute the red car commenced honking for us to stop.

But we didn't—not then. Tom hunched down at the wheel and opened her up wide, me driving with him in spirit, every nerve working overtime and not daring to look back. But a few hundred feet was all that this lasted. When the bulls found that honking was no good they got earnest, and suddenly the vast silence was broken by a revolver shot.

"It's no good bucking that!" says Tom grimly, sluing in the sand to an abrupt stop. "The jig is up, I guess!"

And at that minute Jim got to his feet with a yell.

"Look, look!" he hollered.

With my knees sort of gone to jelly, I climbed out of the front seat to see, expecting murder at the very least. But what I seen was more of a shock yet.

The red car had stopped twenty feet behind us, and it was our red car all right, and it had the same two fellers in it all right, the big one with the red face and the little one with the spinach. This small bird was the driver, and the other one was standing up in the car and he was shooting. Shooting right at me! Shooting a perfectly good motion-picture camera!

"Hold that on the step!" he yelled as I started to move. "Keep that surprise! Hold it! Hold it—twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—that'll do, thanks! Much obliged!"

And then he left off grinding and got out of the car, coming forward and mopping his face with a big silk handkerchief, while I just stood numb with surprise.

"Well, Miss La Tour, you folks sure have given us some chase!" said he. "But believe me, we got footage of you that you are going to like! That narrow escape on the Raton is a bear! Released yesterday, it was, and Al wired us that it went over big!"

"Who—and what are you?" I says weakly.

"Yes, who?" says Jim.

"Henry Lock!" says the big bird. "Gonner shoot your Shakspere script for you, Miss La Tour. And this is Mr. Williams, my driver. Pleased to meet your acquaintance!"

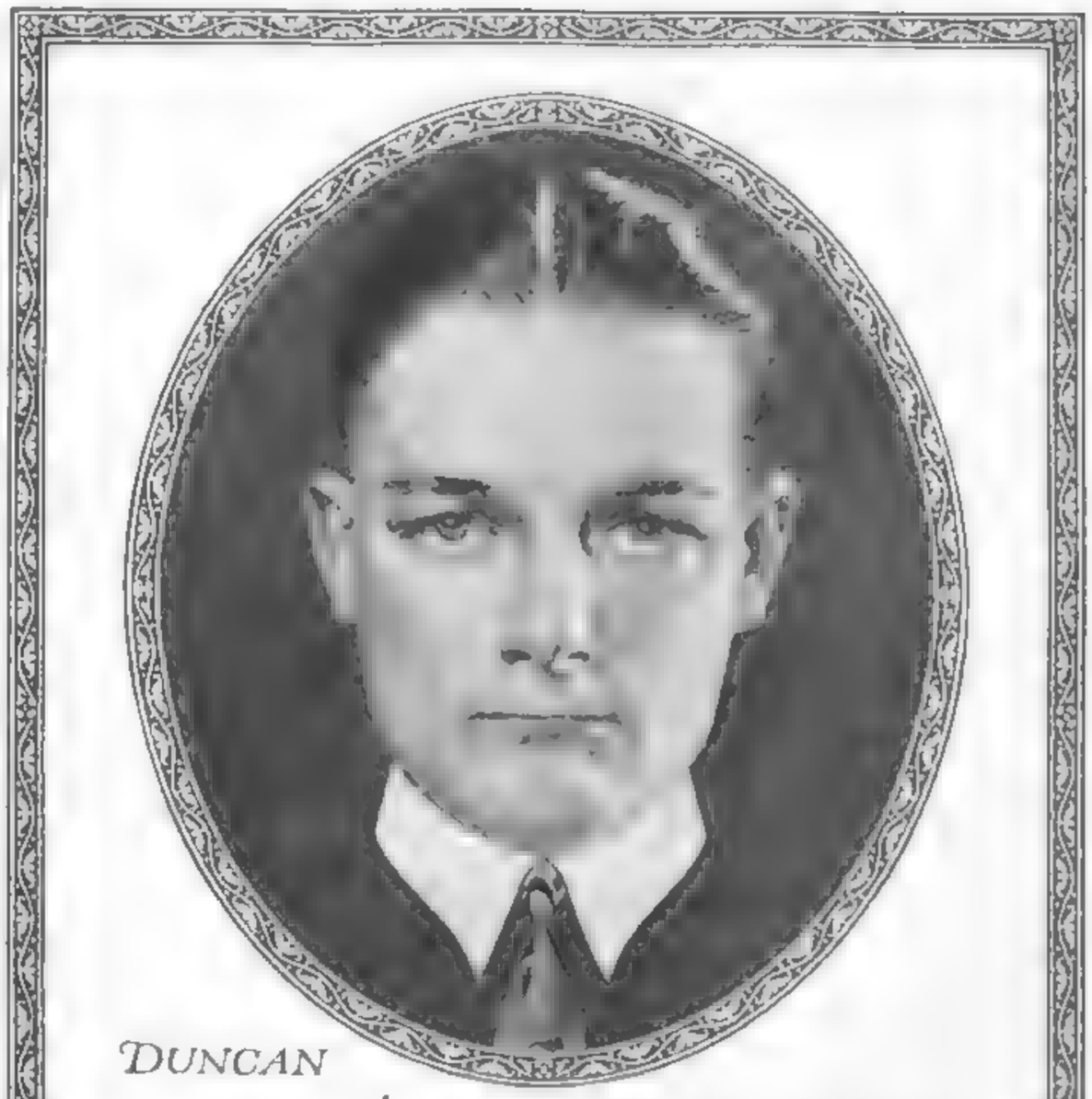
"Then you're not a bull?" says Jim, sort of feebly.

"Not by any means!" says Mr. Lock, looking at me queerly.

"And you never were a cop?" I says, hardly able to believe my own ears.

"Never!" says he.

"Then meet my friend Mr.—my chauffeur," I says, relievedly introducing Tom.



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"Pleased to meetcher," says Lock. "Say, Miss La Tour, now we have caught up, we might as well work together on the finish of this stuff, eh?"

"What do you mean?" I says. "I'll say there is an explanation coming to me!"

"Well, no harm to tell it now, I guess," says Mr. Lock. "You see, Mr. Goldringer thought that as long as he was paying your expenses out on this trip he might as well get something out of it. It was using up a month of your time and a lot of his money, but he knew you had objected strongly to any publicity on the trip, so he got the idea of getting some pictures of you driving to the coast to make Romeo and Juliet, or The Secret Marriage, as I believe the screen version is to be called."

"So you—he—they—oh, it's a outrage!" I gasped. "So you been sneaking around making pictorial news out of me and releasing the stuff without my consent!"

"'Sneaking around' is hardly the word," says Lock. "You led us the hottest chase I ever see! And, yes, the stuff has been released in the news pictures and you won't be sorry. Why, the first one they showed got the biggest hand since the shots of Karl Westman being deported!"

No kidding, wasn't that a bomb? I'll allow it was! When it, as you might say, exploded in our midst the shock left us helpless, and for a moment without a word to our name. Then Tom come forward with another high-powered explosive.

"So it's happened! Thank God!"

"You knew it would?" says I excitedly. "You expected it?"

"I was the one material witness that could have saved him from being deported," says Tom. "And I wanted him to go. Without me, I knew they would get just enough on him in connection with that explosion to send him back to Russia. And I wouldn't help to keep him in—in my country! We don't want men with ideas like his over here!"

Well, at that something leaped up inside me—my heart, I guess, and I looked at Tom with it all in my eyes.

"You did it!" he says, understanding without a word.

"The country did it!" says I. And then Lock butted in.

"Who is this guy?" he says, pointing at Tom.

"I'll tell you that," I says, remembering something, "if you will tell me why you stopped us by firing a gun at us?"

"Gun?" says Lock. "Gun? That wasn't a gunshot—that was a blow-out!"

XVII

ACCORDING to the wets, it is easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than for a camel to enter the kingdom of heaven. And if this is the truth, then I am glad not to be a camel, because I would never of got into California. Anyway, that's what I felt like at the top of the Cajon Pass, beyond Barstow next day, when I caught my first look at the lived-in part of the Golden State and found the picture post cards had not lied to me.

You come to the top of this pass over a desert full of strange cactuses that twist and yearn towards heaven, but will never reach it. These are called Judas trees, and the Indians think they are the tortured souls of people who have died. But I know different. They are just trees that are tormented because they can't get across the mountain and into the San Bernardino Valley.

I am not going to hand you any description of California. They have got plenty of people out there who will do that with very little urging, and you already know what they will say, and so all I will do is to add that no matter how good it sounds, it's even better in reality.

I personally myself will say merely that the meat of the trip across the country is not, surprisingly, the main course, and California is the dessert. Coming into it is just as if they suddenly brought on baked Alaska when you were beginning to be afraid there wasn't going to be anything more served.

And outside of that I have nothing to add except that it's got the loveliest scenery, the best roads, the grandest studios, orchards, architecture and anything else you want to name, and besides that the folks out there have got the most contagious enthusiasm over living of any people in the world.

All this and more I appreciated before I reached Riverside, with its flower-laden streets.

Also I appreciated that the light and the climate was going to be ideal to make a early Italian picture of the Shakesperean era in. And that it was a grand thing that Tom should take out his second papers there and that Alma, when she married him, would at once become one of those typical big beautiful California girls that generally are born in Maine.

I appreciated how my pink acquaintances back in provincial New York City, Miss Rosa Gratz and Mr. Crabtree, her husband, and Lulu Wildhack was all not a real menace, as I had set out supposing them to be, but only soiled puppets that would break to pieces in this clean air, and look pretty cheap and faded if they were brought out into the sunlight.

I also appreciated what a big live wire of a town Los Angeles is, and how pretty Hollywood is, with its houses all built with a teaspoon and a bottle of vanilla extract. But of all the things in California, I appreciated most the fact that my baby was there waiting for me in a vanilla house with strawberry trimming and that when we drove up to it ma was standing on the top step holding him out to me all fat and rosy and crowing. And he knew me! He remembered me! I'll tell the world I forgot everything but him when I took him to my heart!

"Well, did you see America, dearie?" says ma.

"Oh, ma, I thought I did!" I says over the kid's shoulder as I held him to me tight. "I thought I did; but now—oh, ma, here is America right in my arms! And believe me, that's just exactly where it is, after all—in every American mother's arms! I don't intend ever to leave him again, ma. I'll let Jim do the work from now on, and put in my time raising this kid to be a fit citizen worthy of the country I've just come across. I'll never leave him any more!"

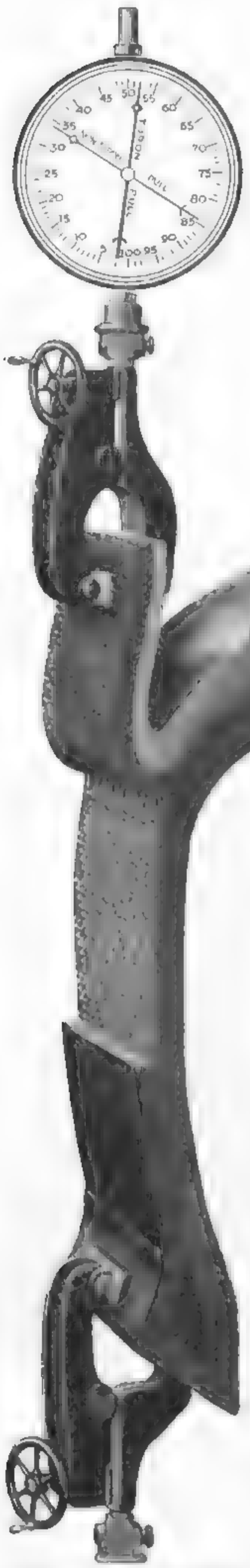
"Well, there's a telephone from the studio," says ma, "saying please call up as soon as you get in and say when will you go to work!"

"Go telephone them——" I began, firmly at first, but weakening even as I spoke, because work did listen good to me. "Go tell them that I'll come to-morrow morning. A contract is a contract. Americans need to remember that just now more than ever. I guess maybe, after all, I've got two contracts—my baby and my job. And with God's help I'll fill them both!"

"Oh, well, I'll help a little, dearie," says ma.

(THE END)

San Xavier Mission, Tucson, Arizona



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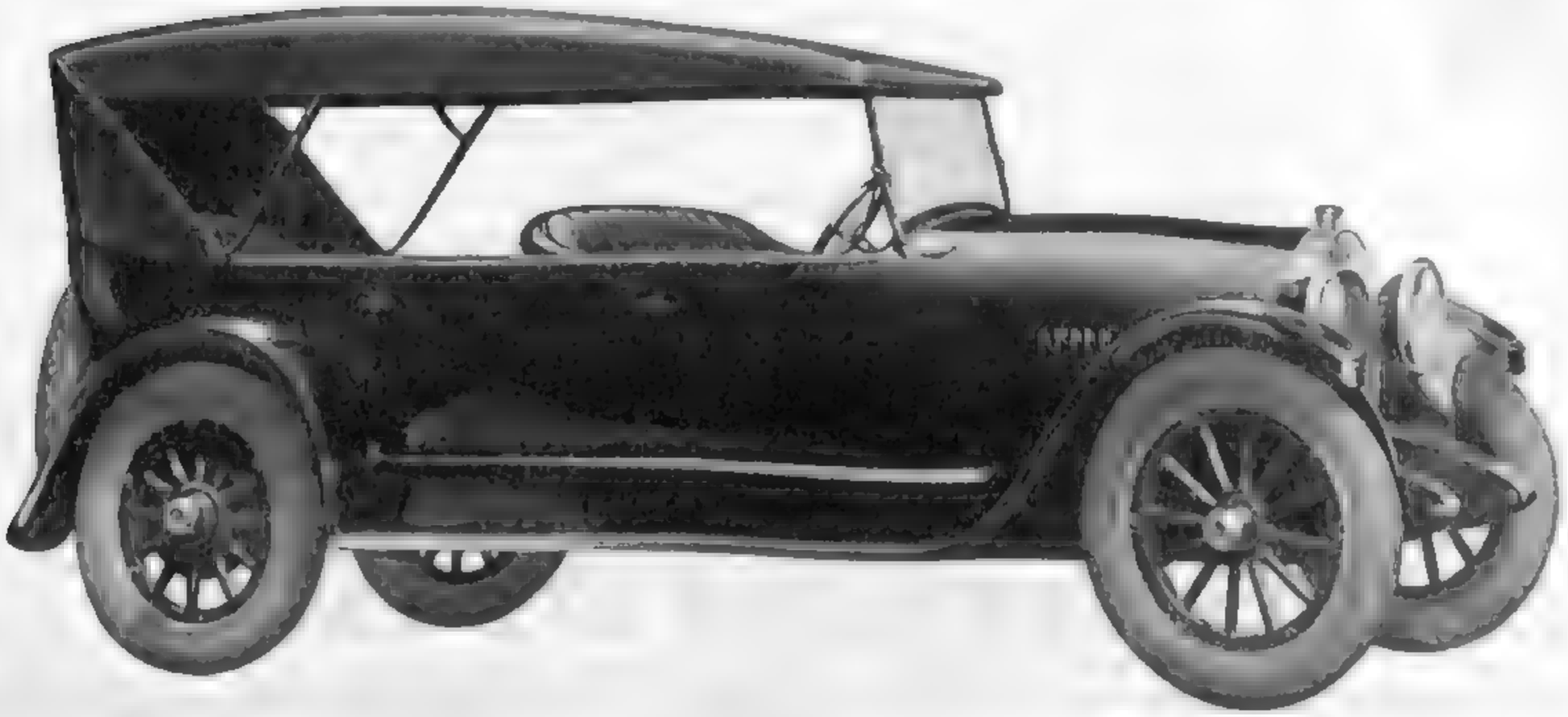

THE GLUTTON

(Continued from Page 11)

overlapping the curved mark left by the offside paw. The old glutton followed this fanciful scrollwork, the most distinctive trail of all the open, and presently overtook a queer beast that waddled awkwardly across the snow.

The live-meat scent maddened Ipewang and he rushed the creature from which it emanated. A sweeping blow from his mother's paw turned him aside from the porcupine. The animal had halted and was, apparently unalarmed by the proximity of its enemies. The old wolverene wasted no time in preliminary maneuvering, but made straight for the porcupine, quartering in from the front to avoid the murderous tail clothed with a thousand barbed shafts. She thrust a paw under her quarry and turned the hedgehog on its back while she made three slashes at the unprotected belly, then leaped away while the hedgehog twitched spasmodically in its death throes. But she had not escaped unscathed. Her paws and forelegs had been pierced by a dozen quills; a like number were embedded in the roof of her mouth, while one cheek bristled with a mass of the deadly little shafts. She fought these clinging things with the same ferocity she displayed toward a living antagonist, clawing her cheek to rake out the quills, then seized a two-inch limb and chewed it to grind down the barbs in her mouth. Some of these were driven deep before the protruding quills broke off and left the points embedded in the flesh.

Ipewang had rushed in to worry the dead porcupine, and a score of quills were driven home in his jaws from the force of his open-mouthed lunge. He fought them as his mother did, snarling as he worked, and a bloody froth dripped from his jaws. The old glutton cautiously ripped the porcupine's underparts with a slash of her claws, forced the edges back and opened the animal up so that all might feed. It was sheer agony for Ipewang to use his jaws to tear off a mouthful of hot meat, but he persisted and secured his full share of the feast. Throughout the remainder of the winter Ipewang was afflicted at all times by the agony of porcupine quills embedded in his anatomy. Old points, their shafts broken off, journeyed through his flesh to fester and come out at some other spot, leaving a dull ache throughout his body, a condition that never varied except by the accession of live darting flames occasioned by fresh quills gained in each new encounter. Twice the old wolverene bungled her attack and was treated to a vicious slap of the fiendish tail which drove a hundred barbed shafts into her shoulder and side.

Winter waned and hot winds gave promise of approaching spring. The squirrels came from the hollow trees, the marmots from their burrows, and Ipewang's family once more found good hunting in the hills. Then one day his mother stopped and sprawled in the snow. In an hour she was dead. Ten days later one of Ipewang's sisters died in her tracks of the same strange malady.

Almost another year elapsed before Ipewang once more entered Hedrick's trapping territory. He was now a full-grown wolverene, tremendously powerful. His outlook on life was one of stark ferocity. He went his way and turned aside for no creature in the hills, and the wild things feared him. The markings of the glutton were eccentric, and Hedrick had arrived at the fanciful conclusion that this striking color scheme had been bestowed upon the wolverene so that no other beast might mistake his coming. Even though the wind was wrong and the message of his approach failed to travel ahead of him to the noses of those along his route, they had need of but one brief sight of him to determine his identity. His long fur was dark brown, almost black, and a broad yellowish stripe traveled along each side to meet at the base of the bushy tail. This striking pattern had gained him the sobriquet of skunk bear among many of the trappers.

Ipewang had subsisted largely upon porcupine meat for a month prior to his entering Hedrick's range, and the fever of the quills racked him. He stopped to nose the wind as a faint scent of other meat reached him. He worked out the scent and found a dead marten dangling from the trunk of a spruce, gripped fast in a trap, and he tore the little animal from the steel contrivance and made a meal of it. A beaten trail led away through the timber, padded solidly across the drifts by Hedrick's webs on many rounds of the trap line. Ipewang followed this easy trail, and within a mile found a white weasel fast in a trap. His tiny kinsman flashed at him with open mouth and fastened on his throat; but Ipewang crushed him down with a forepaw, and one crunch of his jaws reduced the weasel to a pulp, and the slender body went to join the luckless marten. At two other points along the trail the wolverene found meat-eating birds snared in marten traps, and he added these morsels to the rest. Next he found a pine squirrel fastened to the trunk of a mighty spruce some six feet above the snow. A slanting log led up to a point a foot below the squirrel, affording an easy route of access to the food.

Ipewang moved up the log and planted a forefoot on the flat top of it, then fell from the perch in a fighting frenzy as something gripped his toes with a lightning snap. He slapped at everything within reach of his free foot as he dangled at the end of the trap chain. His hind feet secured a hold on the trunk, and he arched his back for one mighty wrench and snapped the light chain like so much twine. Ipewang fought the vicious little contraption on his foot with the same desperation he would have brought into play against a living enemy. His teeth ground savagely against the cold steel, but to no avail.

At last he planted his free foot firmly upon the trap to hold it down while he pulled with the trapped member. The protruding spring made an excellent foothold. His first powerful downward thrust flattened the spring and the tug of the trapped paw released it from the loosened jaws of the trap. Thus, by accident, he had opened the trap. Otherwise he would have broken it, for the little marten trap was not built to hold for long a beast of Ipewang's sort. He mounted the log once more and ate the squirrel, then followed on down the web trail.

A faint elusive scent clung to certain sections of his route and occasioned him slight uneasiness. This scent came from the one creature of all the wild that outranked the wolverene in prowess. Ipewang did not know the source of this knowledge. Nevertheless the man scent constituted a menace. He had no recollection of that time long past when his mother, who had slain the big Airedale and who attacked all comers, had remained in hiding in the slide pile while some creature prowled outside a creature with the same scent that reached him now. His memory was not so retentive as that, yet the impression had lingered and now quickened to life with a renewal of the man scent. Perhaps it had to do with this thing that had gripped his foot. If this were all, then he had little to fear, for the pain of the trap had been slight as compared with the hot quills of the porcupines he had slain.

He held on down the trail and raided five miles of Hedrick's trap line. Three times a marten trap pinched his foot without securing a fair hold, and a single jerk of his mighty foreleg freed him. The traps were small and not built to close fairly upon so large a paw as Ipewang's except when his toes were exactly planted in the most favorable manner. A fourth trap clamped his toes, and there followed another fight, a second broken trap chain, and eventually he freed himself as before.

The snowshoe trail turned down country, and Ipewang left it and ascended to a wild gorge near timber line. His trail crossed that of a she wolverene, and he followed it. It led him out across the peaks and the sheep meadows and down into a rent in the opposite slope of the divide, where he found her and traveled with her for three days. After the mating she left him, and he made no effort to follow, as his interest in her had ceased. For no reason whatever he took his back track across the divide to the gorge where he had first picked up her trail. A wandering cougar had entered the pocket during his absence and surprised a bighorn ram that had descended a snow-covered rock slide. The hot-blood scent of a fresh kill reached Ipewang and he turned and headed up wind.

The lion had just commenced his feast when the movement in a patch of timberline spruce caught his eye. He lifted his bloody jaws from the feed and his face writhed into a frightful, snarling mask as

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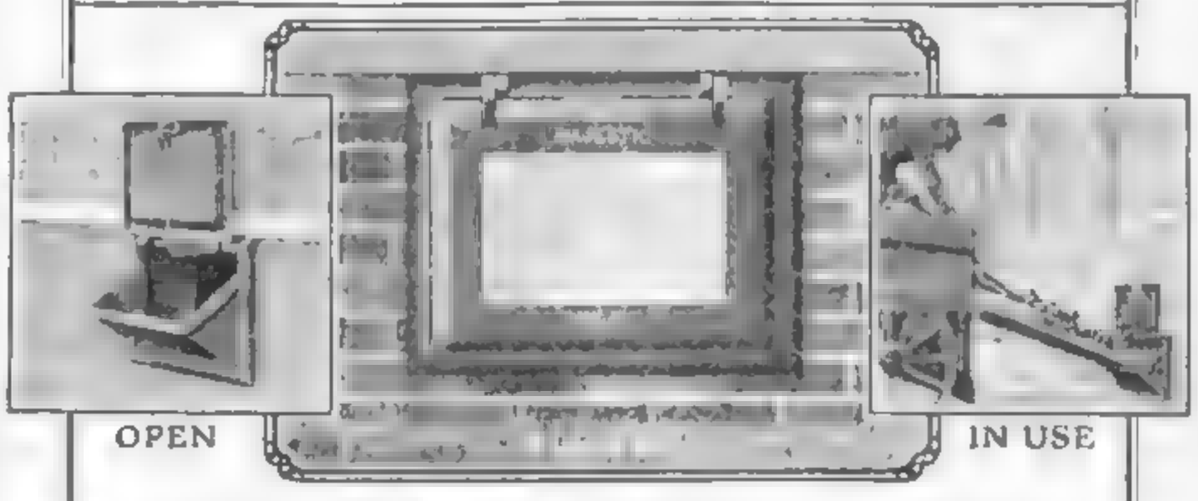

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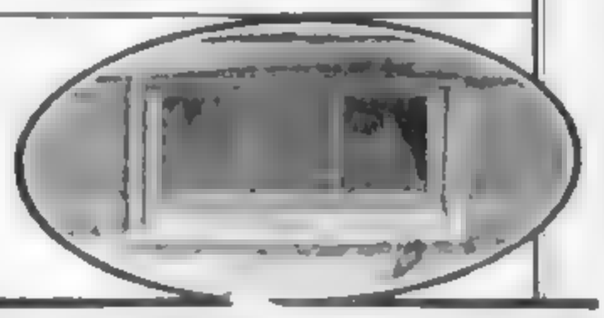

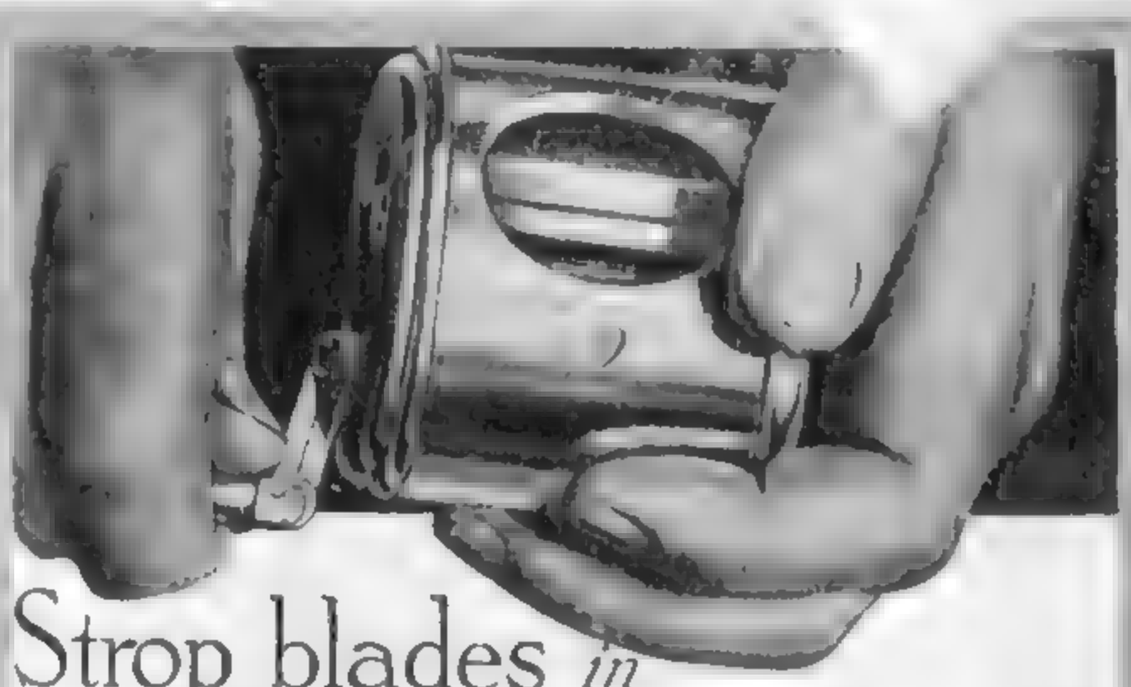

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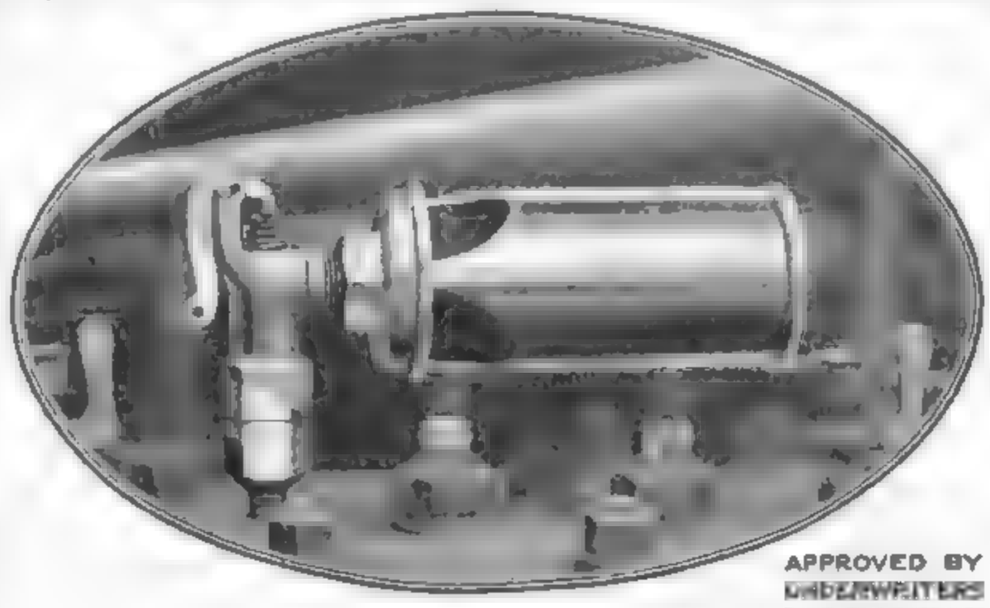

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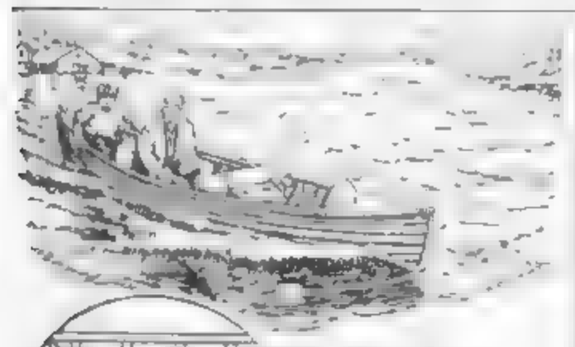

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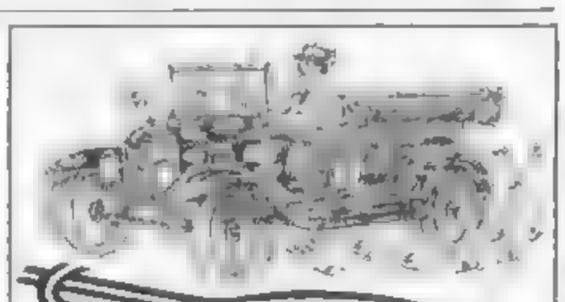

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the glutton advanced into the open. The big cat was the prince of slayers. He could strike down the mightiest bull elk on the run, but he had no stomach for coming to grips with the beast that neared him now. He might defeat the wolverene, but once the fight was started there would be no victory till the last spark of life was gone from Ipewang's body.

The yellow cat retreated as Ipewang advanced without a pause. He snarled explosively at the glutton, but gave ground even as he displayed his fangs. The wolverene meant business, and there was no noisy bluff about his quiet, purposeful advance. The cougar gave up the kill without striking a blow in defense of his own. He lingered at the edge of a matted jungle of timber-line spruce and peered back at his enemy. Ipewang raised his eyes after each bite and fastened them on the cat. There was no chance for a surprise attack, and the lion turned off down the gorge.

Far away on a distant spur a man was covering his line of fox traps, strung out along a bald ridge kept free of snow by the drive of the wind. A bunch of running dark specks against the white background of a snowy slope had first challenged his attention, and Hedrick had trained his glasses on the sheep to determine the cause of their flight. He had located the cougar at his kill just as the wolverene issued from the timber to drive him off.

Hedrick knew he could not reach the spot before night. The trip would be across a deep gorge, the slopes covered with snow that might slide at a dozen different points along the treacherous trail he would have to take, perhaps waiting only for the weight and jar of his crossing to precipitate an avalanche slide at any spot, and with the likelihood that he would not arrive before it was too dark to shoot; but he craved a try for the pelt of the wolverene, probably the same beast that had raided his marten lines a few days past, and he pondered the advisability of returning to set heavy traps at the kill on the following day. It was certain that the yellow cat would not return. The habits of the wolverene were variable to an extreme, and the glutton might return or he might be miles across the divide by morning. He shrugged the idea aside and went his way, wondering afresh at the scarcity of wolverenes.

The scene he had just witnessed testified to the fact that the glutton had few enemies that could best him. When a full-grown cougar slunk away from his kill without a battle it was certain that his antagonist was one to inspire a wholesome dread in all other killers of the wild. Hedrick had found other spots before, the signs in the snow revealing the fact that wolverenes had driven mountain lions from their kills. More than once he had chanced across evidence that a black or brown bear had uprooted the carcass of a winter-killed elk from the spring snowdrifts, only to be driven from his find by a family of wolverenes. There were but few gluttons taken on the trap lines, and fewer still were shot. How then could their scarcity be accounted for? The species was prolific, he knew, for a dozen times he had seen the tracks of four or five kits with those of an old wolverene. He had at different times found matted patches of wolverene fur, showing that there one of the beasts had died; but always this sign had been old. In each instance the lesser killers and the meat-eating birds had long since picked the bones, leaving only a scattered patch of fur, without a sign to testify as to the manner in which the glutton met his end.

Hedrick dropped down the slope through the timber, pondering over the problem of the wolverene, and in his abstraction he almost stepped astride of a sleeping porcupine. Here was another mystery in the scheme of things. The porcupine was the most inoffensive of all the wild folk, his numbers legion; but though Hedrick had come to believe that each creature had its appointed place in the balanced scheme of Nature, he had been unable fully to place the hedgehog. He knew that the sluggish creature was abroad in the dead of winter when famine was the portion of the killers; that bobcat and cougar, wolverene, lynx and coyote often killed porcupines for food when no other was available.

Perhaps in this way the pick of the killers—the superior individuals of each tribe, those with the patience and ability to kill the quill hog—were enabled to survive while the less resourceful of their kind perished. The porcupine might thus have been placed on earth to improve the killers through this simple process of survival of the fittest. Further than this Hedrick had been unable to determine the animal's basic purpose in the general balance of all things. These two extremes among the beasts of the hills furnished riddles with which Hedrick occupied his mind while following lonely trails.

Ipewang lingered in his secluded pocket for a week and cleaned up the carcass of the sheep to the last scrap of hide. He came from his bed in a windfall jam for a final survey of the scene. Nothing but bones was left. The wolverene seized a leg bone and exerted the full pressure of his jaws. The hollow bone cracked between his teeth and exposed the marrow. His tongue explored every part of the fracture till it had yielded the last atom of food; then he crunched another section and repeated. He lifted his head as two other wolverenes appeared at the edge of the spruce. They advanced and he growled a warning. Each chose a bone some distance from the one upon which he worked, and the three eyed one another narrowly as they ate.

Hedrick passed along a near-by ridge and dropped down an outcropping spur on the chance that some animal fed at the carcass. A curling eddy of wind carried the man scent to Ipewang, and he raised his head and sniffed. One of his companions headed swiftly for the shelter of the spruce, but flattened in his tracks, struck dead by some mysterious agency. A terrific roar jarred Ipewang's eardrums and the sound was flung from wall to wall of the gorge as he started for the timber. The second wolverene went down in a heap and the crashing echoes of successive reports piled up in the narrow cañon. Splinters flew from a bowlder a foot from Ipewang's head. The ricochet buzzed past him and the rock splinters bit through fur and hide. He experienced a swift numbing shock in his left foreleg as he reached the timber. A half dozen times he fell, the wounded leg buckling under him, before he realized that the member was useless. Then he steadied and traveled on, using the three sound legs. A rifle ball had shattered the lower bone of his left foreleg, splintering it to a pulp for a distance of two inches each way from the point of impact. Hedrick took up the trail of the crippled glutton, but within a few yards he found that he had failed to score a body shot; so he quit the trail and returned to strip the pelts from the two dead wolverenes.

Ipewang put ten miles between himself and the scene of the shooting before he sought shelter in a windfall jam and nursed his wound. He had learned that man was far more powerful than the wolverene; that he could strike at a distance through some mysterious agency; and hereafter Ipewang would respect the man scent when he crossed it in the hills. After three days the pangs of hunger drove him forth, and he hobbled across the drifts in search of food. The scent of a lynx presently reached him, and he turned square into the wind and followed the guidance of his nose.

A great gray beast crouched flat in the snow before him, and Ipewang made straight for the big cat. There came the metallic rattle of a trap chain as the lynx shrank back a step and flattened his tufted ears. His mouth opened to emit an explosive spitting snarl. Ipewang closed with him, and the lynx scored his neck with a lightning jab of a forepaw. The two rolled into a fighting mass in the snow, the trapped lynx and the crippled wolverene. Ipewang's hide was slit to ribbons by the slashing hooks of the big lynx, but presently he clamped down on the cat's back with his uninjured paw and crushed his enemy into the snow; and the teeth that had cracked the leg bones of mule-deer bucks and bighorn sheep now closed on the neck of the lynx. One crunch of the wolverene's jaws finished the battle, and Ipewang gorged on the hot meat of his enemy.

After feeding, he investigated the spot where the lynx had been trapped. The cat had dragged the log toggle ten yards from the scene of his mishap, and Ipewang, his hunger temporarily appeased, moved over to sniff the dead snowshoe hare that had served as a bait for the lynx set. He rested his crippled foot in the snow, and there was a hissing grate of loosened springs as a second trap, one which the cat had missed, closed on his shattered foreleg. For an hour Ipewang fought the thing without a pause, and dragged the heavy toggle three hundred yards downhill. This was no paltry marten trap, but one with a six-inch spread

(Continued on Page 93)

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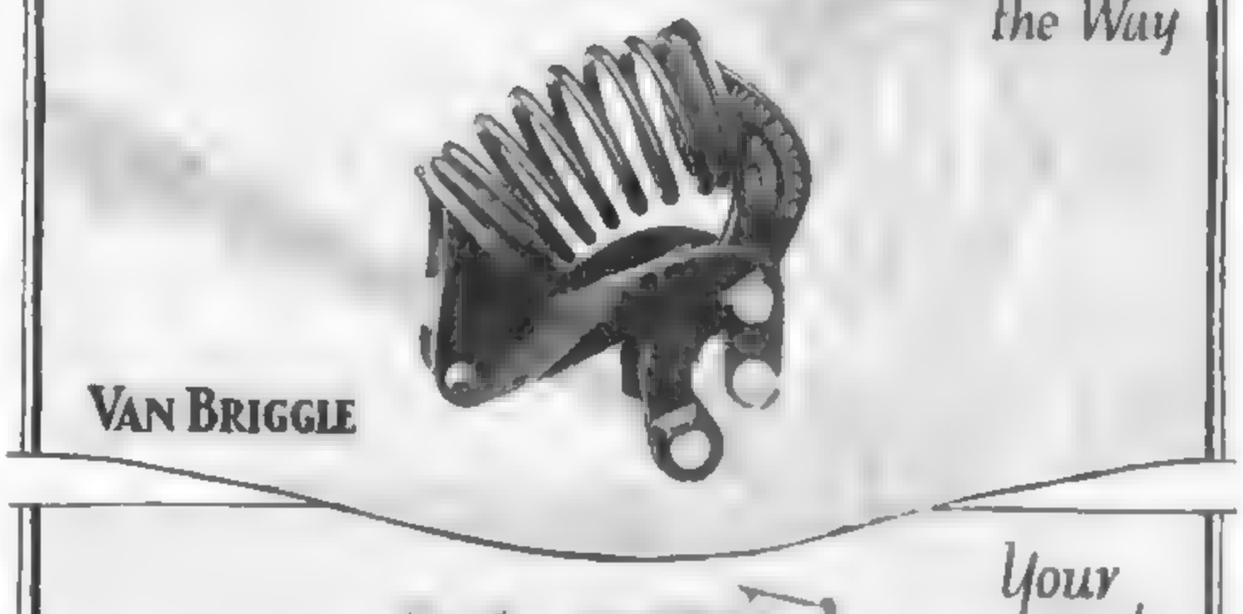

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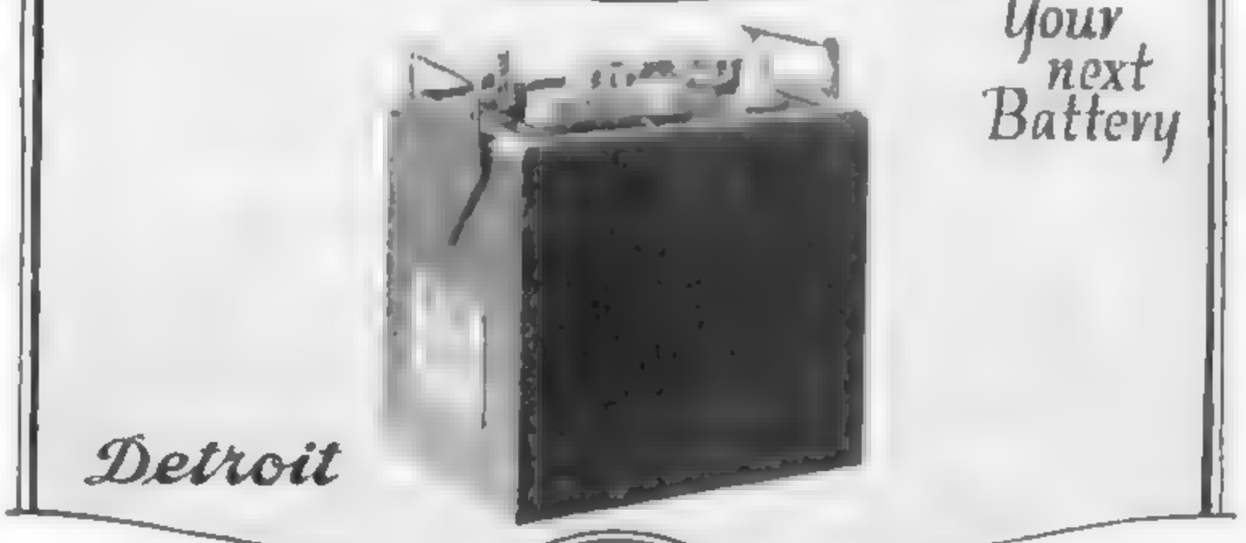

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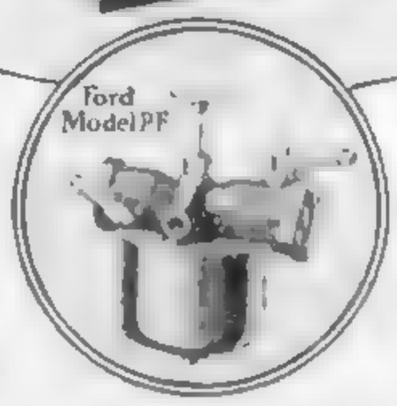

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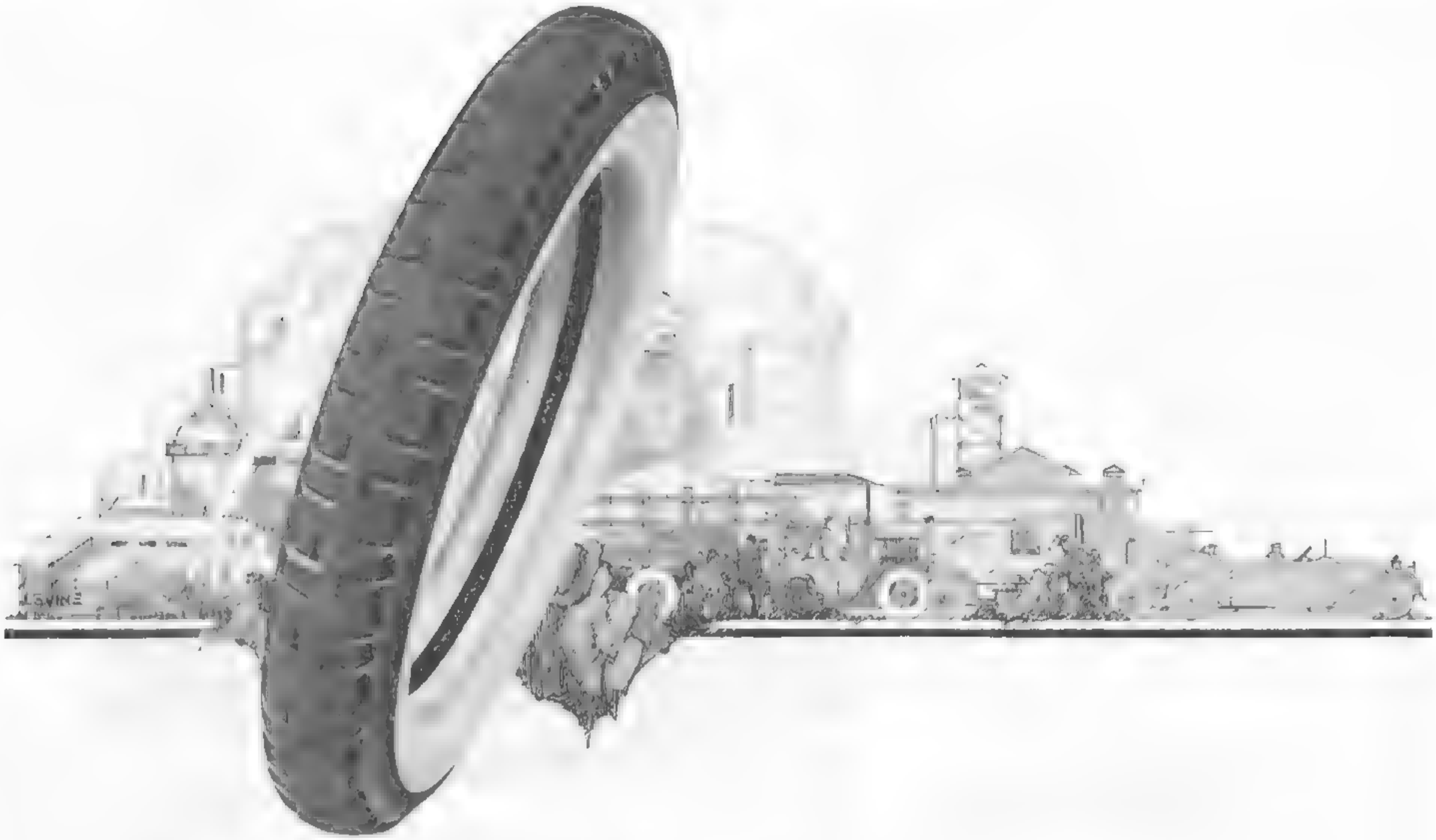

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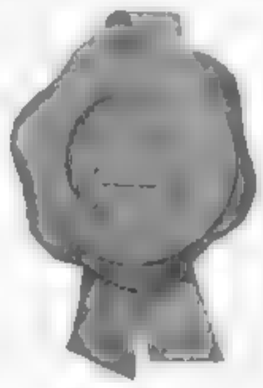

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(Continued from Page 90)

of jaws and two heavy springs fashioned to withstand the heaving strength of a timber wolf.

The log drag became tangled in a thick stand of young lodgepole. It wedged fast and Ipewang's farther progress was retarded. This, though it further enraged him, was in reality his salvation. As he had moved the toggle had moved with him. Now he had a solid pull, and there was little his strength could not accomplish if given play. There was little force left in the mangled foreleg, but he hooked his free forepaw through the trap and heaved back with all his strength. The double strand of wire which fastened the chain to the toggle parted, and he rolled a dozen feet with the force of his release. The four-pound trap was still fast to his foot, but he made off with it. A mighty slide pile loomed before him, and he entered a crack between two logs. During the night the intense cold stiffened and numbed the leg held in the trap. Ipewang bit into his own frozen flesh, flesh in which there remained no more sensation than in a piece of dead wood. He amputated the leg above the trap jaws and laid over two days to nurse the stump.

Hedrick took up the trail of the dragging trap. The signs had showed that the wolverene which had torn apart the trapped lynx was the one he had shot a few days past, fresh evidence of the animal's courage. Now the glutton was trapped in turn. Hedrick reached the log jam and shook his head. The glutton might be fifty yards inside it, and there was no way to ferret him out. Hunger would drive him forth, and then there would be a chance of his choosing less secure quarters when next he holed up.

Two days thereafter Hedrick came again to the spot to pick up the trail if Ipewang had left the log jam. He had left, but the trail was that of a free animal, a three-footed glutton to be sure, but a stump of a leg was far preferable to the dragging weight of a trap. Hedrick had known of scores of fur bearers that had been footed by traps. These peg-legged ones had learned their lesson, and often the caution thus acquired had enabled them to outlive their fellows.

"Ipewang may live on to a ripe old age," the trapper mused. "He's miles off through hills by now, and going strong. He's a glutton sure enough—a glutton for trouble as well as for food. Appetite has led that particular wolverene into a pile of trouble in the last ten days. Maybe that's what the Piegans meant; that his appetite would likely get him killed. I wonder now."

And this casual guess was nearer the solution of the point which challenged his curiosity than any theory he had formed before. For another two years Hedrick saw the trail of the three-legged wolverene in the hills. Only once each winter did Ipewang cross through the trapper's territory.

The third year after Ipewang lost his leg was one of heavy snows. Early in the winter the peg-legged glutton felt the pinch of famine. He lived on a straight diet of porcupine meat for six weeks, and the quills gained in these conflicts worked through his flesh like a slow fever. Ipewang wandered to the edge of Hedrick's range after a three-day fast. A fresh porcupine trail crossed his route and he followed it. The animal halted and set his spines as the wolverene drew near.

Ipewang had varied his style of attack to accord with his missing foot. He reached under the squatting porcupine and turned it over on its back, holding it down with his one good foot while he clamped down on the throat with his teeth. A side flip of the tail caught him fairly in the side and drove a hundred quills along his ribs and flank. He sprang away and the porcupine died from that one wicked crunch of jaws while Ipewang fought to free his side of the mass of quills.

His frenzied rubbing against a down log dragged some few of the barbed spines from his side, broke off the shafts of others and left the loose points embedded under his skin, while a dozen were driven deep into his flesh, and the protruding quills served as levers to work the points about in the wounds as he attempted to rub them off. He made a meal of the hedgehog and went his way, frequently stopping to seize a troublesome quill with his teeth and extract it.

An hour later Hedrick crossed the trail of the three-legged wolverene at the point where Ipewang had picked up the tracks of the porcupine. The trapper followed and reached the scene of the kill. He noted the evidence of the glutton's tumbling and bouncing about in his efforts to rid himself of the deadly quills.

"Ipewang has a skin full of barbs," he said. "The quill hog left his mark before he died."

His practiced eyes read the signs. The spot was somewhat tracked up round the carcass, but one thing was evident—that the glutton had killed his prey within six feet from the point where he had overtaken it. There were no looping trails in the snow to indicate that the killer had circled cautiously for an opening. He had simply moved in on the porcupine and killed it, and he had been treated to a vicious dose of quills.

Hedrick went his way, his mind occupied with a new theory that had suddenly occurred to him. Often he had read the signs in the snow round the scene of kills made by coyote, lynx and cougar. These animals killed the porcupine for food, but their victory was accomplished by strategy and caution. The trapper had seen the circling trails of a lynx where he had maneuvered for an opening; the marks of his belly in the snow where the gray cat had crouched flat within a few feet of his quarry; a flurry of snow where he had reached out with a lightning slash of claws as the porcupine, believing all danger past, had risen to waddle on his way. If the strike went true the hooked claws laid open the unprotected belly at one stroke and the hedgehog died. If the blow failed, then the cat patiently repeated the maneuver.

Hedrick had seen the spot where some foraging coyote had circled a porcupine, padding down a ring in the snow in his interminable circling. It was not exactly clear how a coyote delivered his final blow. Some claimed that he turned his quarry over by a toss of his nose under the foreleg, while other trappers had it that the yellow wolf flipped his prey upon its back by a cunning upward stroke of a paw thrust into the snow beneath it. In either event it required vast patience.

Hedrick remembered the scene of two similar kills, years apart. It had not impressed him at the time, but he now recalled that in each instance the wolverene had simply moved in and seized the porcupine with the singleness of purpose and disregard for danger that characterized the glutton's attack on other beasts. If this trait constituted an invariable rule the scarcity of wolverenes was accounted for. The quills from succeeding encounters would work in and kill the glutton. Hedrick had seen dogs die of an overdose of quills.

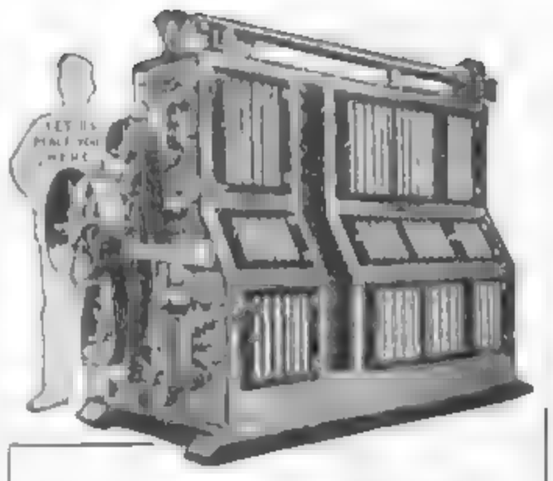
He checked back over the years. He had never yet stripped the pelt from a glutton taken in porcupine country but what he had found the beast stuck full of quills. Old barbs had often been bedded in gristle that had formed around them. There were red streaks on the flesh side of the pelts caused by the crawling passage of the quills beneath the skin.

"Maybe I've got it now," he said. "I'm on the right trail at last."

For it had come to Hedrick that the wolverene's very courage and ferocity, which made him one to be feared by all other killers of the wild, were perhaps the very qualities which led to his downfall at the hands of the most peacefully inclined animal of all outdoors.

"That must be it," he said. "There's an offset for everything. A wolverene seems too downright powerful to have a limitation like what has been imposed on other killers; but that very belief in his own ability to down any living thing that strays across his trail is a limitation in itself—when he swings clear round the wheel to the other extreme and meets a porcupine. It must be that, but I'd like to back the surmise up with proof."

Twice in the next month Hedrick crossed the trail of the three-legged glutton. Ipewang was disinclined to travel farther than necessity demanded. He was assailed by



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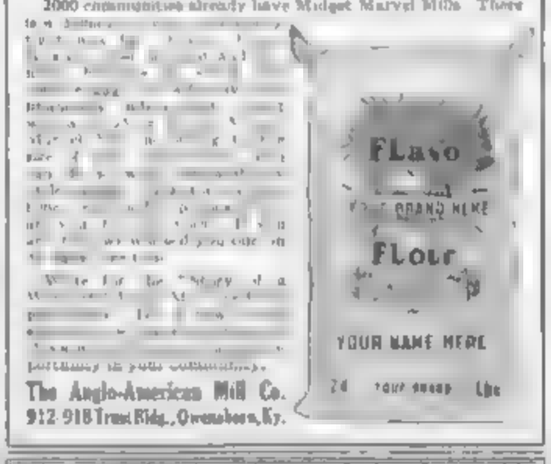
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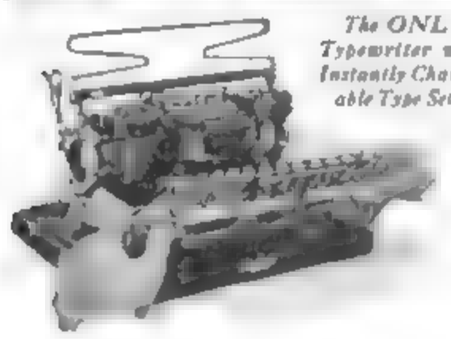

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internal pains in addition to the irritation occasioned by the quills just beneath his skin. This ever-present gnawing served to stir his natural ferocity and keep it smoldering near the surface, and he was ready to vent it upon anything that moved. While in this mood Ipewang pounced upon a porcupine with even less than his usual amount of caution, and the result was inevitable. He killed the hedgehog, but came out of the encounter with a hundred fresh quills embedded in his flesh. Every day thereafter the internal pains increased. He lay over three days without food, and when at last he crawled from a windfall to forage he was very weak.

The scent of a porcupine reached him and he tried to trace it. The odor came in elusive whiffs and he found no trail in the snow. At last he located his quarry well up among the branches of a leaning spruce, and Ipewang mounted the slanting trunk to engage him. The sight of the creature enraged him. Every porcupine Ipewang had met of late had seemed the symbol of past injuries, and he felt an increasing desire to wreak vengeance upon these living representatives for the hurts received from others of their tribe.

The quill hog squatted on the limb and the wolverene threw caution to the winds and attacked his enemy with a frenzied rush. Quills pierced his jaws as he seized the animal's head and crushed down on it. The two fell from the limb and landed in the snow. A spasmodic jerk of the porcupine's tail drove a hundred quills deep into Ipewang's breast and paunch as they fell through the air. A second slap made a pincushion of his neck and one side of his face.

The glutton killed his enemy, but his mouth was too terribly full of quills to allow him to eat, and he clawed desperately at his neck and face and raked out a few of the shafts fixed there by the porcupine's tail. He crunched a stick of wood between his jaws, snarling as he worked to grind down the darts in his mouth. Then he made off through the hills without having eaten a mouthful.

A snowshoe trail crossed his route, and he turned along it and followed it for a mile before branching off up country. He fought the quills till his strength was gone and he was forced to rest for many hours in a log jam. When he crawled forth it was another day. He came again to the snowshoe trail some two miles from his former crossing, but followed it only a few yards before turning off. A slow poison seemed working through him, and he stopped every few feet to fight the quills. Each halt was longer than the preceding ones. A raven flapped overhead and sent forth its sinister call. Another answered from afar. The carrion hosts were even now assembling in anticipation of the feast. A camp robber flitted from branch to branch above the stricken warrior and the gray jay uttered his querulous note of inquiry at each halt of the wolverene.

Hedrick made the entire rounds of his trap line every five days. He followed the web trail through a timbered sidehill and sprung every trap as he reached it. The fur was beginning to slip and this was his last round of the season. He glanced aside to determine if the porcupine still remained in the leaning spruce. In five weeks the animal had never left the tree, sleeping tranquilly on some limb between spells of gnawing bark, and the trapper felt a mild curiosity as to how long he would hold to the same tree.

The animal was gone, but a flock of whiskyjacks flew up from a dark blot in the snow. He investigated the kill and found it the work of the three-legged glutton. When he resumed his way on the trail he found Ipewang's tracks before him. The wolverene had stopped frequently to rake his sides for quills, and Hedrick found a bit of wood that had been ground between the glutton's jaws. Ipewang's trail turned up country, but in another two miles Hedrick picked it up where the animal had crossed his trap line coming down.

"These tracks were made to-day," Hedrick said. "He's stopping every few feet to fight the quills."

The stumbling, halting trail challenged the trapper's curiosity, and he followed it, reading each fresh bit of evidence in the snow. There were bird tracks at points where Ipewang had halted, the tracks of the gray jay which had hopped down to investigate and determine whether each halt would prove the last. Hedrick reached the end of the trail. A dark shape sprawled in the snow, a warrior laid low by hundreds of two-inch shafts.

"That's it," Hedrick said. "That's the final proof—an offset for everything. Some gluttons—human ones—mostly live to eat, but the wolverene eats to die; the appetite that kills." He turned back toward his trap line. "It's dead sure that many a wolverene meets his end that way. This clears things up. But take it all through and it's not surprising, for the scheme of Nature mostly centers on one point—appetite."

The guttural squawk of a raven sounded from behind him; the cry of a gray jay. Appetite was summoning the meat-eating birds to gather round the feast.

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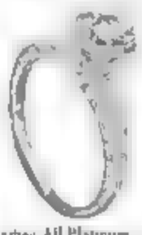

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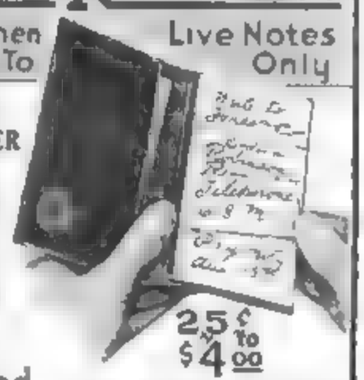

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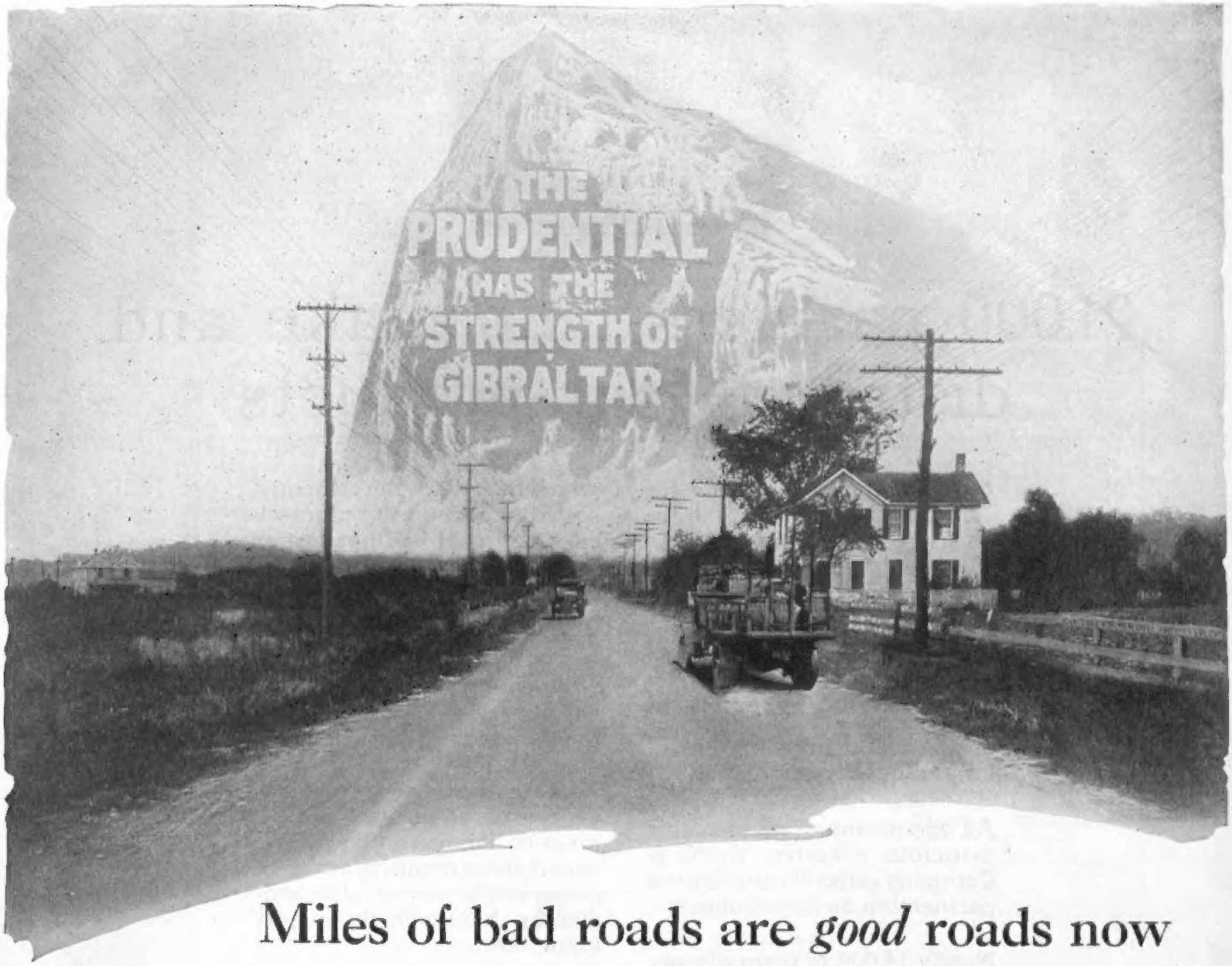

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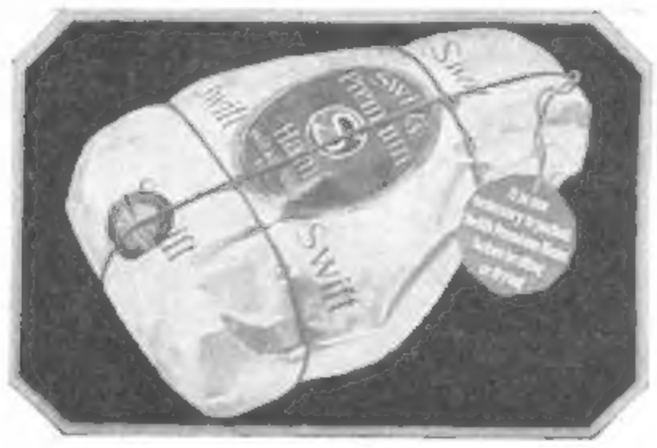

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